# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
ounded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

SEPT 2, 1911 — 5c. THE COPY

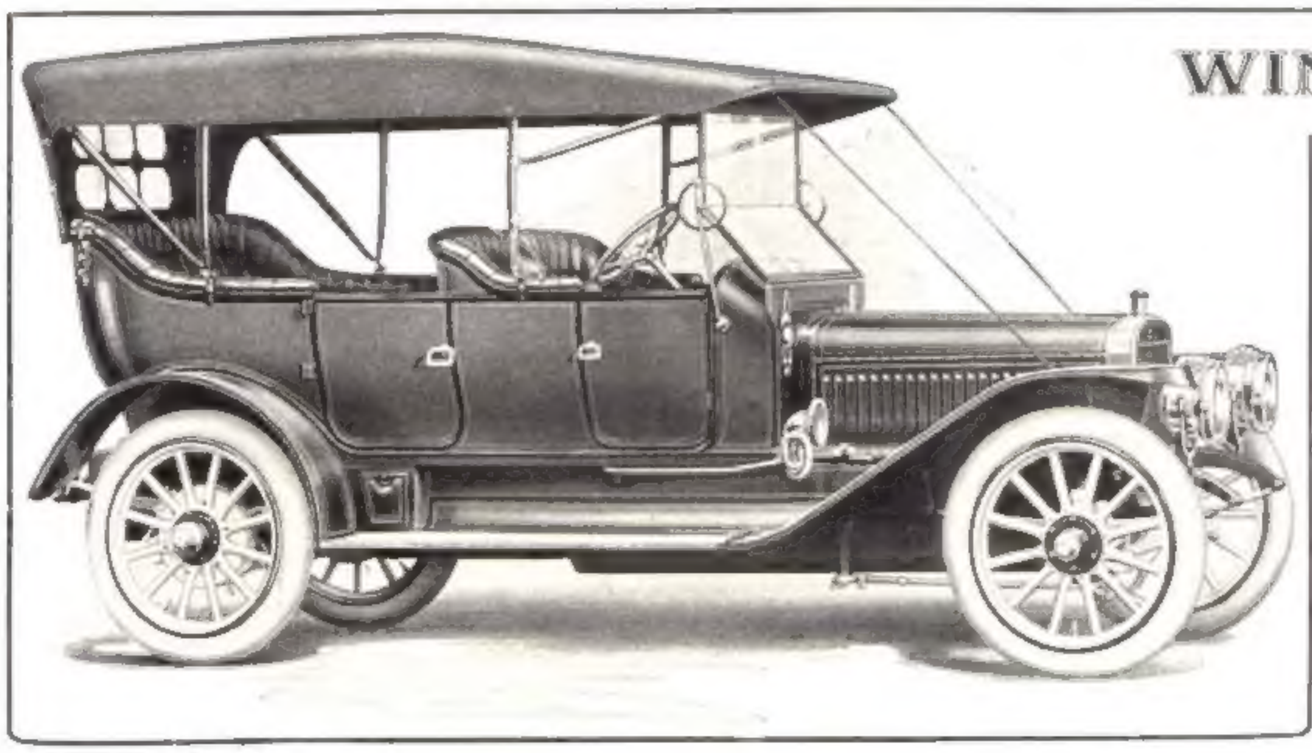
MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

# This Year the Buyer's One Cue is "Consider"

RAPIDLY changing conditions have made and are still making **this** year a year of readjustment in the automobile industry.

Many changes are taking place. Combinations are forming, new men are supplanting old ones, makers great and small are revising their plans, altering their models and rearranging their prices to **meet** changed conditions, and **new things** are numerous.

This situation had to come. Every new industry must undergo reconstruction. The hip-hurrah of the automobile industry is departing, and from now on motor car making and selling will be more of a bona fide **business** than ever before.



## WINTON SIX

Motor cranks itself.
Electric light equipment.
Four-door body, with operating levers *inside*.
130-inch wheel base.
Demountable rims.
More car than ever before.
Price not increased.

### Your Benefit Eventually

These changes will eventually benefit car buyers. Racing teams, wasteful practices, water in the stock, and foolish financiering will be cut out, and buyers will get better cars and better values.

But don't look for that eventual result too soon. Reconstruction takes time. Many a maker, with his ear to the ground to catch the newest keyword to success, doesn't know what will happen within the next six months. Makers are hoping for the best and trying their hardest, but they know, from recent experience, that real success is elusive.

All of this means nothing to you, Mr. Buyer, except as it has to do with the next car **you** purchase.

And because of the many changes now taking place, your one safe guide in buying is "Consider." Don't buy blindly.

### "May Be" vs. Proof

Consider what these changes mean. Know that not all changes are improvements. Some changes may be experiments, and experiments are often expensive and disappointing to buyers. On the contrary, new things **may** be just what you want. But you can never know actually until these new things have been proved; and it is a safe rule to let the other fellow do the proving.

Changes indicate a desire on the maker's part **to do better** than he has done in the past. Therefore, what he did in the past wasn't quite as good as he **hopes to do.** He has **now** a new and **higher** ideal.

### The Present Day Ideal

This new and **higher** ideal, among high-grade makers, is the Six-Cylinder car. And for this ideal they are to be commended, because, in fact, the Six is the greatest car in the world—**when it is thoroughly right.**

The Six-Cylinder ideal is no new thing with the Winton Company. We have made **Sixes exclusively** from June, 1907, to this date, and will continue to make Sixes exclusively in future. We believe in the Six with more conviction than ever before, because the Winton Six has made good so emphatically that our ideal has become the ideal of the industry.

### Consider These Points

Right now the market is filled with Sixes. Look them over carefully, and consider the compliment they pay to the Winton Six on these points:

1—Many makers, who opposed the Six-Cylinder, have become makers of Sixes. The Winton Six won them from opposition to acceptance. To do that, the Winton Six **must be** a wonderful car.

2—Note that the prevailing power for Sixes now coming on the market is 48 H. P. When we began making Sixes there was no 48 H. P. Six on the market. Our Six has been a 48 H. P. car from the beginning. The Winton Six has **proved** to these makers that 48 H. P. **is right.**

3—In recent years 32 makers have tried to make Sixes and **failed.** They have ceased trying. On the other hand, the Winton Six is now in its fifth consecutive year without requiring a single radical change in design or construction. It is evident, therefore, that the difference between a successful Six and an unsuccessful Six comes from **knowing how,** and the continuous success of the Winton Six proves that the Winton Company **does know how.**

### No Risk With This Car

Therefore, when you buy a Winton Six, you run no risk whatever. You are **not** taking a chance. Its worth has been abundantly proved. And you are getting the same make and the same model that converted the industry from four to Six Cylinders.

It will be worth your while to consider these facts. We are forced to put these facts squarely before you, for, having fought for four years to prove the superiority of the Six over all other types, we cannot stand silently by and let you imagine erroneously that anybody's Six is all right. Anybody's Six **may be** all right, but you must know, from the common sense of the case, that the Winton Six **is** all right, and that you can buy it with every assurance of satisfaction.

### Our Price Advantage

The Winton Six sells at $3000. That's a great advantage to Winton Six buyers. Look over Sixes costing $4000, $5000 and $6000, and find, **if you can,** any quality not found in the Winton Six. You will be amazed at what you learn, and you'll be as enthusiastic over the Winton Six as we are—as enthusiastic as those Winton Six owners are whose cars placed the world's lowest repair expense record at 43 cents per 1000 miles.

Winton Six features for 1912 include a **self-cranking** motor (fifth consecutive year of success); electric lights sunken in the dash, electric tail light, 130-inch wheel base, a real **four**-door body with operating levers **inside,** Booth Demountable rims, and 36 x 4½ inch tires all around.

Our catalog is worth any man's time. Filled from cover to cover with downright, business-like, dollars-and-cents facts. Send coupon for a copy.

Send catalog mentioned in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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**To The Winton Motor Car. Co.**
**Cleveland, Ohio**

## THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.

*Fifth Year of Sixes Exclusively*

**CLEVELAND—Sixth City**

**Winton Branch Houses**

| | |
|---|---|
| NEW YORK | Broadway at 70th Street |
| CHICAGO | Michigan Avenue at 13th Street |
| BOSTON | 574-584 Commonwealth Avenue |
| PHILADELPHIA | 246-248 N. Broad Street |
| BALTIMORE | Mt. Royal at North Avenue |
| PITTSBURGH | Baum at Beatty Street |
| CLEVELAND | 1228 Huron Road |
| DETROIT | 998 Woodward Avenue |
| KANSAS CITY | 3328-3330 Main Street |
| MINNEAPOLIS | 10-22 Eighth Street N. |
| SAN FRANCISCO | 300 Van Ness Avenue |
| SEATTLE | 1000-1006 Pike Street |

In the Bronx "Zoo," New York

Copyright by Hart Schaffner & Marx

YOU see in this illustration from the fall Style Book, what distinction in style means in men's clothing; the all-wool quality and perfect tailoring are there, too.

If that's what you want look for our mark when you buy; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find. Write for a copy of the Style Book

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

New York Boston Chicago

# May We Send You a Book About the Care of Children?

It is called "*How to Bring Up a Baby.*"

It contains 40 pages of valuable information—just the kind of information every mother should have.

Among other things, it tells:

What kind of food a child should eat. How long it should sleep. When and how it should be bathed; and why Ivory Soap is best for bath and nursery use. How to care for baby's eyes, ears, nose, teeth, hair and nails. How to treat the minor ailments of childhood; and when to send for a physician.

The illustrations—which are in color—are charming.

The text is by Miss Elizabeth R. Scovil, graduate of the Massachusetts General Hospital Training School for Nurses, and the author of several books on the care of children.

"*How to Bring Up a Baby*" is so helpful, the information it contains is so sensible that many physicians have asked us to furnish them with copies of the book for the guidance of patients.

If you would like a copy, address a letter or postal card to The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati; say that you want a copy of the "Baby Book," give your name, street number, town or city and state, and you will receive one in the course of a very few days.

**Ivory Soap . . . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure**

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# THE FORTUNES OF THE SUN

## An Experiment in Printing All the News

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

WALK into the office of any daily newspaper in the United States and ask the first man you meet whether it is possible to run a newspaper without making concessions to advertisers in the news and editorial columns, and he will say "No." Although he doesn't know it, that's the wrong answer. I was one of five men who ran a newspaper that made no concessions to anybody. Everything that went into that paper went in on the basis of what the reader was entitled to get for the one-cent piece that he paid for each day's issue. The paper lasted two years and ate up all of its receipts and sixty thousand dollars more. Then it suspended publication. We call it a successful failure. This is its story:

Fred Mell, the president of the Sunflower Publishing Company, conceived the idea. That was in the spring of 1905. The Sunflower at that time had five daily papers in the Missouri-Mississippi Valley. They were supposed to be "people's" papers, operated from the editor's and not the business manager's desk. Instead they were commercial institutions, like most of the other daily newspapers of the country. They got the business first and looked out for the interests of the public afterward—provided the public's interests didn't interfere too seriously with the advertiser. They were above the average in news independence, but none of them enjoyed absolute emancipation from the business office.

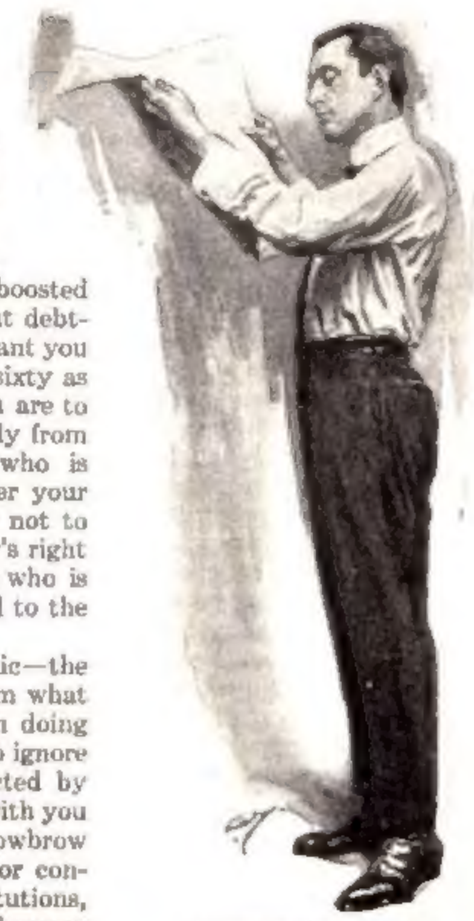
The other Sunflower men were Earl Butler and Larry Ashman. They were young and aggressive and they knew the newspaper game from the ink rollers to the editorial page. They had plenty of nerve and a little money. Originally, they had had decided convictions about the influence of advertising and established institutions on their news columns and editorial policies. They had started all their papers with a determination to print what the subscriber was entitled to know, regardless of whose ox was gored, but gradually in each city their papers had fallen more or less under the influence of the commercial interests. The Sunflower people were making money, but they had compromised with their convictions—as have many other publishers.

### A Square Deal for the Reading Public

IT WAS this situation that brought Mell, Butler, Ashman, Jim Austin and myself together in the cramped local room of The St. James Sun, on the evening of May 5, 1905. We sat around the city editor's broad, flat-top desk, while Mell unfolded the plan that two years later developed into the successful failure. Said Mell:

"We've bought this newspaper for twenty-five thousand dollars. It was on its last lap and we took it in for about the value of the plant. It's been running a year, but would have quit if we hadn't grabbed it. We're going to gamble on it to the extent of sixty thousand dollars. Larry, Earl and myself have agreed to chip in twenty thousand dollars apiece. We'll put the cash in the bank tomorrow and then we'll organize the Sun Publishing Company, with a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars. Each of us, including you and Austin, will get twenty thousand dollars of stock, but yours and Austin's won't cost you a cent. If you make good the stock will be yours; if you don't you won't lose anything. Austin will be business manager and you'll be editor. You will each get thirty-five dollars a week salary till the first dividend is declared; after that you'll be boosted as the company can afford it. Here's the plant debt-free. There's the sixty thousand dollars. We want you to spend all your receipts and to draw on the sixty as you need it. There's only one condition: You are to settle every question pertaining to news strictly from the standpoint of the rights of the reader, who is buying information. When a story comes over your desk you are to decide whether to print it or not to print it according to your opinion of the reader's right to the facts it conveys. If you think the man who is going to pay a penny for your paper is entitled to the facts, print the story. If not, don't print it.

"We want you to consider only the public—the people who look to your newspaper to tell them what their own community and the world have been doing for the past twenty-four hours. We want you to ignore the particular people or interests directly affected by each thing you publish, whether they advertise with you or not, whether they are powerful politicians or lowbrow burglars, whether they are highbrow citizens or convicted crooks. In fighting or defending institutions, customs, laws, politicians or whatever else may become an issue, we want you to be for the things that make for the good of humanity and against the things that make for harm. That will be your editorial policy; you must work it out and apply it in each specific case."

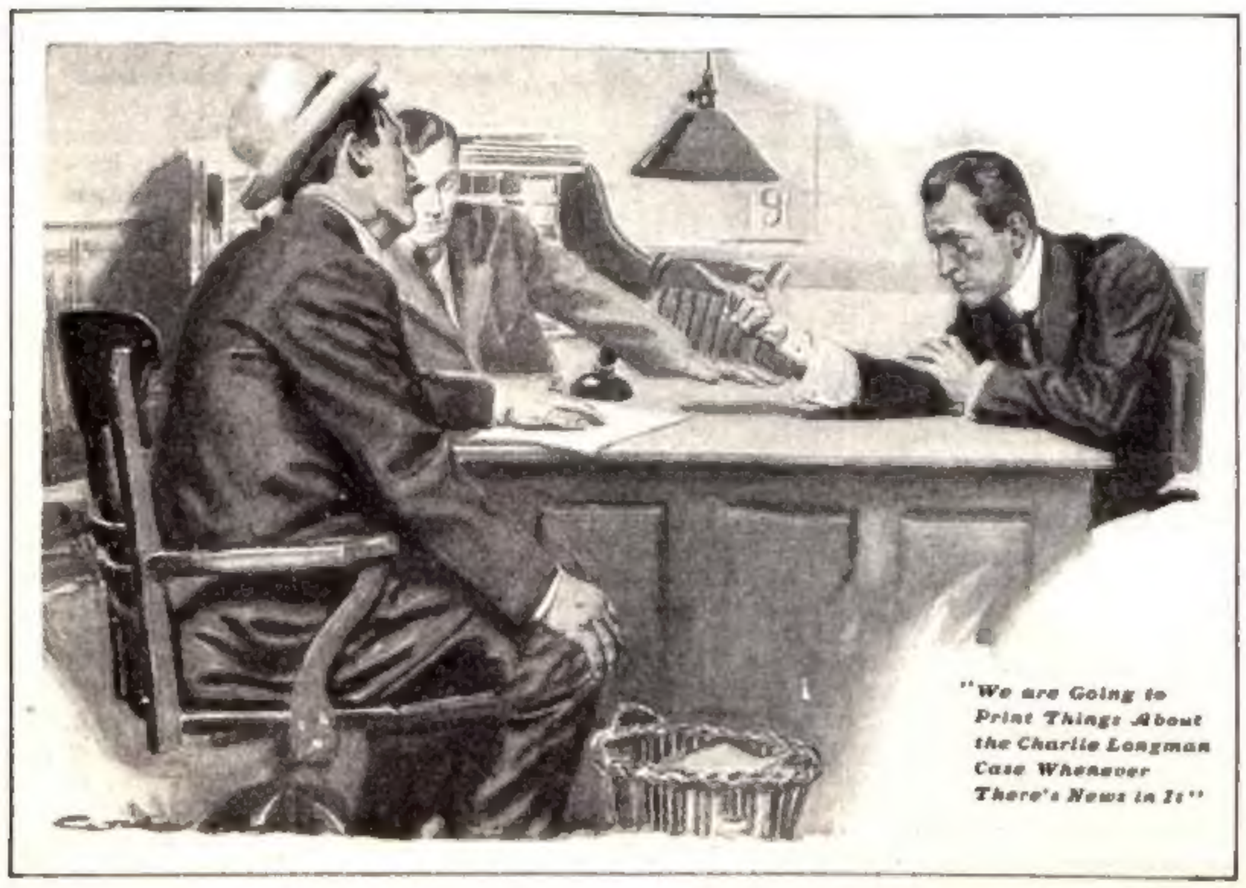


*I Was Not Surprised to Discover That it Had Not Published a Line About the Case*

Mell then turned to Austin—and the difference between the instructions he gave Jim and those he gave me shows pretty clearly what kind of a paper we were expected to make.

"Jim," he said, "we want you to understand that the editor is to be the supreme boss in his department. We want you to agree to the plan cordially, without any reservations, and then we want you to go out and get advertising for that kind of a newspaper—if you can."

Jim agreed, and I want to set it down right here at the beginning that he stuck to his word and did it cheerfully. When the Smith Transfer and Storage Company took out their ad because I printed an editorial demanding a jail sentence for one of their reckless drivers who had run over and killed a little girl, Jim smiled and went out and tried to convince the Smiths that the driver really ought to go to prison and that they should help send him there, and not protect him in the fear of being held for damages by the little girl's parents. And all through the long list of cases where truth and honesty cost us advertising old Jim stood right under the guns. He never flinched from the denunciation of irate merchants, but legged it up one street and down the other, standing up for the paper, making converts where he could, and struggling desperately to get new business to take the place of that which we lost. He was as sincerely committed to the policy of honest, independent journalism as though he had been an editorial department man himself. Any newspaper man in either department will tell you that I couldn't give him a more thorough indorsement.



*"We are Going to Print Things About the Charlie Longman Case Whenever There's News in It"*

### An Editorship Without a String to It

OF COURSE I agreed enthusiastically to Mell's proposition. Heaven itself could hold no greater joy than an editorship without a string to it. At last I was free to serve the public with single purpose, unhampered by consideration of those from whom we derived our revenues. I held a broad, noble theory of journalism. I believed that the primary business of the newspaper was to print the news, accurately, intelligently and fearlessly. I believed the secondary business was to help the masses of the people to a better and happier condition of life, by working for or toward better laws, customs and institutions. I believed that the newspaper that did these things would be sought out by the public, and that the public would buy its issues and thereby become an audience that might be addressed by advertisers who had an honest product to sell.

Brought down to practical operation, my theory was to get circulation first, and for my paper's permanent support to trust to the advertiser's desire to use that circulation to his own advantage. I was convinced

that was the right way to make a newspaper succeed, and I had the newspaper and sixty thousand dollars to spend on my theory.

The next day Austin and I took charge of The St. James Sun. I found I had a staff of three reporters, a society editor, a stockyards and South St. James editor—who covered the markets and the news of South St. James and sent his copy up to the office by a street-car conductor every noon—and an office boy. I became editor, city editor, telegraph editor, editorial writer and superintendent of make-up. I want to state parenthetically that that is the kind of an organization for a young man to tie up with if he really wants to learn all there is to know about the newspaper business. Everybody learns all about every branch of the work, because sooner or later everybody is called upon to do each variety of work that stands behind the finished product.

I held a staff meeting the first afternoon and was delighted to find my four men, one girl and office boy filled with enthusiasm. When I told them what kind of a newspaper we were going to make of The Sun their eyes sparkled and I knew I could depend on them. I told them to go after news without fear that their efforts would be wasted. When they brought a story into the office they could be certain it would go into the paper if it was news; no amount of protest or pressure from people who wanted the story suppressed would influence me if it was something I believed should be given to the public. That sort of backing puts more ginger into a reporter than many dollars in salary. What he works for is not money but the personal satisfaction and pleasure of running the fact to earth, seizing it, carrying it to the office, writing it and seeing it in print.

I promised them that was what they could expect, and they soon discovered that I meant it. In no other newspaper office have I ever found so loyal, so hard-working, so efficient an organization. The reason is that in no other office have I ever found an editor endowed with the authority and possessed of the determination to run the kind of newspaper I ran.

"I've Got a Red-Hot Yarn. Afraid Maybe it's Too Hot to Handle"

### *The New Policy Put to the Test*

AT NOON on the second day my court reporter, an energetic, experienced young man named George Kite, came into the office with a sensational story.

"I've got a red-hot yarn," he said. "Afraid maybe it's too hot to handle."

"What is it?" I asked. "Nothing's too hot for this paper if it's straight news."

"Suit was filed this morning against young Charlie Longman by a woman who claims to be his common-law wife. She demands maintenance for herself and child; says she lived with him five years and that now he's abandoned her and she's starving. Story's true too."

"What is there about it that's too hot to handle?"

"Longman. You know who he is, don't you?"

"No, and I don't care."

"He's the son of old man Longman, who owns the chain of Longman installment furniture houses. 'You find the bride—we furnish the home.' You know 'em. Big advertisers."

I saw Kite was putting me to the test. He thought to himself: "Here's where I find out whether the talk this fellow gave us yesterday was on the square."

I didn't look up from the copy I was editing, but said sharply:

"Write it."

What we did to that story is told in St. James yet. I didn't mention it to Austin. I didn't even ask the foreman if the Longmans advertised with us. That was no concern of mine. Here was a legitimate piece of news that had come into the office through regular channels. A man—a wealthy, prominent young man, the assistant manager of a big store—had been called to account for conduct that stamped him as unfit for the society of decent people. I believed that the people who paid a penny for their Suns that day were entitled to these facts. If the accused man had been an ordinary citizen, any person without the advertising leverage, there could have been no question about printing the story, so I printed it.

We slapped a three-column head on the Longman story and set the first two or three paragraphs two columns wide, with a picture of young Longman alongside. It made a beautiful typographical display and was read with avidity that evening. I was not surprised to discover, at three-thirty when my office boy brought me a copy of The Star, the other afternoon paper, that it had not published a line about the case.

Austin had not returned to the office when I went home that night, but at seven o'clock when I was at dinner he called me on the telephone.

"Will you meet me at the office at eight o'clock?" he asked. "Mr. Samuels, manager of the Longman Furniture Company, is coming to see me, and I think you ought to be there."

"I'll be glad to come if you feel you'd like to have me help you handle him," I told Austin, "but I don't propose to establish the precedent of going downtown evenings to receive complaints from people about things we've printed in The Sun. If Mr. Samuels has any kick coming about our methods he can see me at my office any day between eight and five."

"This is a little different. He hasn't made any complaint and I rather think he won't, but I anticipate that he'll make a request you'll have to answer, and I'd like to have you come on that account. There are peculiar circumstances connected with this."

I agreed to go.

I may be wrong about this, but it has always seemed to me that the irony of fate is more ironical in the newspaper business than in any other. The Sun's advertising manager had been negotiating with Samuels for ten days about renewing his advertising contract for another year. The Longmans had been advertising regularly; their bills with The Sun had amounted to about four thousand dollars for the year just closing; their contract was to expire June first, and they had been the first people Austin had gone to see as the new manager of the paper. That very morning Samuels had turned Austin down, saying that the company had decided not to use The Sun the coming year, and at three o'clock that afternoon The Sun had appeared with the Charlie Longman story in it. Of course the Longmans saw right away that it was a plain, straight case of big stick.

Could you imagine a more ironical example of fate's irony?

### *Advertising With a String to It*

SAMUELS was a smooth, oily gentleman with puffy cheeks, beady eyes, a confidential smile, a pudgy, moist palm, a fancy vest and a four-carat scarfpin. He was delighted to see Austin. He was charmed to know me. He was glad two such fine young men had come to manage The Sun. He knew we would be friends. He was a practical business man; always got along well with the papers; liked the boys. Business was good with his firm; it was a beautiful spring; the crop outlook was excellent. After about ten minutes of that kind of talk he seemed to have an inspiration.

"By-the-way, Austin," he remarked, as if the thought had just occurred to him, "about that contract for another year. I've been thinking it over since you were in to see me this morning; in fact, I wired Mr. Longman in Chicago this afternoon, suggesting that we reconsider. You know I've always wanted to renew. Well, I had a telegram from him just before we closed, telling me to use my own judgment. You see I'm for you; I'm a good friend of all the newspaper men. I'd like to use The Sun another year on the same terms we used it last year—same space, same rate and everything. How about it?"

"We'll be very glad to have your business, Mr. Samuels," said Austin, "and I'm sure you'll find it a good investment. We're going to make The Sun a good paper and our circulation is bound to increase. The rate you're paying now will be dirt cheap by the end of the year. Shall I come down in the morning and make out a new contract and take up the old one?"

"Why not do it now? I'm ready to sign."

"All right. That's agreeable to me."

The man had me puzzled. I couldn't believe he was going to sign up for a year without mentioning the Charlie Longman case, merely assuming that we would understand that we were to suppress the story in the future. I made up my mind he shouldn't leave with any such impression and awaited developments.

Austin filled in the blank spaces in the contract specifying when the advertising was to run, how much was to be used each week, what the rate was to be, when bills were to be paid, and so forth. Then he signed the document and pushed it across the table to Samuels. Samuels dipped the pen in the ink, stretched his arm to draw his cuff back, touched the pen to the paper and paused.

"Of course, Mr. Austin," he said—and this time there was no pleasantry in his voice—"we want it understood that if we sign this contract The Sun will drop this Charlie Longman story."

There it was at last! That was the basis upon which he proposed to do business, and he was as confident that he would make the deal as he was confident that he was sitting in our office. It was the first time I had ever had a man tell me I was a blackmailer. It sickened me and then it made me mad, but before I could speak Austin said:

"That rests entirely with the editor. I have nothing whatever to say about what the paper prints and what it doesn't print."

"I'm sure you'll agree to that, won't you?" said Samuels, turning to me with a hard, cold gleam in his eye.

### *The Education of Mr. Samuels*

THE break had given me time to get hold of myself. I didn't want to quarrel. I wanted this advertising, but I wanted it on an honest foundation. I could afford to overlook the insult, the misinterpretation of our motives. There was no reason in my code of honest journalism why we shouldn't have the Longman business and print the Charlie Longman story. I determined to try to convert Samuels.

"No, I can't agree to that, Mr. Samuels," I replied. "The Sun is going to print all the news. The Charlie Longman case is news, and it is going into the paper, whether you advertise with us or not."

His face gradually became the incarnation of blank astonishment. Here was something brand-new in his experience.

"Why—why—" he stammered; "I don't understand. I supposed of course you printed that story today for—that if we'd make a new contract you'd be glad to do us the favor of suppressing the Charlie Longman case. I—I—why—newspapers always protect their advertisers. It's a give-and-take proposition. I never had anybody refuse before. What's the matter? Ain't the contract big enough? Do you want more space? Is the rate too low? If so, don't hesitate to say so. We'll agree to anything reasonable."

"Look here, Mr. Samuels," I said, leaning over the table toward him and speaking earnestly, "space, rates and contract have nothing to do with it. We are going to print things about the Charlie Longman case whenever there's news in it because our subscribers are entitled to the information. When a man walks into our office and shoves a dollar across the counter and orders the paper for four months, he has our pledge—unwritten and unspoken but a pledge nevertheless—to tell him what happens in St. James every day. If we leave the Charlie Longman story or any other story out of the paper we cheat that man. We propose to keep our pledge, our obligation, to him."

"But that's absurd. You don't make any money on your circulation. Your money comes out of your advertising. We're the people who are entitled to consideration.

not the people who buy your paper. You'd starve if you had to depend on them. Don't talk to me about the subscriber. It's the advertiser who makes the paper."

"No, you're all wrong," I said. "It's the reader who makes the paper; not by the money he pays into the office but by the fact that he is a reader, that he sees your advertisement and goes to your store to trade. If it wasn't for the reader you couldn't afford to advertise and you wouldn't advertise. Ordinarily you place your advertising in the papers that reach the most people. Your advertising rates are fixed by the number of subscribers to the papers you use. Last year you paid us a lower rate than you paid The Star, solely because we had eight thousand readers and The Star had thirty thousand. This morning you refused to renew your contract with us because you believed we didn't have enough readers to make it worth while to pay our rate. Now you are willing to renew, not to get business for your firm but to buy our silence. We don't want your advertising on any such basis. We should be cheating you to take it on any such basis. We want your business, but we want it because we believe the trade that you will get through our paper will make your advertising a good investment. We don't want it and won't have it for any other reason."

Samuels exploded.

"You have the most peculiar newspaper ideas I ever heard of," he said; "and I want to tell you you'll never succeed if you stick to them. I never heard such nonsense. Look at The Star and The Leader; they are reasonable about things like this and they are getting the business and making money."

"What do you mean when you say they are reasonable?"

"Why, they look at these things just as I do. The Star didn't print anything about Charlie Longman's suit this afternoon and The Leader won't have in anything about it tomorrow morning. They never print anything that we wouldn't like and The Sun never did before. I've had an agreement with the papers here for years. Usually they don't even ask me about little unpleasant things that come up from time to time, but just leave them out, knowing we wouldn't like it if they were printed. Sometimes they come and ask me, but they always do just as I say. Our people frequently have trouble when we have to seize furniture on which purchasers have failed to make payments. Occasionally somebody gets ugly and our men have to use force or get the police, but the papers never print anything about it. Naturally we appreciate it and give them our business. There's no reason why you boys shouldn't be friendly with us too."

Mr. Samuels, you can readily see, was pretty hopeless, but I didn't give up.

"Look at it this way," I said; "try to understand our side of this case. Now you will admit that if we're to succeed we've got to build up a healthy circulation for The Sun. There's no getting around that. We have determined to get that circulation by convincing the people of St. James and the vicinity that they will always find all the news in our paper. We are convinced that we cannot get people to read our paper by leaving news out of it, and we are starting out to build up circulation for your benefit. We should like to have your advertising while we're getting readers and we offer you a fair rate, based on the number of readers we already have; but we're going to get those readers just the same. Once we have them you will fight to get your copy into The Sun, because down at bottom what you want is results, and eventually you will discover that The Sun will give them to you. That's the way we're going to establish this newspaper, Mr. Samuels. It's the right way and the honest way. Are you with us or against us?"

### *Lost Business*

"I'M AGAINST you, if you think you can go around this town printing scandals about respectable people and respectable firms and get away with it; and I'm going to see that all my friends are against you. You'll last about six months, and nobody will be sorry when you quit. The people here won't stand for a sensational yellow newspaper, I can tell you that."

"The stuff this newspaper prints won't be sensational and yellow unless the facts are sensational and yellow. And the facts will be printed, whatever their color and whoever they hit. Incidentally the 'people' will read those facts, our circulation will increase, and ultimately you'll come here and ask us to print your advertising."

Samuels went away angry through and through. I had failed to convey to him the faintest glimmer of understanding of our newspaper principles, and our advertising revenues that year were just four thousand dollars less than they might have been. But without realizing why, he knew that we couldn't be purchased. I felt that was something. I turned to see how Austin took the loss.

"Old man," he said, gripping my hand hard, "I'm willing to lose that business. We can stand it. I agree to every word you said and I am with you."

Within a few days an examiner appointed by the court began taking testimony in the Longman case, and I had Kite attend the sessions and report them fully for The Sun. We printed pictures of the girl and her little boy and carried the story on the first page for two weeks. Neither The Star nor The Leader ever printed a word about the case. The public became intensely interested and our circulation jumped to ten thousand. Practically everybody in town discovered that The Sun was the only paper printing anything about the suit and everybody guessed why.

The case was still pending when our contract with the Longman Furniture Company expired, on June first. On that day I blocked off the half-page that the Longmans had been using and in the center of it, in large type, printed the following declaration:

ATTEMPTED BRIBERY!

For a year this space has been used every other day by the Longman Furniture Company.

Yesterday that company's contract with the St. James Sun expired.

The manager of the company offered to renew it three weeks ago provided The Sun would publish nothing about the suit against Charlie Longman.

The Sun refused and as a consequence has lost the Longman business.

The Sun wishes to announce here and now that its silence cannot be purchased.

If I had thrown a dynamite bomb into the center of the retail district of St. James I could hardly have produced a bigger explosion than I produced with this announcement. The Retail Merchants' Association held a hurried meeting and sent a committee to see Austin. Jim referred the gentlemen to me and I made them the same speech I had made Samuels. Not being personally concerned in what they termed my attack on the Longmans they were able to gather a faint impression of my newspaper theory, but they pleaded with me to change my ways, join hands with them, be a "good fellow," and reap the benefits of their friendship. They seriously believed that I would never, never, never succeed by abusing the people from whom the paper must derive the bulk of its revenues, and they left in a very dubious frame of mind, somewhat mystified and a little resentful that their good offices had been declined.

### *Affairs at Riverside Park*

THE announcement had a most stimulating effect in our circulation department. I received from subscribers scores of letters commending us for our courage, and these I promptly printed, using the old Longman space for their publication and for further explanation of our reasons for refusing the Longman advertising. In another week another two thousand readers had been added to our subscription list, making a net gain of four thousand as a direct result of our stand in the Longman case. I felt satisfied, and my conviction that the way to establish a newspaper was to print the truth became stronger than ever.

Four miles south of St. James and two miles below South St. James and the stockyards district was Riverside Park, a pleasure resort that I had frequently seen mentioned in stories turned in by my reporters.

Uptown at Fifth and Phillip Streets—the busiest corner in the city—was the store of the Street Brothers Clothing Company, the biggest establishment of its kind in town.

You wouldn't expect to find a pipe-line running between these two institutions, would you? I didn't either; but there was one, and I stumbled over it one day and thereby kicked some more advertising out of The Sun.

The first Sunday on which I found time for a little recreation I visited Riverside Park with my wife. It was a beautiful spot. The resort was located in a big grove of elms alongside a pretty little lake, which was separated from the river by a strip of land only about fifty feet wide. The usual summer park attractions were there, and probably ten thousand people were strolling through the grounds, rowing on the lake, sitting under the trees, or enjoying the roller coaster, the mill, the circular swing, the shooting galleries and the other amusements offered for public patronage.

Toward evening I noticed a good many intoxicated men and women. Half a dozen drunken men got into a fight on the rear of the car in which we rode home and the car was stopped while the motorman and conductor put them off. They swore loudly and used vile language toward each other and toward the street-car men. My wife and the twenty or thirty other women in the car were shocked. One woman became hysterical, and the journey to the city was about as unpleasant as could be imagined.

"Well," said my wife with emphasis, when we at last reached the city and changed to another line, "I'm through with Riverside Park. I'll never go there again so long as I live in St. James."

"Yes, you will," I replied, "but you'll go without being insulted. I'm going to make that place respectable."

Both at the park and on the street car I had been impressed by the character of the people I saw. Most of them were respectable men and women, wage-earners from the factories, wholesale houses and retail stores, mechanics and clerks. They had gone to Riverside Park in search of wholesome recreation. They were not vicious or vulgar; they were merely hard-working human beings who couldn't afford to pay more than twenty-five or fifty cents for a Sunday afternoon outing. I determined that they should have a place to go where they would not be subjected to rowdyism.

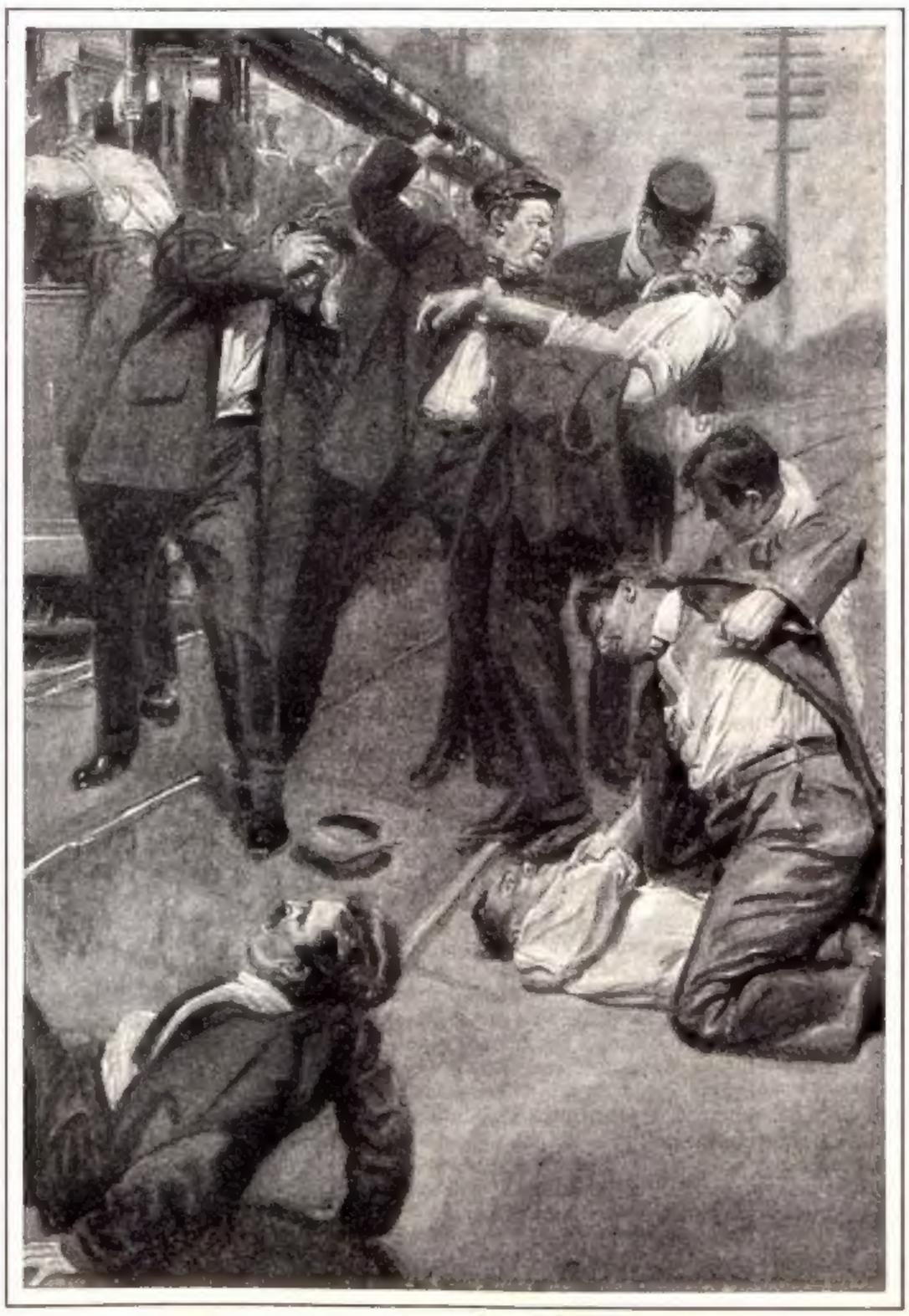
The next afternoon I sent for my South St. James editor.

"Do they sell booze at Riverside Park on Sunday?" I asked.

"They swim in it," replied Warner. "Why?"

I told him.

(Continued on Page 57)



The Car Was Stopped While the Motorman and Conductor Put Them Off

# JIM FALKNER, PIRATE

## By James Oliver Curwood

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE big clock in the city hall was striking ten when Falkner reached the pitch-black cobble-stoned street to which his letter had directed him. It was a curious letter and an unusual hour for an appointment with a rich man; but it struck him, as he stopped to light his pipe, that up to date the street was the most disquieting feature of all. It ran close along the lake front and smelled dankly of fish, tar and oils. It was narrow and the buildings rose high on each side, unlighted and black, giving a tunnel-like effect to the passage between them. For a few moments Falkner stood and looked into the mouth of this city abyss, whence came no sound of footsteps or voice, wondering how he would find the number he wanted and why it was that a millionaire chose this sort of a dungeon for his offices. Suddenly, a block and a half down, he saw a thin streak of light shoot out into the street and remain there, and he at once made up his mind that this was meant to guide him. Puffing at his pipe and with his right hand in his coat pocket, where his fingers touched a chilly little automatic revolver, Falkner dived into the darkness.

"We're Going to Have Explanations Now or I'll Bore Ten Holes Through You!"

There was something about his present adventure that curiously stirred Falkner, to whom adventure of one sort or another had been the spice of existence ever since he had left college. Never had he entered into a thing more blindly than he was going into this. A week before, a letter had been delivered to him aboard his sloop at Milwaukee—a letter which he would have attributed to a crank or a madman if it had not borne the signature of a well-known Chicago millionaire. Among other things it urged upon him, if he valued his future prospects, to be on hand at a certain appointed hour at a certain number in a certain street in Chicago; and inclosed was a check for five hundred dollars as a guaranty of faith on the part of the sender.

It was just five minutes past the appointed hour when Falkner halted under the stream of light that shot out of a second-story window, struck a match and found the number he wanted.

A narrow stairway, blacker than the black street, led to the second floor; and Falkner stumbled up, making considerable noise because of the unusual narrowness of the steps. Scarcely had he reached the top when a door opened and a flood of light poured forth. In this light stood a man whom Falkner had never seen, and whose round, pink face, good-humored smile and cheerful corpulency dispelled in an instant half of the doubts that the black street and the blacker stairway had forced upon him. The man appeared to be about fifty, though his shortcropped hair was almost white. He was puffing vigorously at a big black cigar and chuckled audibly when Falkner stumbled at the last step.

"No lights out here," he apologized. "Is this Captain Jim Falkner?"

"It is," said Falkner.

"Of course it is! I knew it. Foolish question," jerked out the other. "In fact, I've got your picture on my desk."

He reached out a hand and Falkner was surprised at the strength of his grip.

"Cut it out of a paper when you found that lost copper ship," he explained. "Mighty good piece of work that! The scoundrels who beat you out of your salvage ought to be hung."

Falkner laughed as he accepted the cigar which the other had already pulled from a bulging waistcoat pocket.

"I suppose I ought to ask if this is Mr. Winn," he said.

"Yes; I'm Winn—J. Cortlandt Winn. Come in."

Falkner entered from the main hall into a yet smaller one and Winn closed the door behind them. Then he opened a second door and gently thrust his visitor ahead of him into a brilliantly lighted room, in which the only furniture seemed to be a big table, half a dozen chairs and an empty bookcase. The floor was bare. Directly over the table burned a small arclight; and under this, gazing straight at him as he entered, was seated a young woman.

"My daughter—Captain Falkner," said Winn.

The girl bowed slightly. Her broad-brimmed hat shaded her face, but not enough to conceal from him its remarkable beauty. She continued to gaze at him intently for a moment, her lips parted and her dark eyes filled with a questioning curiosity. As Falkner seated himself opposite Winn he caught a glimpse of her profile and the glint of the light in her hair. On the table before her was a diminutive paper pad, bound in a red morocco cover, and between her fingers she held a slim yellow pencil. Falkner faced the millionaire shipowner with new and ill-concealed interest.

"I won't detain you long, Captain Falkner," said Winn, and his voice became sharp and decisive. He ran a number of papers between his fingers as he continued: "You are undoubtedly puzzled at my communication and you will be more mystified before I am through. One thing I must ask of you, however, before I continue with the proposition that I have in mind: Whether you accept it or not, I must be assured that not a word of what passes between us is to go beyond this room. If you do not wish to go into the adventure which I have in mind, and which will take perhaps a month of your time, we are to shake hands and forget that we have ever seen each other. If you join me I will pay you twenty-five thousand dollars for your month's service."

Falkner's glance shot from Winn to the girl. Her beautiful eyes were glowing with subdued excitement as she looked at him.

"That's rather an unusual price to offer an ordinary lake captain," he replied. "It arouses my curiosity. I can only give you my word that whatever you may say will be regarded as confidential. If you can accept that you may go on."

A curious smile played over Winn's face.

"I do accept it, Falkner," he said. "Listen!" He leaned half over the table, his plump hands clasped in front of him. "This is a remarkable adventure that I am about to put in your way. Success means—well, everything to me! I have been planning it for months and up until one month ago the one thing I lacked was a man—a brave man; a man who was willing to take a risk; a man whose word was as good as a Government bond. I remembered you because I was one of the owners of the ship whose copper salvage you lost. Here—right here"—he paused to tap the papers under his hand—"I've got your record down in black and white from the day you licked that country school-teacher down in Ogontz and then bolted for the city. I sent a man down to your old country home to find out what you were as a boy, and I've followed you, year by year, clean up to the present time."

Falkner gave a gasp of astonishment. He looked at Miss Winn, then stared back at the shipowner.

"I hope you missed some things," he said.

"A few—perhaps," resumed Winn, glancing over the papers; "but we at least discovered enough to prove that you are the man we want. You had ambition and ginger enough to work your way through the engineering course at college. Then you went down into Mexico and helped to build a railroad, and made a deuced good record for yourself there. It was mighty unfortunate for you that you got mixed up with Velasquez and that Honduras revolutionary movement. I've got a pretty good account of your fight at Chico, where you captured two forts and put three hundred Government troops to rout with only forty men. By George, that was a dandy! I want to hear more about it sometime. After that you went into the filibustering game twice and did the jobs up so neatly that you pulled out with fifteen thousand cash. Here's a hiatus. I can't understand what brought you to the Great Lakes, where life is pretty tame; but I can guess—treasure hunting! You've been searching for sunken ships and you've found three. One of those ships would have made you rich if you hadn't been too honest to get away with the copper.

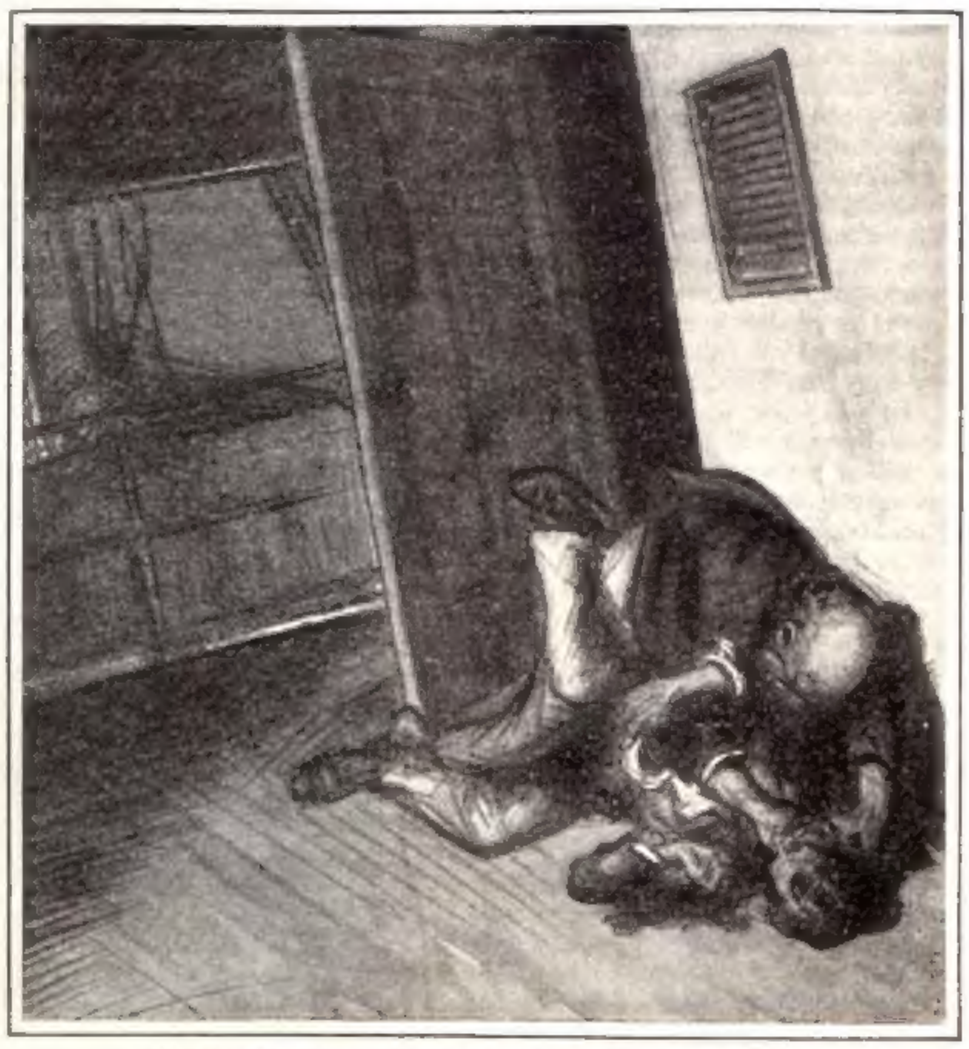
"You see, I'm confident you're the man I want. A little matter of holding up a ship on Lake Superior and abducting eight of her passengers will be just a sort of holiday recreation for you. That's what I want you to do."

Falkner had recovered his self-possession. Coolly he relighted his cigar, which had gone out.

"This is all mighty interesting," he said, with an ominous hardness in his voice. "You've gone over my history and at the end you sum me up as a high-class criminal. Eh?"

A low exclamation that was scarcely more than a fluttering throat note came from the girl. Falkner looked straight at her, wondering if she would speak. Her eyes were filled with a sudden painful anxiety as she looked from him to her father.

"Great Heavens—no!" almost shouted the shipowner. "Falkner, I want a man!—and a man isn't a criminal. If I've given you a wrong impression I'm a fool. I've called you here because I feel that I can place absolute confidence in you—because, in three words, you are brave, adventurous and at the same time honorable. You're the only man of your sort on the Lakes; and you must understand the confidence I place in you when I tell you that I am



McGraw Flat Upon His Back, With a Giant of a Man On His Chest, Busily Throttling Him

practically surrendering my own reputation, as well as my daughter's, into your hands. If you cannot have faith in me will you in Gladys—Miss Winn?"

Again Falkner looked at Miss Winn. The girl's eyes met his with clear frankness, but she did not speak. Her silence was beginning to disturb him.

"Go on, Mr. Winn," he said. "I am at least anxious to hear something of the business which you have mapped out for me."

"It is this," said the shipowner in a low voice, and the girl leaned nearer. "Three weeks from today the steel freighter Uranus leaves Duluth for Buffalo with a load of ore. In her cabins she will carry eight passengers—all men. I want you to board this freighter, kidnap those eight men and hide them somewhere in the wilderness along the north shore for a week or ten days. At the end of that time your work will be done and I will hand you a check for fifteen thousand dollars. I will give you the first ten thousand tonight if you agree to do the work. More than this I cannot tell you. You must remain in the dark as to my motive for kidnaping these men and hiding them away for a time; but I can assure you there is practically no danger in the undertaking."

Falkner's strong face lighted up with an amused smile.

"Only a little matter of piracy, eh?" he laughed. "And do you know what that means, Mr. Winn? On the Great Lakes piracy is subject to the laws of the state for which the vessel upon which the piracy is committed is bound. The Uranus, you say, will load for Buffalo. In New York the one penalty for piracy is death. Don't assume that I am afraid. I like excitement. Perhaps I am too fond of it. But as for flying the black flag and committing crime——"

"You won't be committing a crime!" cried Winn, striking the table with his fat hand. "I give you my word on that, Falkner. I know it's hard to believe, but it's true. You run absolutely no risk, except the small one of holding up the crew of the freighter while you unload her passengers. You can't believe this, of course; so I've arranged for a way to checkmate your suspicions. Would I sacrifice my daughter, Falkner? Ask yourself that. And she is to accompany you. She is to captain the expedition. You are to obey her orders implicitly. If you become a pirate she becomes one. If peril faces you it confronts her as well. I am sending her as a pledge that in boarding the Uranus and kidnaping her passengers you will not be committing a crime. You will so completely surprise the vessel's crew that, with a little display of arms, they will give you no trouble. You will need half a dozen good men to board the ship, armed with revolvers. Load the pistols with blank cartridges, but give each man some sort of a weapon—a sand-billy, for instance—that will stun but not kill if you are forced to fight. What do you say? Will you undertake this expedition—under Gladys, my daughter?"

With that soft, strange throat sound, so like the fluttering note of a bird, the girl suddenly leaned over the table and held out one of the little pages of the notebook to Falkner. She smiled straight into his eyes, and then she pouted her red lips pleadingly as he took the slip, upon which she had written the following words:

Please pardon me for not speaking. I must unfortunately write all that I have to say. But I can hear. You will go, won't you? Please!

With a curious thrill, Falkner understood the meaning of the diminutive pad under the slim white hand of the shipowner's daughter. She could not talk. She was dumb. He looked at her again. Her mouth was still pouted; her eyes glowed with luminous and anxious questioning. It was this girl, and not Winn or the fortune he offered him, that he thought of now. Her beautiful face still pleaded with him and he felt a sudden tremulous stir within him that held him silent while he looked into her eyes. Her lips moved. He could see the words as she framed them: "You will go? Please!" She held out a hand to him; and with a low, strange laugh he clasped the hand in his own big brown palm, trembling like an excited boy.

"Yes; I will go!" he said.

He felt her fingers tighten about his. She laughed—a sweet, voiceless laugh—her dark eyes glowing with joy; and in that moment Falkner felt the earth slipping away from under his feet.

"I will go," he said again, speaking to her alone. "I will go—with you as my captain."

An hour later, in the cabin aboard his sloop, Falkner pulled two slips of paper from his coat pocket. One was a check for ten thousand dollars; the other was Miss Winn's note. A dozen times he read the words she had written, a slow flush burning in his face. As he refolded the slip he noticed a bit of writing on the other side of the paper. In a careless hand the girl had written:

"Captain Jim Falkner, Pirate."

## II

THREE weeks and two days after Falkner's first interview with J. Cortlandt Winn, the sloop-yacht Silver Fox lay thirty miles off Thunder Cape, riding lazily and with a scarcely perceptible rolling motion in the long Superior swells.

In the bow stood Miss Winn, searching the level sea with a pair of powerful binoculars. As Falkner came from his cabin he stopped for a moment in the shade of the deckhouse to look at the girl, whose tall, slender form was silhouetted against a late afternoon sun. She looked bewitchingly girlish as she stood poised a step or two back from the rail, her shining hair done up in a big long braid, her white arms bared to the elbows, and the light breeze blowing curling tresses about her face and shoulders. He drew a deep breath and stepped forward. The three days they had been together since leaving Duluth had sped with blissful swiftness for him and yet it seemed as though he had known her for years. They had been days of a steadily increasing yearning—days of joy; days of pain; days in which there had come to him, in the same hour, hope and hopelessness. And with these there was a growing fear—a fear that this girl, in spite of Winn's protestations, was facing a deadly peril.

*"I am Doing This, Not for the Money Your Father is Paying Me, But for You"*

She turned as he came up, with one of those sweet smiles that made him want to take her in his arms.

"I can make out three freighters," she wrote on her pad. "One of them is a big boat. It ought to be the Uranus."

He took the glasses from her hand.

"It is," he said quietly, after a few moments. "I can tell by her funnels." Before leaving his cabin he had steeled himself for a certain unpleasant task, and the girl saw something of what was coming in his eyes. Her face became serious before he had spoken. "Miss Winn," he said, "I have restrained myself from questioning you during the past few days, but I feel that it is my duty now in spite of my contract with your father. There has come a change——" His voice trembled a little as he came near to the truth that was making his heart beat excitedly and that sent again that telltale flood of warmth into his face. "There has come a change—in me! I must know. Why is there need of all this mystery? Why am I about to board that ship? What is the reason for the abduction of its passengers? You know. You must know. I am risking everything blindly—my ship, my men, myself. And I am doing this——" He stopped again, and she saw his throat twitch. "I am doing this, not for the money your father is paying me, but for you. If I am doing this cannot you be honest—fair with me? Cannot you trust me?"

He was almost sorry that he had spoken. For an instant the tremulous look of pain that he had first observed in Winn's office shot into her eyes. The color left her face and her lips quivered, as though he had hurt her. She wrote on her pad and he saw that her fingers trembled.

"I am sorry," she said. "I can tell you nothing—nothing more than you already know. I trust my father. I have faith in you—absolute! Can you not have faith in me—in us?"

"In you—yes!" he cried quickly, and somehow her quivering little hand came into his. "Miss Winn—Gladys—forgive me for what I am about to say. I do not fear for myself or for my men. I understand and they understand what we are undertaking. But it is you! Listen! I can run to Thunder Cape, send you ashore and still overtake the Uranus tonight. Will you let me do that? If there is danger—and I am sure there is—you must not face it. I will board the ship tonight, but you must go ashore."

His voice and eyes told her more than the words he uttered. He still held her hand; and she answered him with the beautiful glow in her eyes, the pouting of her red lips, as she shook her head—the color surging back into her cheeks.

"You must go ashore!" he repeated.

She drew her hand away and wrote rapidly, and he read the words as they came from her pencil:

If you care at all—about me—you will let me go with you tonight. I will not go ashore voluntarily. If you force me ashore you will be a traitor—to me. I must share the responsibility of what is going to happen. It is necessary—to save you from possible peril! I refuse to let you go on alone.

Her face was white again when she looked up. Her tremulous lips made an effort as if to speak and then suddenly she turned and left him, running lightly to her cabin.

For ten minutes Falkner stood staring out over the lake toward the black trails of smoke of the approaching freighters. Then he returned to his own room and wrote on a piece of notepaper: "You're a little brick! The Uranus is in sight—the third ship. We'll board her at the end of the first watch tonight." And then he added, with a happy smile: "Captain Jim Falkner, Pirate."

This note he delivered to Miss Winn by the woman cook.

## III

MISS WINN took her meals in her own little cabin and Falkner did not see her again for many hours. At eight o'clock the Silver Fox was running three-quarters of a mile astern of the Uranus, and Falkner had a final talk with his men. There were six, including himself and not counting the engineer. On this trip the regular stoker had been eliminated and the cook's place had been filled by one of the men's wives. Falkner felt that he could trust every member of his crew. Clarkson, Findy and McGraw were old companions in adventure who would stick by him in any project; Hawkins, the engineer, had accompanied him to the Lakes from his last filibustering expedition; Peters, mate and wheelman, had been in his service for two years. Only of Sullivan was there a question, and Falkner allowed his eyes to fall more fully upon him as he gave his final instructions. He saw that each man was armed with a short sand-billy and to each of them he gave an automatic revolver loaded with blank cartridges.

"Don't fire a shot unless you are compelled to," he warned; "and then, if you can, shoot so that your powder will be felt. And don't crack any heads with the billies. You're going to get a thousand dollars apiece for this job and we've got to do it without seriously injuring a person aboard that ship."

At nine o'clock he went to Miss Winn's cabin and knocked upon her door. The girl opened it. She had changed her light suit for a heavier and darker dress, and had coiled her hair upon her head. Her face was tense and pale as she looked beyond Falkner to where the lights of the Uranus were glowing half a mile to starboard. With a low laugh Falkner offered her his hand. The girl's was as cold as ice, and the old shudder of fear ran through him. After all, it was to be piracy—nothing less. Then the girl smiled and nodded her head.

"Yes; we are ready," he said, a little grimly. "We are bearing down upon her now. Will you remain in your cabin?"

She shook her head negatively and went with him to the starboard rail, her hand resting snugly in his arm. He had little to say now. His face was stern and set, his jaws were squared; in his eyes there was a light which the girl had not seen before. In a few moments he left her to join his men. Rapidly the Silver Fox bore down upon the freighter. At last Falkner raised his megaphone.

"Ship ahoy!" he cried. "Is that the Uranus?"

In a moment the reply came back:

"This is the Uranus."

"Then slow down and let us run alongside," shouted Falkner. "This is the yacht Sea Gull, of Port Arthur, and we have important telegrams for you from the owners."

As he had expected, the ruse worked. He heard the resonant clang of the signal-gong in the engine room of the Uranus and the big ship began to lose speed. Two minutes later the Silver Fox ran alongside and Findy and McGraw attached grappling hooks. The freighter lay so deep in the water that from the deckhouse Falkner jumped aboard, with Clarkson a bound behind him. The ship's mate and the watch were the only men on the big freighter's deck, and before either had spoken a word Falkner and Clarkson covered them with their revolvers.

"If you make a move or a sound we'll blow your heads off!" warned Falkner. "Up with your hands!"

The two startled men complied in an instant. The chilly glitter of the automatics was too real to question. As quick as cats, Findy and McGraw came up behind them and smothered whatever words they might have uttered under the folds of cloths specially designed for that purpose. Within three minutes after boarding, the two men lay flat upon their backs, bound and gagged.

"Findy, you go up and gossip with the wheelman," commanded Falkner; "and you, McGraw, watch the door to the captain's cabin. If he sticks his head out get a hold on him that won't let any sound get beyond your own ears. We don't want to arouse the crew aft, or there'll be the swellest sort of a fight. Now, boys, for the passengers!"

Falkner, with Hawkins and Peters close behind him, made for the observation room above the forward cabins. The door was unlocked, and Peters struck a match while the other two searched for the electric light switch. In the flood of light that followed its discovery the three men dropped black masks from under their hats over their faces. Falkner could not restrain an amused chuckle as he looked at Hawkins and Peters, who stood with pistols in their hands and looked as piratical as any cutthroats that ever sailed with a Kidd or Blackbeard. Hawkins, with his red hair and huge red beard that fiercely bristled out from under his mask, was alone worth a small army as a terrorizer, and for this reason Falkner sent him in advance as they tiptoed in single file down the narrow stairway that led to the staterooms. Scarcely had they reached the foot of the stair when the sound of subdued laughter came to them, and from under the door that opened from the sleeping quarters into the ship's sitting room there issued a brilliant streak of light. Without a word, Falkner strode forward and flung open the door. At a small table in the center of the room sat four men, playing poker. Two others were looking on the game. For a moment the players were so engrossed in the movement of certain piles of chips that they did not notice the interruption. When they looked up three dangerous-looking men and three chillingly murderous automatics menaced them from the door.

"Please make no noise, gentlemen," said Falkner. "We shall be compelled to shoot the first man who makes an outcry. We want you outside!" He thrust the fierce Hawkins out into the room and pointed to the door that led directly to the deck. "Open that—and brain the first man who shows an inclination to run! Now, gentlemen, we want you to travel out that doorway in single file."

The occupants of the room had not uttered a word; and now, as they rose to their feet, even the somber Peters could scarcely restrain a laugh at the spectacle they made. The man who followed Hawkins was one of the fattest Falkner had ever seen and the waistbands of three of the remaining five seemed ready to burst in an effort of envious competition. They were not a dangerous-looking lot. There was only one young man among them; and Falkner grinned when he saw that three of the prisoners against whom he had brought such a formidable force were completely bald. Every man there breathed respectability and affluence; the very glisten of the bald heads, the huge and immaculate white waistcoats, bespoke their importance and social standing—and a sudden uncomfortable chill shot through Falkner. He had expected ordinary passengers—or at least nothing like this appalling aggregation, whose very rotundity and all-round luxurious appearance made him realize more than ever the enormity of the act he was committing. Not one of these men made a remonstrance as they followed Hawkins through the door except the huge fat man, who spluttered and rumbled beneath his breath, but not loud enough to call forth a warning from his captors. For a moment they stopped where Sullivan was guarding the deck and the two bound men, while Falkner showed them how to board the Silver Fox. Not until they were seated in a row on the yacht's forward deck, with Sullivan leaning over the rail above them, did Falkner rejoin Hawkins and Peters, who were already returning for the other two passengers.

Suddenly a terrific and blood-curdling yell split the calm stillness of the night, followed almost in the same instant by the rapid firing of an automatic.

"That's McGraw!" cried Falkner. "Hustle up the others, boys! I'll go to him."

He ran across the deck toward the outer entrance to the captain's cabin and, to his horror, found McGraw flat upon his back, with a giant of a man on his chest, busily throttling him. He knew that it would now be only a matter of a few minutes before the ship's hands aft would be pouring on deck, and he brought his sand-billy down upon the captain's head with considerable force. The grip on

*They Were Not a Dangerous-Looking Lot*

McGraw's throat relaxed, the captain rolled over and, before Falkner could strike again, had staggered to his feet. He prepared for the other's rush, but his blow went wild—and just what happened after that he could never tell. He knew that some hard and heavy object landed on his head, and he crumpled down as completely helpless as though his back had been broken. He was conscious of a flood of something warm pouring over his face; then he heard loud voices, shouts, the firing of pistols—and everything was blank.

*IV*

FALKNER'S first return to consciousness was marked by a strange pain and the realization that a cool hand was stroking his face and smoothing back his hair. He opened his eyes; and the second dawning that came to him was that he was in his own well-lighted little cabin and that the Silver Fox was under way. Then he saw Miss Winn, her beautiful face leaning over him; and before he knew what he was doing he put up his hand to her shining hair. He recovered himself in a moment and dropped it back, with a laughing groan.

"Soaked—soaked good and hard," he smiled up at her, a little painfully. Did we get 'em all?"

She nodded affirmatively, smiling down on him with her lips and glowing eyes in a way that made him laugh joyously up into her face, like a boy. She ran her hand through his hair again, and he took her other hand and pressed it to his lips. It lay there for a moment, warm and sweet, and then there came a knock at the door; and as Miss Winn drew back Peters entered. From the door the girl smiled back at him once more and left the cabin.

Peters sat down and grinned at his chief. There was something almost sheepish in his look. Falkner sat up.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Cap'n Dix slugged you a good one in the head with a piece of iron pipe," explained Peters, his long, thin face still wearing a grin. "Before McGraw got him with his sand-billy he yelled like a pack of hyenas and half a dozen of the crew came running from aft. Sullivan and Findy held them back until we got the other two aboard and cast off. Good Lord! ——"

"What the devil is there to grin at?" demaded Fanlkner.

"I can't help grinning at what we got," said Peters. "The other two were fat an' there's four baldheads. One of them two was so old and fat we had to help him aboard. I put 'em in the long cabin an' set Clarkson an' McGraw to guard 'em; but they're as harmless as children. They hadn't been there fifteen minutes before the whole bunch was playing setback and poker, and smoking cigars that smelled so good I'd like to eat a box for breakfast. Listen to that!"

Above the throbbing of the yacht's engines Falkner heard a distant rumble of laughter, as if many voices had joined in a sudden burst of merriment.

"They're taking it easy," went on Peters; "and the devil of it is they're telling pirate stories while they play and predicting all sorts of things for us. They've got Clarkson an' McGraw sweating blood; and every little while that whale of a fat un describes an execution he once saw in New York, where they killed a pirate with electricity.

Falkner's face wore anything but an amused look as he rose to his feet and examined himself in a glass.

"Clarkson and McGraw are still wearing their masks?" he inquired.

"You couldn't pry 'em off with crowbars," said Peters; "and Hawkins is shaving off his red whiskers in the engine room. That bunch has scared 'im stiff."

"And how about you?"

Peters laughed uneasily.

"I don't like the layout, Falkner. They're too big, too fat an' rich! I shouldn't wonder if we'd tied up to the eight richest men in the United States, mebby counting out the two skinny ones—and that's dangerous!"

"Tell Clarkson and McGraw to leave the bunch and lock the door," said Falkner. "I don't believe they need a guard."

With early dawn, the Silver Fox was running close in to a wild and forest-covered shore, and just as the sun appeared above the wilderness the yacht began picking her way slowly through a maze of black reefs and small islands until at last she ran into a small cove completely shut in by a rocky ridge and a thick forest of spruce and balsam. Between the water and the forest was a white strip of sandy beach a hundred yards in width. Falkner pointed this out to Peters and Findy, who stood beside him.

"Pitch your tents there," he said. "We'll give our prisoners absolute freedom ashore. They can't get away. There isn't a settlement within thirty miles and I don't believe any one of them could make his way for five hundred yards through those rocks. They're as safe as if in a jail. Land all the provisions and after you've done that make ready to sail."

While the mate set about to carry out his instructions Falkner went to Miss Winn's cabin. The girl gave a little gesture of surprise and pleasure when she saw him.

"I'm so glad you weren't badly hurt," she wrote for him; and then, as she looked up with the witchery of her wonderful smile and saw the unchanged seriousness of his face, her own became suddenly quiet and questioning. A little frightened by what she saw, she put out her hand and rested it on his arm.

"I have come to say goodby, Miss Winn," he said, struggling to speak calmly. "Within half an hour the Silver Fox will be under way for Duluth, with her whole crew on board, except myself. You must go with her."

*(Continued on Page 61)*

# WOMAN IN PUBLIC LIFE

## The Emancipation of the Home

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

*It Is Not Fair or Just That a Girl Should be Compelled to Choose Once and for All Between Marriage and Any or Every Other Form of Occupation*

WE ARE always approaching a crisis and surviving it. We have waxed fat and flourishing on a diet of crises, in fact, these thousands of years past. Balancing upon the brink of catastrophes is just the exercise we need to keep us in health; and if ever we should get out of sight of an impending calamity we had better get a telescope and proceed to hunt one up for the good of our livers—lest we grow fat and scant of breath. To run risks of death twenty times a day is precisely what keeps us alive.

Just now it is the health and nervous system and moral tone of the modern woman that are causing concern to the souls of the serious prophets of the century—prophets, that is, who take themselves seriously, as prophets always do, and imagine that their denunciations and predictions will have more effect upon the tides of human life than Mrs. Partington's broom had upon those of the Atlantic. "Woman is becoming a public character," they all wail in chorus; "and the fierce light of publicity will fade and wither all her womanliness and the sweet virtues of the hearthstone, while her peace and balance of mind and vigor of health will be shattered in its storms."

That a striking and almost revolutionary change in the work and place of woman has taken place within the last thirty-five years is obvious to the dullest eye just like the change that has taken place in the working habits and surroundings of man since the discovery of steam and electric power. The vast majority of men no longer perform their entire day's work and round of tasks within rifle-shot or shouting distance of their hearthstone, or in a workshop which is a room in the house, or its annex or lower story.

### An Age of Attractive Homes

HOME has become for the man of today, we are told, merely a place in which to eat and sleep; indeed, according to some cynics, a place he never goes to until all the other places are shut. And now it looks as if a full half of womankind were about to follow man's example in finding their work outside of the home. The cry is not unnaturally raised—that is, considering the nature of prophets—that the new state of affairs is going to take woman entirely outside of the home; and the only point upon which the Jeremiahs are unable to agree is as to which will be more injured by the change—the home or the woman.

It never appears to have occurred to these moralists to reflect—if, indeed, some moralists have anything to reflect with—that the removal of man and his work from the home has not only been not injurious but markedly beneficial to the latter.

Never were homes half so commodious, so well lighted and ventilated, so beautifully equipped and furnished, so well heated, so sanitary, so comfortable and attractive as they are today. The farther a man gets away from his home in the daytime the more he appreciates it. It becomes a luxury to him, and he is far more ready to lavish time and thought and money upon its adornment and improvement.

There is probably nothing, since the days of the fortress and the walled town, that the home has suffered from so severely as from being a place of work. The primitive farmer's home, for instance, was little better than a second story of the cow-stable—an annex to the barn; a link in the sacred circle of the pigpen, the chicken-roost and the manure heap—as it is frankly today among the peasantry of Europe. Even in some of our own country districts it has not yet escaped from the bondage of being an appendage to the barnyard as completely as might be desired.

Then, when the shop was born, it always appropriated the best room or series of rooms in the house, leaving only a few boxes behind it or lofts above it for the family to live in; while that the whole house should be filled with the odor of leather, or cheeses, or hides, or groceries, or the noise of the saw and the hammer, or of the anvil, or the steam of the dye vats, or the heat of the baker's oven, was considered a necessary and natural part of the home feeling. No poet has ever yet rhapsodized over the dear old scents and smells of home. Some of them might carry our memories back more vividly than delightfully nowadays. We talk enthusiastically about encouraging cottage industries and occupations for earning money at home, and thus keeping all the family together under the sacred influences of the rooftree; but we forget that the loom or the work-table occupies the best room in the house and the best window in that room, and that the worst possible thing for the harmony and domestic affections of a family is to be incessantly soaked and saturated in each other's company all day long, without possibility of escape, six days out of the week.

A colleague of mine, who in his younger days had an extensive practice among the Jews of the lower East Side of New York, tells me that they have a quaint phrase which is significant of much in this regard. When they first come over to this country, and with toil and suffering accumulate capital enough to start a tiny business, the shop, of course, occupies the main front room and the family lives upstairs and at the back; but as soon as they have reached a certain standard of success and prosperity they take a full-sized modern shop in a better street: and the family, instead of meekly roosting above it, moves up into Harlem, to—as they quaintly express it—"live separate" in all the glory of a steam-heated flat.

Nothing strikes the American in Europe quite so forcibly as the stuffy, ill-ventilated, ill-smelling and undesirably situated living rooms and even houses which people in comfortable circumstances will occupy because the latter are mere appendages of "the business." Few things have done more for the comfort, health and happiness of the home than the modern ability to "live separate." Talk about the home being in danger in this twentieth century! The home of the vast majority of men scarcely began to have an independent existence of its own until about seventy years ago. Until then it was practically a bunkhouse attached to a barn or a shop for all below the aristocracy.

Even some aristocratic homes are not yet entirely emancipated from this slavery to "business"—such as the doctor's and the minister's.

Our acres of villas and square miles of suburbs are cheering proofs of the emancipation and new lease of life of the home. Their architecture may be monotonous and superficial, their furniture too plushy, their upholstery too vivid; but they are an immense improvement upon anything that ever preceded them from the point of view of both health and comfort; and they signify this much unmistakably—that man is no longer content to live and house his family in any old hole or corner which happens to be near his business.

A town may or may not have fine business streets and a great wholesale district; but what it stands or falls by to the eye of the sanitarian and the biological engineer is the extent and attractiveness of its new spick-and-span residential suburbs—whether of cottages, tenements or mansions. Call them birdboxes, or barracks, or mushrooms, or gingerbread and claptrap what you will—they are the cheering and dominant feature of the architecture of the new century. Never were there half so many real homes in the world before. The home decaying? It's just beginning to flourish! They may not all be in the perfection of good taste yet, but they will be in fifty years' time. Taste can hardly be expected to flourish in cellars and hovels and rookeries. You must have light enough to see colors before you can judge whether the ornamentation is well chosen or not.

At the same time, far from the manners and tempers of men having become harsher and fiercer and more unscrupulous by their removal from the sweet influence of home, there has been a most noticeable increase in kindliness, in sympathy and intolerance of cruelty and injustice. The past seventy years have been emphatically the age of intelligent philanthropy, of the abolishment of slavery, of the legal protection of woman, of education for all, of the relief of disease and suffering.

Why, then, should we fear that the migration of the work and the daily activities of half or even more of our adult women should have any injurious or demoralizing effect upon either the woman or the home? Perhaps it will be answered at once that a man in the house always was an awkward, inconvenient sort of creature, of very little real use and dreadfully in the way—so that it was no loss to get rid of him; but that woman is the very genius of the place, the main support of all its activities and the only priestess who can keep the fire burning at its shrine.

### Home Work Not Done at Home

THERE is merit in the first part of the suggestion. Few things promote harmony and affection between the women of the family and their menfolks, and vice versa, more than a regular daily vacation from each other's company. As to the latter part of the objection, there are other considerations to be borne in mind. One is that, though in the nature of the case, from the natural division of labor between the sexes, the bulk of the work of the home has always been performed by woman and always will be, yet today a large and constantly increasing share of the work of the home is done outside of it.

In more primitive times—in fact, until less than a hundred years ago—the range of home activities was nearly three times what it is today. Nearly all the clothing of the family, for instance, was manufactured upon the premises; the wool and flax were carded and spun and woven and dyed and cut and sewn into garments; the socks were knitted; all the articles of underwear were made by hand;

*Since Work Formerly Done in the House Has Now Been Transferred to Public Agencies, Women Have Followed It*

soap was boiled and candles cast in moulds; butter and cheese were manufactured on a large scale, not only for home consumption but also for the market; herbs were gathered and medicines brewed from them; meats were salted and stored; fruits and vegetables dried and preserved—in fact, every household of any size required the continual and constant labor of from two to five grown women in order to keep itself in good running order.

Now, however, two-fifths to two-thirds of all these domestic activities are being done by machinery in factories, in shops and in stores; and, as a natural result, woman is following her work out of the home into the places where it is now being done. Why should the work be either more physically injurious or morally degrading to her in one place than in the other? And why should the home suffer from the removal of half or two-thirds of these women workers any more than it did from the removal of the men?

Certain kinds of work, such as the care of children, the preparation and serving of food and the care of living and sleeping rooms, are still carried on in the home or in some modified form of it. The actual labor, however, of even these has been greatly lightened by both machinery and modern methods, so that they do not absorb or require the energies of more than half or possibly not more than a third of the women who were previously employed at home.

To assume that this change of place of work will make the woman who does her housework in a factory or shop think any the less of her home on this account, or lose interest in it, or cease to appreciate its value and importance, seems to me not merely illogical but unreasonable. On the contrary, home becomes, instead of chiefly a place of hard, monotonous and wearing work, a place of rest, of enjoyment and recuperation.

### *When the Home Was a Prison*

IT IS a ludicrous mistake to suppose, for instance, that the farmer loves his home more than the clerk does his simply because he spends a larger share of his time in it. Not even the fact that he spends more of his nights at home is any sign of his preference for it, but merely that it is too much trouble to hitch up the team and wash up and get away from it.

The average farmer of fifty years ago grudged every penny that was spent upon the house or its furniture, in decoration and repairs. The average city dweller delights to spend money, within the limits of his purse, upon his home, and enjoys making it as attractive and convenient as possible, because it is to him purely a place of rest, of refreshment and enjoyment. Why should not employment in factories, shops and stores have the same effect upon the feelings of the working woman? As a matter of fact, it has had precisely that effect already; and you will find few women prouder and more keenly appreciative of and devoted to their homes, and their embellishment and improvement, than most working girls and working women.

The fact that the "home-loving" and "home-keeping" women of former generations, whose disappearance is now lamented by the pessimists, spent nine-tenths of their working hours in their homes, was no proof whatever of love of home; nor, indeed, did it tend to foster that feeling. Their much-boasted home-staying was simply due to the fact that they could not escape, being chained by a never-ceasing round of duties—prisoners under their own roof; and that, when a momentary lull in the routine did occur, they were too tired to take advantage of it—and, after fifteen or twenty years of the performance, too stupid!

It is one of the most convincing and triumphant proofs of the strength and stability of woman's mental powers that successive generations of that delightful form of semi-solitary confinement at hard labor known as home life has not made her a candidate for the insane asylum! Man would have gone raving crazy or blown up the institution with dynamite long ago! To chain a woman to her home by the ankle can scarcely be regarded as a promising or hopeful method of promoting in her an affection for it or an intelligent and competent interest in its management and improvement. Slave-labor or serf-labor has always proved the dearest and least efficient labor in the world. To set woman free from the bondage of home is to give her the first reasonable opportunity of developing an affection for and an intelligent interest in it.

To put it very crudely, since from one-half to two-thirds of the work formerly done in the home has now been transferred to factories, shops and public agencies, a like proportion of women have followed it or are preparing to follow it. They are engaged, in fact, in what are quaintly and suggestively termed by the mountaineers of Georgia and the Carolinas "public works," by which they mean, not Government improvements, but sawmills, factories, mines, and so forth. Incidentally it may be remarked that the first and most striking fact of the engaging in these public works by the mountaineers has been a great improvement in the furnishing, decoration and conveniences of their homes, the money which they have earned in this way having been first applied to repainting or making additions to their houses and to equipping them with cookstoves, rocking-chairs, cottage organs and other modern conveniences. Similarly, all over the country today, the homes maintained by working women, either for other members of their families or for their own comfort and pleasure, will be found to compare most favorably in attractiveness, convenience and comfort with those supported on the same income where the women of the family spend all their time at home.

There need be little fear that this partial physical removal from the home atmosphere will diminish the working woman's interest in her home, for the simple reason that a home is a thing self-existent and self-supporting. The need for a home of some sort is as universal and irresistible as the attraction of gravitation. Even though there be, in the bitter language of the pessimist,

*Nothing to breathe but air;*
*Nothing to eat but food;*
*Nothing to wear but clothes*
*To keep us from going nude!*
*Nowhere to go but out!*
*Nowhere to come but back!*

yet there must be some place to come back to, some point in space to engulf one's food, somewhere to rest, somewhere to go when all the other places are shut. To have a home of some sort is as necessary as breathing. The much eulogized "old-fashioned home" may be disappearing, but that is because something better is taking its place.

Nothing but the rosy mist that hovers over the past—"the light that never was on sea or land"—makes us fondly believe that the old-fashioned home was superior to the modern one. As a matter of cold, historical fact, it was not half so good. Outside of the homes of the wealthy there is scarcely a house today over a hundred years old that is really fit to live in from a modern, civilized point of view; indeed, which would not be actually condemned as a nuisance on sanitary grounds by an up-to-date board of health.

The houses of a century or more ago were badly lighted, worse ventilated, utterly incapable of being properly heated; cold, damp and most inconvenient in their arrangements—because, for the most part, they were constructed either for purposes entirely unconnected with residential uses, such as farm buildings, shops, businesses, or by mere males who had absolutely no proper conception of how a house should be built so as best to promote its comfortable and convenient operation as a home. Rooms were strung out one behind the other or piled up in successive tiers, according to the plans of the architect or the exigencies of the situation or the material, and then afterward assigned to their various domestic uses in such makeshift fashion as might best be feasible.

The shop or workrooms were given first choice of location; the rooms which were most likely to be entered by strangers—and consequently least used by the family—second; bedrooms third; and kitchens and dining rooms last of all. Yet, from a biological and rational point of view, the kitchen and dining room are precisely the two most important rooms in the house, the ones which should be given the best light and air, and at least second choice for position in the whole house, and upon whose arrangement and equipment should be expended the best intelligence and the most careful thought of both architect and family.

*Their Much-Boasted Home-Staying Was Simply Due to the Fact That They Could Not Escape*

Now that women are earning real money and can contribute hard cash toward the support and maintenance of the home, they are entitled to and are gaining a proper voice and share of control in its building arrangements and equipment; and, in consequence, houses today are being built which are really fit for civilized human beings to live in, from the point of view of sanitation and comfort, for the first time in history.

Yet there are still too many houses that are built too much upon the principle of the cottage erected by a former colleague of mine during his wife's absence in Europe. He was an eccentric and somewhat impulsive fellow, and he suddenly decided that it would be a delightful surprise for his wife to build her a new house during her absence. The work was pushed with all speed and the bungalow was finished and ready for occupancy before the date of her return; but when he proudly showed his delighted wife through the new home on the day of her arrival it was discovered that he had forgotten the kitchen—and it had to be added as an annex or leanto at the back of the house!

There is not the slightest danger of the home suffering on account of woman being given a larger voice in its construction and management, or placed in a position to build and equip it herself if she chooses.

### *Considerations of Health and Comfort*

NOR is there any great reason to fear that this transference of woman's activities to fields outside the home will have any more injurious effect upon her than upon the home. The work is the same work she has always done, only carried out in a more effective and intelligent manner; and though in the beginning the wholesale methods employed, so to speak, the crowding together of large numbers of operatives in buildings designed solely for the welfare of the business without much regard for theirs, produced some undesirable and unwholesome conditions, yet these are rapidly diminishing and disappearing under intelligent and humane management and legislation.

It is doubtful whether, at their worst, they were ever more undesirable or injurious to health than the conditions under which those women had been working in their own homes. Certainly no class of women factory-hands, operatives or shopgirls are worked so hard and for such long hours, poor pay, poor food and poor accommodations as are the average domestic servants. In any case, these unfavorable conditions are not an essential and inherent part of the new methods; indeed, it has now been proved by abundant experiments that for the turning out of the largest amount of work of the best quality, with least waste of material and loss of time, the most careful provisions for the health, comfort and safety of the workers are not merely advisable but absolutely necessary.

Thanks partly to their own increasing intelligence and partly to the pressure of an awakened public opinion, as



*Home Becomes, Instead of a Place of Hard, Monotonous and Wearing Work, a Place of Rest, of Enjoyment and Recuperation*

expressed in legislative enactments, the better class of manufacturers, merchants and other firms employing large numbers of women are so arranging and improving their places of work, shortening their hours and providing for their comfort and even recreation, that the condition of the average working woman of today, outside the home, is already far superior to her average condition in the home fifty years ago, as is shown by the grim but convincing testimony of mortality and morbidity statistics. The general death-rate of women employed in gainful occupations is from fifteen to thirty per cent lower than that of the average of women employed in their own homes; while among women working for wages the lowest death-rate is among those employed as clerks, stenographers and teachers, and the highest among those engaged as domestic servants.

So far from the health of women being wrecked and their nervous systems being shattered by the strain of factory, shop and office work, the records both of such firms as provide medical attention during sickness for their employees and of friendly and other societies insuring against sickness show that the health of working women, as measured by the number of days of disability in the year on account of sickness, ranges from fifteen to twenty per cent better than that of the average women in their own homes; while, again, those employed in clerical and commercial pursuits have a smaller amount of sickness than those engaged as domestic servants.

It is only fair to say, of course, that allowance must be made in these comparisons for the fact that a larger percentage of the women engaged in outside industries are either young or at the more vigorous ages and conditions of life, while all ages and conditions are, of course, employed in homes; and that working women, when no longer able on account of sickness or advancing years to hold their positions in public works, will drop back into homes as domestic servants or as semipensioners and are, in consequence, at death reported under this heading. However, it may be fairly and safely taken as indicating that the new methods of life and work are not in themselves injurious even in their crudest and least civilized forms, and that there is certainly no valid basis for predicting any physical deterioration of woman from this cause in the future.

### *Five Million Years' Work*

ONE of the most vivid apprehensions of the prophets of misfortune appears to be that women are either losing or will lose their graces, their attractiveness and their charm -or, as the phrase is, "become unsexed"—by this new relation to and contact with the outside world; but whoever seriously dreads this knows little of biology or of woman. It has taken at least five million years to make woman female and man male - for the primitive creature was bisexual; and he who imagines that such a trifle as a change in methods of education or a few years of freer contact with the world is going to wipe out those differences is singularly lacking in a sense of proportion—to say nothing of humor.

If there be any serious likelihood of woman's losing her charm, her sexual attractiveness, her delightful spontaneity, her delicious incalculableness, and becoming transformed into a stupid, rational being whose actions are controlled by the laws of cause and effect and whose conduct can be predicted with the dull and uninteresting certainty of the machinelike male creature, then let the sun be turned into darkness and the moon into blood as speedily as possible, for life will no longer be worth living! A woman may work in the home or outside the home at whatever she pleases or sees fit. She may educate herself as she will, may dress as she pleases, may preach, vote, practice medicine—and yet remain a woman. She could not be anything else if she tried, and she does not try. Nothing that woman has done or assumed so far, in coming out into the world and meeting it on its own terms, has in the slightest degree diminished her attractiveness to the opposite sex; in fact, certain coeducational colleges and other institutions of learning, with admirable advertising judgment even if with doubtful taste, frankly call attention in their announcements and prospectuses to the large percentage of their students who become mutually engaged during their college course and marry at, after, or even before, commencement.

Nor would it be possible to discover the slightest prejudice on the part of the young men of the day against selecting as their life-partners girls who are or have been engaged in some public capacity as teachers, stenographers or saleswomen. Indeed, harmless and honorable lovemaking is as brisk in the department store and in the factory as it is in the well-conducted coeducational college or the ballroom. We ought never to let ourselves forget that the trade or occupation was made for man or woman, not man or woman for the trade; and that we are men first, last and all the time, and linen drapers, blacksmiths or preachers second and temporarily only.

We are terribly in dread that women will become masculinized by doing man's work; but we forget entirely that most of this man's work was originally woman's work and that men have now for generations been doing woman's work without any sign of deterioration in courage, aggressiveness or other so-called masculine traits.

We never dream of being apprehensive lest men who are engaged in the manufacture of linen and cotton and woolen goods, which from the days of the distaff and the spindle has been woman's work, are in any danger of losing their manliness. Nor are the "jolly millers" who occupy their entire energies in the grinding of corn and the bolting of flour, which was originally and is yet in the Orient the exclusive prerogative of the women, regarded as an effeminate or ladylike class of creatures. Even where men make and fit garments, or manufacture laces or stockings or underwear, or even ribbons and women's hats, we dread no deterioration in the fiber of their manhood.

It is true that at one time the mere fighting man affected to despise the "linen draper bold," the "greasy burgess," and we still have echoes of that attitude in the old saw that "it takes nine tailors to make a man"; but that snobbishness died a natural death centuries ago ever since, in fact, these gentlemen of the sword and spur shattered themselves upon the square of pikes or were scattered like chaff before the charge of the train-bands of these same burgesses and greasy varlets.

To paraphrase the famous lyric:

*The trade is but the guinea's stamp,*
*The man's the gowd for a' that!*

Can we imagine for a moment that such a trumpery trifle as a trade or an occupation is going to have the slightest vital effect upon that all-conquering, unchangeable and utterly unmanageable mystery that we call woman?

The one bugbear of those who are uneasy as to the diversion of women's interests and work from the home which has the greatest show of rational basis is that it may result in robbing the home of the quota of women who are fitted to carry out its central and so indispensable activities which cannot well be performed elsewhere—the bearing and rearing of children and providing of food and shelter. Even this dread has little valid basis, for the reason that, as has already been suggested, a large majority of the women who are going outside the home to work are going to earn money for the home and perform former household duties. So that the actual number of women engaged in or needed for these essential and indispensable home duties is not and never has been more than from a half to a third of the entire number of women.

Only about seventy per cent of the adult women of a community are married at any one time, and of the seventy per cent not more than half are actually engaged in the process of child-rearing or the direct personal conduct of the commissariat department of the home. So far as any estimate can be made in regard to such a widely varying and perpetually changing problem, it would appear probable that it would not require the entire time of more than a third of all women to carry out satisfactorily the duties which are fundamental to and inseparable from the home—that is, child-rearing and housekeeping in its narrower sense—especially if these women be given the benefit of modern sanitary conditions, of efficient education and of labor-saving devices and scientific methods.

Or, to put it in another way, it would only require about one-third of the entire time of the women of the community to carry out, by modern and rational methods, these most important duties. There is no more reason why a woman should be compelled to devote and mortgage all her life to housekeeping than there is that a man should devote his entire time to the business of housebuilding, house-repairing, gardening and paying rent though the latter occupation will always seem to absorb a respectable share of his activities.

In other words, it is no longer necessary that, because a woman becomes a housekeeper and a mother, she must on that account give up all hope and ambition of being anything else; and our methods of reasoning upon this subject are singularly primitive—not to say savage. There was a time, ages ago, when the duties of race-continuance and child-rearing absorbed the whole life of woman. She was married when little more than a child, bore her annual crop of children every spring and lost two-thirds of them by famine and exposure every winter; and, as a natural consequence, at thirty she was an old woman, a shapeless roll of fat or bag of skin and bones, as the case might be—little better than an object of charity for her few remaining years. No wonder the race made slow progress when its children were borne by children who never had a proper chance to grow up!

*Nothing That Woman Has Done or Assumed So Far Has in the Slightest Degree Diminished Her Attractiveness*

### *The Second Girlhood*

WE HAVE outgrown that barbaric and brainless method of spawning, and modern woman declines to assume the grave responsibilities of the new life until her own has been properly rounded out and matured, and she is able to make an intelligent selection, for herself, of the father of her children. She is reluctant to marry—and rightly—until twenty-three, twenty-five, twenty-seven years of age - a period when her savage great-great-grandmother was beginning to feel the approach of decrepitude! When she does mate she is not swamped under an annually rising flood of children—indeed, regards it as immoral to bring into the world more children than will allow her to devote to and expend upon every one her best and most thoughtful intelligence, her clearest and serenest judgment and her fullest and sunniest powers of body and mind.

The famous Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe was by no means the only mother of earlier times "who had so many children she didn't know what to do," or whose methods of discipline and training were, in consequence, of the same primitive and indiscriminate character. "To spank them all soundly and put them to bed" was the solution of many a domestic problem in the olden time. The woman who is a mother and nothing else can never discharge her maternal duties properly.

The assumption of the noble duties and dignities of wifehood and motherhood, so far from serving as a bar to a woman's further mental, moral and physical development, or as an excuse for abandoning all further effort or ambition in those directions, renders it, on the contrary, urgently obligatory to develop and broaden and perfect herself and all her powers in every possible way so as to fit herself to be the guide, teacher and companion of her children—to say nothing of her husband.

Moreover, the markedly increased and increasing span of life under modern scientific and sanitary conditions has given woman a second girlhood after the period of child-bearing is over—the richest, ripest and happiest period of her life, when she is in the full maturity of her powers of both body and mind, and begins to see the results of her work and to exercise her greatest influence over both public and private affairs. *(Continued on Page 53)*

# An Account With Swithin Hall

*The Ocean Was a Stately Procession of Moving Mountains*

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WITH a last long scrutiny at the unbroken circle of the sea, David Grief swung out of the crosstrees and slowly and dejectedly descended the ratlines to the deck.

"Leu-Leu Atoll is sunk, Mr. Snow," he said to the anxious-faced young mate. "If there is anything in navigation, the atoll is surely under the sea, for we've sailed clear over it twice—or the spot where it ought to be. It's either that, or the chronometer's gone wrong, or I've forgotten my navigation."

"It must be the chronometer, sir," the mate reassured his owner. "You know I made separate sights and worked them up, and that they agreed with yours."

"Yes," Grief muttered, nodding glumly, "and where your Sumner lines crossed, and mine, too, was the dead center of Leu-Leu Atoll. It must be the chronometer—slipped a cog or something." He made a short pace to the rail and back, and cast a troubled eye at the Uncle Toby's wake. The schooner, with a fairly strong breeze on her quarter, was logging nine or ten knots.

"Better bring her up on the wind, Mr. Snow. Put her under easy sail and let her work to windward on two-hour legs. It's thickening up, and I don't imagine we can get a star observation tonight; so we'll just hold our weather position, get a latitude sight tomorrow, and run Leu-Leu down on her own latitude. That's the way all the old navigators did."

Broad of beam, heavily sparred, with high freeboard and bluff Dutchy bow, the Uncle Toby was the slowest, tubbiest, safest and most foolproof schooner David Grief possessed.

Her run was in the Banks and Santa Cruz groups and to the northwest among the several isolated atolls where his native traders collected copra, hawksbill turtle and an occasional ton of pearl shell. Finding the skipper down with a particularly bad stroke of fever, Grief had relieved him and taken the Uncle Toby on her semi-annual run to the atolls. He had elected to make his first call at Leu-Leu, which lay farthest, and now found himself lost at sea with a chronometer that played tricks.

## II

NO STARS showed that night, nor was the sun visible next day. A stuffy, sticky calm obtained, broken by big wind-squalls and heavy downpours. From fear of working too far to windward the Uncle Toby was hove to, and four days and nights followed of cloud-hidden sky. Never did the sun appear, and on the several occasions that stars broke through they were too dim and fleeting for identification. By this time it was patent to the veriest tyro that the elements were preparing to break loose. Grief, coming on deck from consulting the barometer, which steadfastly remained at 29.90, encountered Jackie-Jackie, whose face was as brooding and troublous as the sky and air. Jackie-Jackie, a Tongan sailor of experience, served as a sort of bosun and semi-second mate over the mixed Kanaka crew.

"Big weather he come, I think," he said. "I see him just the same before maybe five, six times."

Grief nodded. "Hurricane weather, all right, Jackie-Jackie. Pretty soon barometer go down—bottom fall out."

"Sure," the Tongan concurred. "He goin' to blow like hell."

Ten minutes later Snow came on deck.

"She's started," he said. "29.85, going down and pumping at the same time. It's stinking hot—don't you notice it?" He brushed his forehead with his hands. "It's sickening. I could lose my breakfast without trying."

Jackie-Jackie grinned. "Just the same me. Everything inside walk about. Always this way before big blow. But Uncle Toby all right. He go through anything."

"Better rig that storm-trysail on the main and a storm-jib," Grief said to the mate. "And put all the reefs into the working canvas before you furl down. No telling what we may need. Put on double gaskets while you're about it."

In another hour, the sultry oppressiveness steadily increasing and the stark calm still continuing, the barometer had fallen to 29.70. The mate, being young, lacked the patience of waiting for the portentous. He ceased his restless pacing and waved his arms.

"If she's going to come let her come!" he cried. "There's no use shilly-shallying this way! Whatever the worst is, let us know it and have it! A pretty pickle—lost with a crazy chronometer and a hurricane that won't blow!"

The cloud-mussed sky turned to a vague copper color and seemed to glow as the inside of a huge heated caldron. Nobody remained below. The native sailors formed in anxious groups amidships and for'ard, where they talked in low voices and gazed apprehensively at the ominous sky and the equally ominous sea that breathed in long, low, oily undulations.

"Looks like petroleum mixed with castor oil," the mate grumbled, as he spat his disgust overside. "My mother used to dose me with messes like that when I was a kid. Lord, she's getting black!"

The lurid coppery glow had vanished, and the sky thickened and lowered until the darkness was as that of a late twilight. David Grief, who well knew the hurricane rules, nevertheless reread the Laws of Storms, screwing his eyes in the faint light in order to see the print. There was nothing to be done save wait for the wind, so that he might know how he lay in relation to the fast-flying and deadly center that from somewhere was approaching out of the gloom.

It was three in the afternoon, and the glass had sunk to 29.45, when the wind came. They could see it on the water, darkening the face of the sea, crisping tiny whitecaps as it rushed along. It was merely a stiff breeze, and the Uncle Toby, filling away under her storm canvas till the wind was abeam, sloshed along at a four-knot gait.

"No weight to that," Snow sneered. "And after such grand preparation!"

"Piccaninny wind," Jackie-Jackie agreed. "He grow big man pretty quick, you see."

Grief ordered the foresail put on, retaining the reefs, and the Uncle Toby mended her pace in the rising breeze. The wind quickly grew to man's size, but did not stop there. It merely blew hard, and harder, and kept on blowing harder, advertising each increase by lulls followed by fierce, freshening gusts. Ever it grew, until the Uncle Toby's rail was more often pressed under than not, while her waist boiled with foaming water which the scuppers could not carry off. Grief studied the barometer, still steadily falling.

"The center is to the south'ard," he told Snow, "and we're running across its path and into it. Now we'll turn about and run the other way. That ought to bring the glass up. Take in the foresail—it's more than she can carry already—and stand by to wear her around."

The maneuver was accomplished, and through the gloom that was almost that of the first darkness of evening the Uncle Toby turned and raced madly north across the face of the storm.

"It's nip and tuck," Grief confided to the mate a couple of hours later. "The storm's swinging a big curve—there's no calculating that curve—and we may win across or the center may catch us. Thank the Lord the glass is holding its own! It all depends on how big the curve is. The sea's too big for us to keep on. Heave her to. She'll keep working along out anyway."

"I thought I knew what wind was," Snow shouted in his owner's ear next morning. "This isn't wind. It's something unthinkable. It's impossible. It must reach ninety or a hundred miles an hour in the gusts. That don't mean anything. How could I ever tell it to anybody? I couldn't. And look at that sea! I've run my easting down, but I never saw anything like that."

Day had come and the sun should have been up an hour, yet the best it could produce was a somber semi-twilight. The ocean was a stately procession of moving mountains. A third of a mile across yawned the valleys between the great waves. Their long slopes, shielded somewhat from the full fury of the wind, were broken by systems of smaller whitecapping waves, but from the high crests of the big waves themselves the wind tore the whitecaps in the forming. This spume drove masthead high, and higher, horizontally, above the surface of the sea.

"We're through the worst," was Grief's judgment. "The glass is coming along all the time. The sea will get bigger as the wind eases down. I'm going to turn in. Watch for shifts in the wind. They'll be sure to come. Call me at eight bells."

By mid-afternoon, in a huge sea, with the wind after its last shift no more than a stiff breeze, the Tongan bosun sighted a schooner bottom up. The Uncle Toby's drift took them across the bow and they could not make out the name; but before night they picked up with a small, round-bottom, double-ender boat, swamped but with white lettering visible on its bow. Through the binoculars Grief made out: Emily L No. 3.

"A sealing schooner," Grief said. "But what a sealer's doing in these waters is beyond me."

"Treasure hunters, maybe?" Snow speculated. "The Sophie Sutherland and the Herman were sealers, you remember, chartered out of San Francisco by the chaps with the maps who can always go right to the spot until they get there and don't."

## III

AFTER a giddy night of ground and lofty tumbling, in which, over a big and dying sea, without a breath of wind to steady her, the Uncle Toby rolled every person on board sick of soul, a light breeze sprang up and the reefs were shaken out. By midday, on a smooth ocean floor, the clouds thinned and cleared and sights of the sun were obtained. Two degrees and fifteen minutes south, the

observation gave them. With a broken chronometer longitude was out of the question.

"We're anywhere within five hundred and a thousand miles along that latitude line," Grief said, as he and the mate bent over the chart. "Leu-Leu is to the south'ard somewhere and this section of ocean is all blank. There is not an island or a reef by which we can regulate the chronometer. The only thing to do ——"

"Land ho, skipper," the Tongan called down the companionway.

Grief took a quick glance at the empty blank of the chart, whistled his surprise, and sank back feebly in a chair.

"It gets me," he said. "There can't be land around here. We never drifted or ran like that. The whole voyage has been crazy. Will you kindly go up, Mr Snow, and see what's ailing Jackie?"

"It's land, all right," the mate called down a minute afterward. "You can see it from the deck tops of cocoanuts—an atoll of some sort. Maybe it's Leu-Leu after all."

Grief shook his head positively as he gazed at the fringe of palms, only the tops visible, apparently rising out of the sea.

"Haul up on the wind, Mr. Snow, close-and-by, and we'll take a look. We can just reach past to the south, and if it spreads off in that direction we'll hit the southwest corner."

Very near must palms be to be seen from the low deck of a schooner, and, slowly as the Uncle Toby sailed, she quickly raised the low land above the sea, while more palms increased the definition of the atoll circle.

"She's a beauty," the mate remarked. "A perfect circle. . . . Looks as if it might be eight or nine miles across. . . . Wonder if there's an entrance to the lagoon. . . . Who knows? Maybe it's a brand new find."

They coasted up the west side of the atoll, making short tacks in to the surf-pounded coral rock and out again. From the masthead, across the palm-fringe, a Kanaka announced the lagoon and a small island in the middle.

"I know what you're thinking," Grief said to his mate.

Snow, who had been muttering and shaking his head, looked up with quick and challenging incredulity.

"You're thinking the entrance will be on the northwest," Grief went on, as if reciting. "Two cable lengths wide, marked on the north by three separated cocoanuts and on the south by pandanus trees. Eight miles in diameter, a perfect circle, with an island in the dead center."

"I was thinking that," Snow acknowledged.

"And there's the entrance opening up just where it ought to be ——"

"And the three palms," Snow almost whispered, "and the pandanus trees. If there's a windmill on the island it's – Swithin Hall's island. But it can't be. Everybody's been looking for it for ten years."

"Hall played you a dirty trick once, didn't he?" Grief queried.

Snow nodded. "That's why I'm working for you. He broke me flat. It was downright robbery. I bought the wreck of the Cascade, down in Sydney, out of a first installment of a legacy from home."

"She went on Christmas Island, didn't she?"

"Yes, full tilt, high and dry, in the night. They saved the passengers and mails. Then I bought a little island schooner, which took the rest of my money, and I had to wait for the final payment by the executors to fit her out. What did Swithin Hall do—he was at Honolulu at the time—but make a straight-away run for Christmas Island. Neither right nor title did he have. When I got there the hull and engines were all that was left of the Cascade. She had had a fair shipment of silk on board too. And it wasn't even damaged. I got it afterward pretty straight from his supercargo. He cleared something like sixty thousand dollars."

Snow shrugged his shoulders and gazed bleakly at the smooth surface of the lagoon where tiny wavelets danced in the afternoon sun.

"The wreck was mine. I bought her at public auction. I'd gambled big and I'd lost. When I got back to Sydney the crew, and some of the tradesmen who'd extended me credit, libeled the schooner. I pawned my watch and sextant, and shoveled coal one spell, and finally got a billet in the New Hebrides on a screw of eight pounds a month. Then I tried my luck as independent trader, went broke, took a mate's billet on a recruiter down to Tanna and over to Fiji, got a job as overseer on a plantation back of Apia, and finally settled down on the Uncle Toby."

"Have you ever met Swithin Hall?"

Snow shook his head.

"Well, you're likely to meet him now. There's the windmill."

In the center of the lagoon, as they emerged from the passage, they discovered a small, densely wooded island among the trees of which a large Dutch windmill showed plainly.

"Nobody at home from the looks of it," Grief said, "or you might have a chance to collect."

The mate's face set vindictively and his fists clenched.

"Can't touch him legally. He's got too much money now. But I can take sixty thousand dollars' worth out of his hide. I hope he is at home."

"Then I hope he is too," Grief said, with an appreciative smile. "You got the description of his island from Bau-Oti, I suppose?"

"Yes, as pretty well everybody else has. The trouble is that Bau-Oti can't give latitude or longitude. Says they sailed a long way from the Gilberts—that's all he knows. I wonder what became of him."

"I saw him a year ago on the beach at Tahiti. Said he was thinking about shipping for a cruise through the Paumotas. Well, here we are, getting close in. Heave the lead, Jackie-Jackie. Stand by to let go, Mr. Snow. According to Bau-Oti, anchorage three hundred yards off the west shore in nine fathoms, coral patches to the southeast. There are the patches. What do you get, Jackie?"

"Nine fadom."

"Let go, Mr. Snow."

The Uncle Toby swung to her chain, headsails run down, and the Kanaka crew sprang to fore and main halyards and sheets.

*IV*

THE whaleboat laid alongside the small, coral-stone landing pier and David Grief and his mate stepped ashore.

"You'd think the place deserted," Grief said as they walked up a sanded path to the bungalow. "But I smell a smell that I've often smelled. Something doing, or my nose is a liar. The lagoon is carpeted with shell. They're rotting the meat out not a thousand miles away. Get that whiff?"

Like no bungalow in the tropics was this bungalow of Swithin Hall. Of Mission architecture, when they had entered through the unlatched screen door they found decoration and furniture of the same Mission style. The floor of the big living room was covered with the finest Samoan mats. There were couches, window seats, cozy corners and a billiard table. A sewing-table and a sewing-basket, spilling over with sheer linen in the French embroidery of which stuck a needle, tokened a woman's presence. By screen and veranda the blinding sunshine was subdued to a cool, dim radiance. The sheen of pearl push-buttons caught Grief's eye.

"Storage batteries, by George, run by the windmill!" he exclaimed as he pressed the buttons. "And concealed lighting!"

Hidden bowls glowed and the room was filled with diffused golden light. Many shelves of books lined the walls. Grief fell to running over their titles. A fairly well-read man himself, for a sea-adventurer, he glimpsed a wideness of range and catholicity of taste that were beyond him. Old friends he met, and others that he had heard of but never read. There were complete sets of Tolstoi, Turgenieff and Gorky; of Cooper and Mark Twain; of Hugo and Zola and Sue; and of Flaubert, De Maupassant and Paul de Kock. He glanced curiously at the pages of Metchnikoff, Weininger and Schopenhauer, and wonderingly at those of English and German doctors. Woodruff's Expansion of Races was in his hands when Snow returned from further exploration of the house.

"Enameled bathtub, separate room for a shower and a sitz bath!" he exclaimed. "Fitted up for a king! And I reckon some of my money went to pay for it. The place must be occupied. I found fresh-opened butter and milk tins in the pantry and fresh turtle meat hanging up. I'm going to see what else I can find."

Grief, too, departed through a door that led out of the opposite end of the living room. He found himself in a self-evident woman's bedroom. Across it he peered through a wire-mesh door into a screened and darkened sleeping porch. On a couch lay a woman asleep. In the soft light she seemed remarkably beautiful in a dark Spanish way. By her side, opened, a novel lay on a chair. From the color in her cheeks Grief concluded that she had not been long in the tropics. After the one glimpse he stole softly back, in time to see Snow entering the living room through the other door.

By the naked arm he was clutching an age-wrinkled black, who grinned in fear and made signs of dumbness.

"I found him snoozing in a little kennel out back," the mate said. "He's the cook, I suppose. Can't get a word out of him. What did you find?"

*From the Color in Her Cheeks Grief Concluded That She Had Not Been Long in the Tropics*

"A sleeping princess. S-sh! There's somebody now."

"If it's Hall," Snow muttered, clenching his fist.

Grief shook his head. "No rough house. There's a woman here. And if it is Hall, before we go I'll maneuver a chance for you to get action."

The door opened and a large, heavily built man entered. In his belt was a heavy, long-barreled revolver. One quick, anxious look he gave them, then his face wreathed in a genial smile and his hand was extended.

"Welcome, strangers. But if you don't mind my asking, how, by all that's sacred, did you ever manage to find this my island?"

"Because we were out of our course," Grief answered, shaking hands.

"My name's Hall—Swithin Hall," the other said, turning to shake Snow's hand. "And I don't mind telling you you're the first visitors I've ever had."

"And this is your secret island that's had all the beaches talking for years," Grief answered. "Well, I know the formula now for finding it."

"How's that?" Hall asked quickly.

"Smash your chronometer, get mixed up with a hurricane, and then keep your eyes open for cocoanuts rising out of the sea."

"And what is your name?" Hall asked, after he had laughed perfunctorily.

"Anstey—Phil Anstey," Grief answered promptly. "Bound on the Uncle Toby from the Gilberts to New Guinea and trying to find my longitude. This is my mate, Mr. Gray, a better navigator than I, but who has lost his goat just the same to the chronometer."

*Their Values Ranged From One Hundred to a Thousand Dollars Each*

Grief did not know his reason for lying, but he had felt the prompting and succumbed to it. He vaguely divined that something was wrong but could not place his finger on it. Swithin Hall was a fat, round-faced man, with a laughing lip and laughter wrinkles in the corners of his eyes. But Grief, in his early youth, had learned how deceptive this type could prove, as well as how deceptive could be blue eyes that screened the surface with fun and hid what went on behind.

"What are you doing with my cook?—lost yours and trying to shanghai him?" Hall was saying. "You'd better let him go if you're going to have any supper. My wife's here, and she'll be glad to meet you—dinner, she calls it, and calls me down for misnaming it; but I'm old-fashioned. My folks always ate dinner in the middle of the day. Can't get over early training. Don't you want to wash up? I do. Look at me. I've been working like a dog—out with the diving crew—shell, you know. But of course you smelt it."

V

SNOW pleaded charge of the schooner and went on board. In addition to his repugnance at breaking salt with the man who had robbed him, it was necessary for him to impress the inviolableness of Grief's lies on the Kanaka crew. By eleven o'clock Grief came on board, to find his mate waiting up for him.

(Continued on Page 40)

# YOUR FIRST MOTOR BOAT

## A Few Instructions for Beginners

## By GEORGE FITCH

IT IS now three years since I first churned up air, gasoline and patience in a small brass carbureter and tried to run a motor boat with the mixture. They have been three years stuffed full of emotions and labors. I have endured. I have suffered. I have enjoyed. Once or twice I have triumphed. And I feel that I should not be doing my full duty toward mankind if I did not, in the ripe flush of my experience, make some effort to warn and instruct the reader who some day himself may attempt to reason with a stolid and indifferent engine with a leaky sparkplug and a timer whose times are all out of joint.

This I now propose to do.

I shall take the reader by the hand, as it were, and lead him gently through the mazes and around the pitfalls of inexperience into the smooth harbor of perfect knowledge and authority. I shall endeavor to descend to his level and talk of technical things in words which both he and I can understand. In short, I want, if possible, to enable some poor wretch to begin where I have left off; to teach him how to run a motor boat without contributing a finger to the crankpit or the skin of both hands to the flywheel. If I can do this I shall some day approach Saint Peter calmly and with the consciousness of having done at least one kind deed during an otherwise speckled career.

In the first place, let us understand just what a motor boat is. It is not always, as some suppose, a hundred mechanical horses stuffed into a kind of a nautical coffin-box, with just room enough left for a mechanical genius and a life-preserver. There are motor boats, to be sure, which run thirty miles an hour every day; but there are also other motor boats which only run six miles an hour every other week. A motor boat may be ninety feet long, with inlaid cabins and a steamboat funnel for look's sake. It may be sixteen feet long, with a home-made engine and a wooden scoop for a bilge pump. It may have one, two, three, four, six, eight or sixteen cylinders. It may sound like a steam sawmill and throw a pair of sidewaves that look like the wings of a giant albatross; or it may say "Put-put, putter!" and race an icehouse ten minutes before passing it. A motor boat, in short, is any boat that can mote and which positively refuses to do so at irregular and unexpected intervals.

The smug owner of the pussyfooted and efficient automobile will pass this article over with disdain. Gasoline troubles have small interest for him. The automobile has been perfected until it can be run successfully and furiously by me, who don't know enough about machinery to set an alarm clock. Men of this kind run a car day after day without so much as looking into its thorax; and when it begins to gallop in its exhaust and fails to start until it has been cranked a second time, it is sent into the back shop to have a sixty-seven-dollar-and-forty-five-cent diagnosis made. The automobile—so its makers claim—is foolproof. Against this boast I wish to make the solemn statement that the motor boat is Solomon-proof. The wisest man in the world can't start it when it is averse to running.

Why is this? There are a good many reasons. Motor-boat machinery is more carelessly built than that of automobiles. It is put together with nails, bolts, screws, rubber bands, wire, twine and safety pins. It is exposed to the wind and weather. Its electricity gets damp on the slightest provocation—and nothing is so hard to reason with as an electric current with an attack of rheumatism. Atmospheric conditions change more quickly. There is more moisture in the air on the river; and there are not so many repair shops. Principally, however, the motor boat is capricious because it is generally run by a two-cycle engine instead of a four-cycle engine.

At this point I shall dive fearlessly into technicalities and explain what a two-cycle engine is. When I was a mere novice I imagined that it was so called because it only took two cycles of time to start it instead of four. That was foolish. I know better now. It takes twice as long. In a four-cycle engine an explosion takes place every time the piston moves up and down four times. In the two-cycle engine something happens every time the piston moves up and down twice. Sometimes it is an explosion, but more generally it is a breakdown. It is the decreasing of breakdowns and the increasing of explosions in the two-cycle engine that require genius in the operator.

The two-cycle engine is fed with gas that is churned up and reduced to a nervous and irritated state in the carbureter and is then let into the base of the engine, where it is squeezed until it is willing to ignite or do almost anything else to escape. It is then allowed to enter the cylinder; and at the proper instant a battery—provided it isn't loafing on the job—inserts a spark into the bosom of the frantic gas and it explodes with enthusiasm. The explosion, of course, drives the piston downward and discloses a porthole through which the exploded gas rushes, being booted from behind by a new charge which enters the cylinder, r. u. e., at that instant from a porthole on the other side and is incited to insurge by another spark—provided, of course, the battery is obliging, the wires haven't come loose, the timer is working, the sparkplug isn't dirty, the barometer is stationary, the weather is suitable and the owner doesn't happen to be in a hurry to get home.

That is absolutely all there is to the two-cycle engine. It is as simple as a sixteen-year-old girl who is determined to run away with the coachman. And it is just as hard to understand and reason with and control as this same girl. It is moody, uncertain, impetuous. It will run with eagerness and delight one day and decline to budge for a week thereafter only to start blithely and cheerfully for no reason at all the next time it is asked to. It will run when, by all the laws of physics and dynamics and Nature, it ought to be standing still; and when an expert will give his sworn statement that it is in perfect order it will deny that it was ever intended by its maker for anything but a kedge anchor. It will run with a dozen short circuits and it will get paralysis with none. It will balk twenty miles from home, remain hopelessly jammed up and invalidish while the boat is being towed home; and will start of its

own accord while being tied up to the dock. It will remain patiently quiet while experts and strong men turn it over and over through the long afternoon—and will then start when a six-year-old child moves the timing lever. It will stop because the engine is too hot or because the weather is too cold. It will stop because compression is poor, because the wind is in the wrong direction, because the owner is carrying his smoking tobacco in the wrong pocket, and because the Republican majority in Iowa was not large enough last year. If no cause is handy it will stop anyway and think out a reason later.

To me the study of the two-cycle engine has become almost a passion. It is deeper than German philosophy, more scientific than physics, more baffling than occultism. It is a common road to almost all knowledge. By the study of the gasoline engine of the two or three port, two-cycle and Satan-conceived type commonly used on motor boats, a man may in time become proficient in mechanics, physics, electrical-engineering, mathematics, hydrostatics, rowing, swimming, elocution and the use of the Stilson wrench. He may achieve muscular development - especially from the waist up - the patience of a stone dog on a lawn, a certain gift of prophecy and a peculiar second sight that foretells trouble with deadly accuracy. All these accomplishments a man needs when he goes forth to speak with authority to a rickety little two-cylinder affair, and to command it to suck in eight hundred charges of gasoline a minute and explode them until he gets tired of listening to the racket. I began my acquaintance with the two-cycle engine with a merry jest, intent on a little summer pleasure; but within a month I was studying it for information and wisdom, for exercise, as a mental tonic and for the strengthening of my soul.

To return, however, to the main subject. If we are to discuss operating a motor boat let us begin at the very beginning. The first thing to do is to acquire your boat. Right here a great many novices make a grave mistake by buying new boats. New boats are expensive; and, besides, no one knows how to run them, whereas at least one man knows something about each second-hand boat. Motor boats are like wives. You may get printed directions from the family with your wife, but that will not help you much in translating her temperament. You have to experiment for yourself. Every new motor boat comes with half a pound of directions printed on thin paper, but these directions ignore entirely the fact that the engine has a disposition that is strictly its own. The proper thing to do is to allow some other man to buy the new boat and to learn the habits, whims, failings, moods, foibles, fads and superstitions of the engine. This will take him a year, at the end of which time he will be perfectly willing to sell you the boat at half price, which is another peculiarity of motor-boat owners. For the money, he will also throw in directions for running the engine. He will do it with enthusiasm, for nothing is so delightful as to tell some other man how to run an engine—which will enable you to go into the game with a clear start of one year.

The next thing to be done after acquiring your boat is to acquire the old clothes with which to run it. This is very important. It really should be begun first. Many a man starts fooling with a motor boat with only one or two ex-suits to his name, and has to stop navigating early in July because he has run out of old clothes. There is nothing so disastrous to the cause of navigation as to run out of old trousers right in the middle of a successful and exciting summer. Overalls are entirely inefficient. In the first place, they take time; and, in the second place, they produce discord. I bought a beautiful pair of one-dollar-and-a-quarter overalls early in the game and found Doc Wright wiping the engine with them inside of three days. He couldn't be blamed for that. An engine simply has to be wiped every fifteen minutes—and the first thing handy goes into service. I myself have used gold caps, sofa cushions, fairly good shirts, initialed handkerchiefs and yacht pennants to wipe off the flywheel; but, to use a man's new overalls to swab off an engine—to turn them thoughtfully inside out, so as not to soil the pretty blue exterior, and then to watch the owner turn them painfully back and put them on over his new trousers—oh, no! Overalls have no place in a motor boat. They are harder on harmony than an Insurgent Congressman.

When you feel the motor-boat microbe tunneling into your vitals, therefore, begin at once to hoard up old clothes against the day when you may have to hold part of your engine in your lap while examining its vitals.

The next step is to acquire a full knowledge of the motor-boat conversation. This is important in many ways, but chiefly to protect you against experts. Nothing is so dangerous in motor boating as an expert! When a man has become intimately acquainted with his own engine, has reduced it to submission and has investigated, adjusted and messed with it until he can take it apart in the dark, he becomes obsessed with a desire to meddle with some other man's engine. It is useless for him to attempt to touch the engine of another expert, so he contents himself with hunting out novices and regulating their engines into a premature junkpile. The old phrase, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is entirely appropriate with motor-boat engines. What will set one engine to running merrily will paralyze another engine for a week.

The expert knows this, but he doesn't care. It is his hobby to steal into the confidence of the novice; to win his friendship by sympathetic words; and then to adjust his engine to put the carbureter where the flywheel was and the gasoline tank where the muffler should be; to soak the magneto in arnica and to expend whole days trying to induce the engine to run upside down. It is his passion to shake his head mournfully over the condition of an engine and to suggest remedies. Wright and I let an expert into our boat one day to regulate the timer. We had a healthy young engine when he arrived. When he left we had a staggering wreck, whose bearings were worn out, whose cylinders were eaten into Battenberg lace, which was out of true in nine directions and which would never cough again unless rebuilt immediately—at eighty cents an hour. At least, so he told us; and he is still huffy because neither we nor the engine believed him. Many a fine minority statesman has been wasted in producing a motor-boat expert who was content to criticise engines instead of deploring the condition of the Government.

Some hasty amateurs prefer to defend themselves against the expert with an ax; but it is easier and more satisfactory to beat him at his own game. Therefore learn the motor patter first of all. In motor boating, as in art, a vocabulary produces an immense impression. When we first began to run our boat we were vastly annoyed by an expert with an immense vocabulary, who insisted on talking to us. Our vocabulary stopped at "spark" and "compression"; but he soared sublimely onward and upward into "base angles," "crank stresses" and the philosophy of the unspark. He bullied us for a month—until we hit upon the plan of learning conversational motor boating ourselves. The result was a brilliant success. In less than three months we met this expert on even terms and, in a two-hour catch-breath-as-catch-can contest, we talked him clear off the map and made him ask humbly, hat in hand, our opinion as to why his carbureter digested badly when the wind was in the east. We told him too! - diagrammed it all out on the deck with chalk. We not only explained it to him but gave him the cure. All he had to do was to shift the wind. It was a proud moment for us. And to think that three months before we had been poor, emaciated business men, without a single technical term to our names!

In order to assist the timid seeker after knowledge I shall insert here a few simple definitions of the essential parts about a motor boat.

The engine is the cast-iron kettle, with aggravations, which drives the boat. Do not call it a motor because it is in a motor boat. If you do the docktender will charge you twenty-five cents a gallon for gasoline and advise you to buy lubricating oil by the barrel.

The carbureter is the stomach of the engine. It receives the gasoline, as I have already explained, and mixes it with air so that it would explode readily if the air were of good quality; but it never is. It is either too cold or too damp or too full of malaria germs. The only perfect air for carbureting purposes is found in the Himalaya Mountains, where a motor boat is of no use whatever.

The battery is a collection of dry cells which supply electricity for manufacturing the spark. It is quiet and unostentatious, and can sometimes remain out of order half a day before the fact is discovered.

The timer is a sort of train dispatcher for the spark from the battery. It dams up the electricity and admits it at the psychological moment to the sparkplug. By taking hold of the timer with one hand and the engine with the other you can discover whether your batteries are powerful or not. If they are powerful your arms will kink up in a most peculiar and entirely involuntary manner.

The coils are ingenious nuisances, which take the raw electric fluid and put the bumblebee effect into it by means of vibrating rapidly, thus producing alternations.

The sparkplug is a porcelain tube with an open iron hook at the end. This end is inserted in the bosom of the cylinder and the electricity is supposed to leap nimbly from point to point. It will not do it, however, if the plug is dirty. And a sparkplug is like a small boy's face—it is always dirty.

The pump is a little apparatus for collecting seeds from the river through a pipe in the bottom of the boat. The seeds are recovered by taking the pump apart. An industrious pump will collect a bushel of seeds and sand in a season. While doing this, some pumps also manage to pump enough cold water through the waterjackets to keep the cylinders cool.

The waterjacket is a hollow space between the inner and outer walls of the engine cylinder. It is filled with water and keeps the engine from suffering from heat apoplexy. Strangely enough, man has never adopted the waterjacket for his own use. A summer vest with a cold-water lining would make for its inventor untold millions and would save hundreds of lives.

The oil cups are small glass jars filled with lubricating oil. They are supposed to regulate the oil so that it will only emerge into the cylinder at the rate of so many drops a minute; but, as the United States Government has discovered, anything connected with oil is extremely hard to regulate.

The muffler is a sheet-iron maze in which the noise is strained out of the hot, exploded gases. Many motor boats do not have mufflers but exhaust into the open air—thus informing the entire country round that their engines are running at last.

Compression is the act of squeezing the gas into a small space in the cylinder. When an engine's compression is bad it means that a mechanical corset-string has broken.

The clutch is a contrivance that connects the engine with the propeller shaft. It is composed of half a peck of wheels and springs, any one of which is likely to become loose on a dark night. Some owners prefer to run without a clutch, in the firm belief that Providence always sends a special representative along to act as brakeman in case of trouble.

The set screw is a small square-headed bolt, which fastens the engine to the crank shaft and indulges in vacations as frequently as a city official.

The flywheel is a heavy iron wheel which manufactures momentum and helps keep the engine going. It is named from its propensity to fly back unexpectedly and tip over the engineer by knocking him on the head with the crank.

The needle valve is a small opening through which the gasoline is squirted into the carbureter. It is regulated by a screw or pin, and if not set right it will induce blind staggers and nausea in the engine. Exactly right varies from day to day according to the wind, the humidity, the distance from home and the color of the operator's hair. Experts love to climb into a strange boat and monkey with the needle valve. The proper penalty for this is death!

With these few definitions firmly memorized, you can enter timidly upon your nautical career; but do not stop with these, by any means. Let no sun go down upon the watery horizon without acquiring at least one or more technical terms with which to club some fellow motor boatist who is trying to talk rings round you. Profess the utmost contempt for any method of operation but your own. Always lead the other fellow to tell his way of dodging trouble first, and then tell him you tried that when you began. Afterward, when no one is

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*Many a Fine Minority Statesman Has Been Wasted in Producing a Motor-Boat Expert*

# THE PRIDE OF THE LAZY L

"Me and Ol' Beanbelly, We Was Sure Cuttin' 'Em, Weren't We?"

## By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

HAVE you ever seen a dog-fight—with the owners present? Invariably it leads to a hurried call for the patrol wagon, because it is ordained that, though a man may beat his own dog, he will fight from the drop of the hat against overwhelming odds if anybody else tries his hand at correction. That, also, is the way a cowboy generally feels for his horse.

Bunty Steen was talking to Beanbelly as he tied that pigheaded equine to a hitching-rail.

"You think you're clever'n hell, don't you?" he inquired sarcastically. He glared for a moment, as though awaiting a reply, and then added: "Well, you ain't." This pronouncement did not appear to disturb Beanbelly at all. He stood with drooping head where his master had left him and seemed to meditate on hidden things. Beanbelly had been named by a coarse person with an aptitude for description—that was, indeed, his shape. He was chunky and mouse-colored, with a mule stripe down the back. When you find a horse of this shade and marking you have one that does not know what it is to quit.

Bunty entered the bar of the Cowboys' Home.

"That there horse," he said, with a certain bitterness, "is the orneriest, lowdowndest cuss I ever done saw. He was like to throw me off back there a piece, just because he seen a li'l' snake!"

Another individual was loitering in the Home, as though he were waiting to be recognized. At Bunty's nod of invitation he joined the cowboy, and then they walked outside to view the backslider in question. His new acquaintance said that his name was Rogers—given name, Hank. He cast an expert eye on Beanbelly and grunted.

"I swan he is," he agreed—"that's the most no-account hoss I ever met up with."

"Oh, I don't know as he's as bad as all that," Bunty replied. His manner underwent a change. He surveyed Mr. Rogers coldly and began to rub his horse's muzzle.

His Eye Lacked Hypnotic Power. Bunty Smiled and Then Began to Snigger

"He sure looks like something the cat dragged in," Hank continued. "What for you don't bury him in time?"

"This here horse," said Steen in a grating voice, "is the finest li'l' cowhorse in the country. There ain't a finer nowhere than this here rascal. A cuttin' horse? Say, he can turn round on a dime and give you a nickel change. Cain't you, boy?"

Had the discussion stopped there, each would have departed with nothing more serious than contempt for the other's judgment; but Rogers greeted this last encomium with loud, snorted derision. Then he endeavored to impress on Steen just what an excuse for a horse he held the aforesaid Beanbelly to be.

"What!" Bunty howled. "You mean to say that wall-eyed burro you got hitched over there is a better cuttin' horse than this here?"

"He could work a herd and eat his dinner while yours was turning round once!" the other declared.

It will be perceived how wholly dead to reason and truth this person Hank was. There remained only one convincing method of argument—Bunty lowered his head and butted at him for all he was worth. They grappled and rolled to the sidewalk, pummeling each other futilely, while half the town gathered to see fair play and to whoop them on. No great punishment was being administered. Unless revolvers or knives be at hand cowboys seldom succeed in mussing each other up to any extent in a fight. The city marshal, who was viewing the affray from the outskirts of the crowd until recognized and haled forth by several anxious partisans, now interfered and dragged the combatants to their feet.

"Here!" he cried. "You two quit this foolin'! Hold him, Ben. Now then, quit it!"

"Lemme go!" Bunty panted. "He said Beanbelly was——" "He done called my hoss a stinking burro!" The marshal listened while volunteers held the disputants, and managed to catch the gist of the argument.

"Fightin' won't prove nothing," he rebuked. "Say, Bunty, your nose is bleedin'. Why don't you boys settle this peaceful? Make a bet of it, instead of fightin'. A cuttin' match would help this here picnic a heap."

A perfect howl of approbation broke from the bystanders. There was a barbecue in progress at Blackwater; but, though a thousand people had gathered, up to date the affair had dragged. In vain had twelve steers been slaughtered and roasted all of one night above the coals of a big trench; it availed nothing that the mayor had carried off the fat men's race and Judge Newberry had caught the greased pig. Seven skilled riders jousted at rings with lances, but the barbecue still lacked snap. The younger element wandered about, craving diversion and complaining of the dust. The old-timers grumbled that life had changed and the stern days could never come again. Where was the bronco-busting? Who among these smooth-lipped, callow boys could rope a steer? They hinted darkly that cotton-picking represented the limit of modern activities. Small wonder that the crowd received the marshal's proposal with acclaim.

"All right! All right!" Bunty cried. "That suits me. That's music to me."

"I got only nine dollars, but I reckon I'm good for some more. Put up your money, you!" Hank retorted, with heat.

The marshal required them to shake hands over the pact. They did so with good grace and the crowd surged away about its amusement until the hour for the contest should arrive. Steen and Rogers and the city marshal went inside to come to an understanding. It was arranged that each man must cut seven steers from a herd then being held on the edge of the town awaiting the arrival of cars for shipment. The man who could do the work in the shortest period of time would win the match, of course.

When these articles were duly settled the hands of the clock in the Cowboys' Home pointed to eleven. The contest would take place at four. That would permit the arrival of the daily passenger train, which would certainly bring more spectators, and would also allow time for the driving of the herd to the flats south of Blackwater, where all sporting events were decided. Five hours remained. They were fatal to Bunty's chances.

At two o'clock his coworker of the Lazy L, who had consented to second him in the test, sought him that they might make ready. Beanbelly still stood in front of the Cowboys' Home. He looked dejected and switched languidly at flies with his tail. Steen was inside, seated at a table. He was debating the matter of Halley's Comet with two other gentlemen. They were insisting on the preposterous statement that the tail of this visitant was some twenty-nine million miles in length. Bunty smiled at them and waggled his head pityingly.

"Why," he protested, "anybody can see it ain't more'n a mile and a half long! A mile and a half's a whole lot of distance. It takes a lot of room for a mile and a half to move round, I can tell you."

"Bunty," exclaimed the Lazy L man in consternation, "come on! Leave that alone and come on."

"Never better'n my life!" Steen assured him. "Here—leave me be! I can walk."

It was plain that he could not ride, however—at least not with the precision demanded in a cutting match. To stay with a good horse in cutting a herd is second to topping an outlaw or playing polo, and makes an ordinary steeplechase feel as comfortable as a game of bridge. The Lazy L man propped Steen against the wall of a building and, in a white rage, tried to stare him into sobriety. Perhaps his eye lacked hypnotic power. Bunty smiled and then began to snigger.

"Go on back then," his friend said in disgust. "Go to bed or anywhere you like. I'll take ol' Beanbelly."

Here was a situation. No thought of drawing down the bets occurred to the puncher. The honor of the Lazy L was at stake, quite as much as the month's pay which he and Steen had wagered, but had not yet earned. He might himself ride Beanbelly, but the prospects held out faint hope. There are horses which will give their best efforts to chosen individuals only, and these favored ones frequently possess no qualification but temperament. Such was Beanbelly. He was sure to sulk for any rider but Steen. Then he remembered the owner's son.

"I'll go get Cowboy," he said, slapping his leg. "We can tie the li'l' scoundrel on."

While the passenger train comes in; while the bawling herd is being driven to the flats; while the population of Hi Millet County gathers and Hank Rogers limbers up his mount by sharp dashes at imaginary calves, let me crave your interest for the new jockey. He was aged six years; and, if weighed immediately after a meal, he might tip the scales at forty-four pounds. Let no one throw down the tale at this point as unheard-of and absurd. Myself rode all of nine days with Cowboy Moson through mountainous country, averaging twenty-five miles a day—and on the tenth day we made forty-two miles! He was much put out with me because I refused to catch a fresh pony, to the end that he might ride to the river to ascertain whether the bridge held. He was then four years old.

The stage is now ready for the drama.

A party of Easterners arrived in a private car attached to the regular passenger train. They were headed by a director of the road, who had with him his wife and daughter, two other ladies and a youth of about nineteen. The natives of Hi Millet County gaped at them and silently made room for them on the flats. It was curious to see the difference in the sexes' attitudes. The men carefully refrained from any exhibition of curiosity in the visitors, but the womenkind stared in tenacious appraisal.

Down the road wound the herd of four hundred yearling steers. They were bunched on a smooth space about two hundred yards across in the middle of the flats and a cordon of six horsemen surrounded them loosely. The city marshal, who was to act as judge, proclaimed all ready. Then, upon representation of the Lazy L men, he ruled that the timing should take account of each animal from the moment of selection to the instant it was driven out. The lowest sum-total of the seven tests would carry off the match. This method necessitated the use of a stop-watch. The railroad director produced a wonderful, flat, gold trinket, which was entirely lost in the mayor's prodigious palm.

"Well," said Hank Rogers—and he grinned—"I'm ready. Where's Steen?"

"He won't be riding," the mayor stated. "We've got a better man. Here he comes now."

A roar of joy and laughter went crackling over the flats as Beanbelly walked staidly into view. In the saddle was a midget of a boy, the crown of his hat just visible between the horse's ears. This was Cowboy, and his small face was puckered with anxiety and grim determination.

"Rogers," his father began, "do you kick if we tie the stirrups?"

"Not me," Hank answered. "Tie the li'l' devil on, Moson. This ain't fair, though. He's a lot lighter'n me."

Blackwater applauded the sally, which the child accepted very seriously. So they made the stirrups fast that Cowboy's feet might not slip and besought him to stick to the saddle closer than a sick kitten to a hot brick. He nodded, somewhat pale around the ears, but creditably composed. For costume he had a pair of riding boots, overalls strapped over his shoulders, what appeared to be a shirt, and a soft felt hat jammed hard down so that his ears stuck straight out under the brim. His rival was joyous, but uneasy too. The glory was gone from the tournament for him, even should he win; for what merit was there in beating a child? Yet it might well prove a fair test of the horse's abilities; and he tightened the cinch, determined to show the Lazy L what a fine art cutting cattle could be made.

*He Pounced on Him Once More Like a Streak of Lightning*

"Oh, it's a joke! It's a joke, isn't it, father?" a girl gasped. The spectators lined the north side of the flats, pressing close on the fringe of herders.

"No; I don't think so," the director answered doubtfully.

"But that child—why, he's a baby! He'll be thrown. He'll be hurt. Do stop it. Please!"

"Couldn't pry him off with a crowbar, ma'am," the mayor assured her politely. "Couldn't loosen that there boy any more'n you could a flea from a pup with a pair of boxing gloves."

Rogers rode to the rim of the herd and looked them over. He picked out his steers and glanced questioningly at the judge and called "Time!"

The reins swung across his mount's neck and he penetrated among the cattle. In an instant his roan laid alongside a yearling. Two quick twists and the mass split. The animal darted out, propelled by a short, headlong run, and Hank threw up his hand to signal that it was done.

"E-leven seconds!" the mayor bawled.

"Gee!" said Cowboy faintly. He sat on Beanbelly about a score of yards from the timekeeper and his father was with him.

"They won't all be so easy, son."

They were not. The next perceived the horseman immediately Hank turned to enter the herd. A yearling is astonishingly quick to detect the fact that he is wanted and will begin to dodge long before the rider is near him. Furthermore, he will cling to his companions tighter than do his older brothers and will attempt to run back on the slightest opening. It was beautiful to watch the roan work. With ears pricked and eyes bulging to descry the least movement of the quarry, he threaded the churning host. Forward and back; a leap round an intervening steer; an abrupt stop and then a whirl about—Rogers went a good six inches out of the saddle when the roan turned.

"He stops on his front feet! He stops on his front feet!" the Lazy L man bellowed in rapture. That made it harder riding for Rogers.

Thrice the steer doubled back on him. Thrice did the roan wheel in his run within a four-foot space and head him off. Then Hank slapped down the shoulders with the quirt and they burst through the press in a magnificent spurt. Time, forty-two seconds. The populace was becoming worked up and clamored their approval.

"We'll have to go some, Cowboy," Moson remarked, mopping his face.

"Ol' Beanbelly—he can do it!" his son replied.

Rogers was bringing out his last steer. He did it with a pretty flourish and then cantered over to learn his time. Two hundred and eleven seconds for the seven—about half a minute to each animal.

"Son!"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, sir."

"Son, there're seven yearlings in there with my brand on 'em. Look 'em over."

Cowboy approached the herd slowly and returned presently to say that he had found them.

"Go get 'em!" his father said sternly.

With that he stepped to Beanbelly's head and unbuckled the throat-latch. The crowd gave a yell of quick appreciation. Hats flew high in air. They swayed forward and back and howled encouragement.

"He's ridin' without a bridle! He done threw off the bridle!"

The railroad director ran up to see.

"He don't need none!" Moson jerked out. "He couldn't hold Beanbelly. Fly at it, son!" And, just to show that he was not at all nervous, he strode up and down the side-lines, perspiring profusely and tilting his hat up and down at every step. The cigar he held in his mouth was bitten in two.

What a yell went up when the pair moved forward! Men slapped one another on the back. The women sobbed for an opportunity to hug the boy.

"Come on, now, you ol' fool, you!" Cowboy quavered.

Beanbelly whinnied eagerly and reared his head to scan the herd. The child's fingers were locked about the horn and his legs clasped Beanbelly's sides loosely—for by pressure of the knee he must indicate to the horse which animal was to be driven out; and until Beanbelly recognized it there must be no grip on the saddle. It was not a new game to either. Often had the child bestrode Beanbelly in roundups to the joy of his sire and the everlasting pride of the Lazy L. That was why he was there. Only for him and his erratic master would the horse do his best. No man needed to guide Beanbelly—show him the animal and it was his. Indeed, a bridle only interfered, for what human could foresee a move as quickly as he?

"I'm ready!" Cowboy signaled.

"Let her go!" the marshal commanded.

*(Concluded on Page 40)*

# NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

## Realizing on Home Talents—By Forrest Crissey

THERE are thousands of men and women in the clutch of cramped circumstances who are daily bewailing their lack of opportunity to get ahead. They feel that if they had been born a bit earlier, or had been located in another community, or had received a different training, all would have been well and they would have been numbered among those who have made good. As they see it, they are up against a stone wall bearing the legend: "No Opportunity."

This outlook is especially common to women who find themselves wholly or partly thrown upon their own resources for support—particularly if they happen to be members of a country community. In this same pathetic class belong also the men who fall just a little bit short of the modest standard of prosperity demanded by their families, their neighbors and their associates. With many of this class the cry is for a chance to add something to a family income not quite sufficient to meet their reasonable needs.

*Showing Method of Planting and Irrigating Sweet Potatoes, Near Merced, San Francisco, California*

To the man who has made a life-study of catering to the human appetite all this seems immensely pathetic, because he knows that in many cases this dark view of the situation is unwarranted. He realizes that if these baffled men and discouraged women knew that their way to opportunity lay in the development of some homely talent of their own, instead of in a new environment or a new training, they would not only increase the measure of their own prosperity but would fill a distinct need on the part of the public.

The woman who has spent years as a housewife and then suddenly finds herself confronting the problem of supporting herself, or of adding something to a meager income not quite sufficient for her maintenance, is overcome with a conviction that she doesn't know how to do anything that the public demands—short of going out as a domestic servant. She thinks that if she knew stenography, manicuring or some other polite feminine profession she would be equipped to face the world and put up a good fight. It doesn't occur to her that her opportunity, perhaps, lies along the line of the homely arts that she has learned over the kitchen stove. Almost every good housewife has a particular skill in preparing some special article of human food—some table delicacy, some dainty that has made her a reputation among her neighbors. Of course there are thousands of exceptions to this rule—but that doesn't discount the validity of the general observation. Lately the manager of perhaps the largest and most fashionable restaurant in the West made this statement:

### *Money From Cranberry Sauce*

"FOR twenty years or more it has been my daily business to study the feeding habits of men and women who are classed as 'good livers'—those who demand the best of foods and are willing to pay generously for them. As a result of this study I am willing to say that I will pay a fancy price for any table delicacy, any article of food, with quality or flavor so distinct as to be instantly recognized by the consumer as superior to the standard or commercial article of its kind. I can afford to do this because I can, in turn, charge a fancy price for such a delicacy and make on it a greater percentage of profit than on the ordinary article. Besides, every such superior dish on the menu helps the restaurant and adds to its reputation with persons who are particular about their food. That, in itself, is a big asset and a most important consideration.

"It doesn't matter what the article in question may be, so long as it has the taste and appearance that make the average patron conscious of its superiority.

"It may be a most ordinary and commonplace article of table use instead of a so-called fancy dish. For example: The cranberry sauce served in a first-class restaurant is almost invariably a stiff jelly made of the juice strained from the berries. One day a middle-aged woman came into my office and asked if I could use some homemade cranberry sauce in case I found it especially good in flavor and attractive in appearance. I recognized her as the daughter of a very prominent business man who had lately died and left his affairs at low tide.

"My answer to her question was: 'There is nothing served on these tables that I'll not gladly buy from you at a liberal price, provided it has enough merit to impress its individuality upon our customers.' Then I took a look at the cranberry sauce in the glass bowl that she uncovered. Instantly I knew that here was a woman who had been bright enough to discover her own opportunity—even though it seemed to be a small one. Each cranberry was a ruddy, translucent ball imbedded in a rich sauce of its own juice. The jelly was firm but not stiff, and its superiority over the ordinary jellied article was instantly apparent. Its flavor was equal to its appearance, and I knew that it would make its own way into high favor with my customers. At once I gave her a standing order for a certain number of gallons of this sauce to be delivered twice each week, and the price I named was a liberal one. But my patrons cheerfully paid that special premium, together with a little extra profit for me. Of course the size of that standing order has since been increased; and I have reason to believe that this woman—who turned her talent for making delicious cranberry sauce to practical account—is supplying some of the leading clubs of the city and a few other high-class restaurants with this delicacy. I see no reason why she should not extend her trade to other cities and build up a business that will give her a generous support. She has already a good list of private customers—many of them obtained through this restaurant.

"But no one should make the mistake of concluding that the special opportunities in this or any other high-class restaurant have already been filled. There are scores of them still open. They may even be found in connection with certain foods that must be cooked or recooked in the restaurant. Those who may be inspired to look for their opportunities in this line should remember that they must, first, furnish something that carries its own conviction of superiority, in both flavor and appearance, over the ordinary article of its kind; next, they must be able to maintain that superiority with positive uniformity; third, they must be able to produce that article in dependable quantities to meet the demand of a growing popularity."

A fancy grocer, catering to a most exclusive city trade, declares that there are neglected opportunities by the score in his line, particularly for the woman of the small farm or the country village home.

"Take the matter of wild native fruits," he continued. "I would pay almost any price for fresh wild strawberries and blackberries. Nearly everybody who has lived in the country knows that there is a sweetness, a tang, a bouquet to these wild berries that make the best cultivated berries seem tame, flat and flavorless by comparison. Strawberries grow wild in the back-country districts over an immense territory—from Maine to Iowa—and yet I cannot get a box of these berries. They do not come into the market. Why? Mainly because nobody thinks it worth while to pick them. They're 'just little wild strawberries.' Of course there would be some difficulties in getting them into market in good condition from places back from the railroad or remote from a large city, but the price that could be obtained for them would justify special precautions in packing and handling. Any grocer in Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, or any other big city, whose trade comes from families of large wealth, would not hesitate to pay an extravagant price for fresh wild strawberries—or wild blackberries.

"But this opportunity is not confined to shipping wild berries in a fresh state. The woman who is located too far from a railroad or a market to ship the berries fresh can still command a fancy price for them by turning them into homemade preserves or jams. And if she distrusts her skill in making a fine preserve in which the berries will retain their shape and individuality, let her reduce them to a simple syrup. Personally, I should be glad to get several hundred cans of wild strawberry syrup—and so would any large grocer having the patronage of the wealthy. This syrup would be used in giving the wild flavor to the jars of preserved cultivated berries. The bouquet of the wild berry is so pronounced that a single teaspoonful of its syrup in a jar of tame berry preserves will immensely improve the flavor of the compound.

"Women and children are the most rapid and skillful pickers of wild berries, and I have often thought of what a harvest they are neglecting. Many a woman of cramped means—and perhaps with dependent children—living in the country or in a country village, might secure quite a little income by organizing a family forage upon the wild berry fields of nearby highways, pastures and meadows."

### *The Demand for Wild Fruit Jellies*

"AND their opportunity is not confined to wild strawberries or blackberries. Any kind of wild fruit has a superior and inimitable flavor. In many states, especially in the Middle West, wild crab-apples abound. They are hard and sour in a raw state, but they make a jelly that carries its own wild tang and not only is highly prized by the discriminating but is increasing in popularity. The fancy grocer cannot get enough of these apples or of the jelly made from them. Consequently he is willing to pay a generous price for either. Wherever the wild crab-apple flourishes the red-haw or thorn-apple is generally to be found. A jelly made from this fruit has a delicious flavor and is likewise in demand by the wealthy trade of the city.

"There is one precaution to be carefully observed in putting up jellies for fancy city trade. The country woman who intends to enter this field of opportunity should first get in touch with the most exclusive grocer in the large city nearest her. This can generally be done by writing to some friend in that city who will make the necessary inquiries. The object of this preliminary correspondence with the city grocer is to give him an opportunity to furnish the glasses—or at least to designate the style of tumbler in which he prefers to have the jelly placed. Each grocer has his own ideas on the subject. He knows the style of package that appeals most to his particular trade, and a failure to observe that peculiarity is likely to bring defeat. The appearance of a package counts for much. Again, he may wish to give special directions in regard to the consistency or degree of stiffness in the jelly demanded by his trade."

In support of this grocer's suggestion as to the opportunities open to women in home fruit canning it may be

said that a few years ago a sad-faced country woman entered his store and asked if he could use any homemade preserves. He answered that he could, and that he would be glad to buy them from her. Then she confessed that though she had been regarded by her neighbors back in the country as an expert in preserving fruits she was at the moment destitute and had not a dollar with which to buy fruits or sugar. She was given both, and in a few days returned with the results of her work. The grocer was so well pleased with the samples of her art that he gave her orders for all that she could do in this line. Today she is the head of a home kitchen that puts up nearly all the preserves and jellies sold by that grocery under a special brand.

Another Chicago woman started in the same line by selling her home preserves to the best restaurants and to bakeries. This was done to help out with the family income her husband then holding a small salaried position. Now she and her husband own a prosperous fruit farm in Michigan and raise the special fruits and varieties of fruits best adapted to making preserves and jellies. This woman's annual bill for glass jars and tumblers is now several times greater than the total of her first year's sales. Her husband attends to the selling, while she gives her whole attention to the manufacturing end of the business.

Recently a seedsman, whose name is known throughout the United States, was encountered in the office of a Chicago commission merchant, and the two were led into a discussion of the opportunities open to the man of little or no means but with a genuine love for gardening.

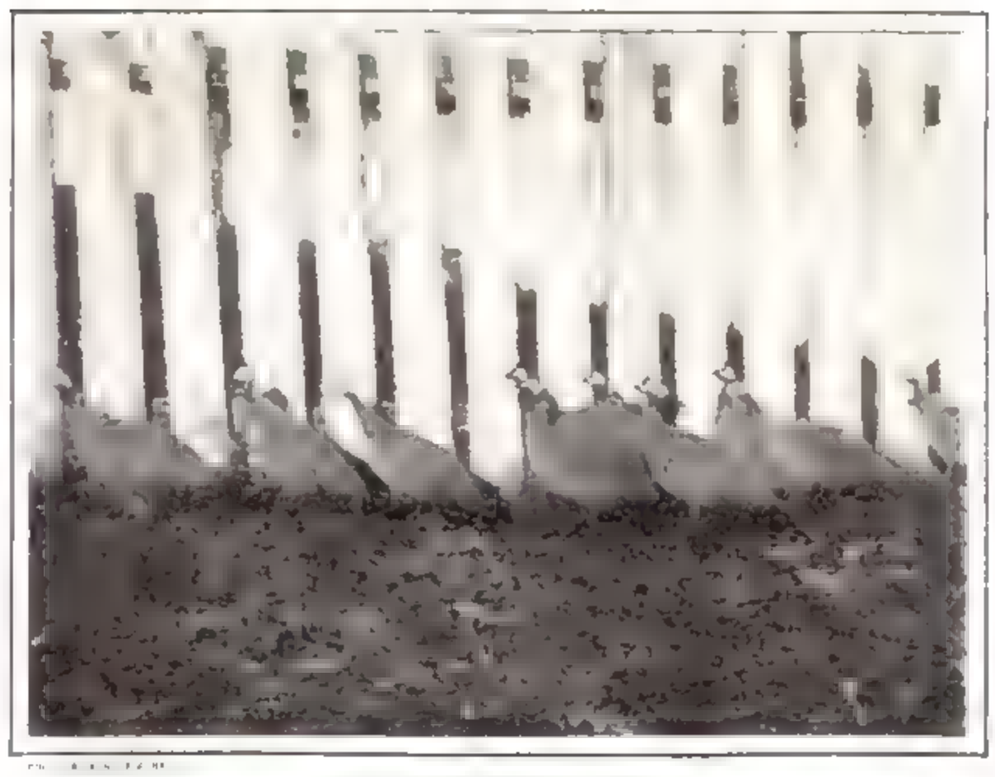
"Through our retail store," observed the seedsman, "we come in frequent contact with men of this class who are out after Three Acres and Liberty; who want to get away from indoor work and get a modest living from the soil. The remarkable thing about most of these men is that they are making their approach to the business from the wrong angle. Their idea with hardly an exception—is to locate near Chicago, or some other large city, and to raise vegetables for the general market. There seems to be a fascination for them in the idea of becoming shippers. They appear to have a notion that to box vegetables in crates and pay tribute to an express company puts them on a dignified business basis."

### *Getting Away from Competition*

"WHAT it does do is to put them into competition with the big professional gardeners who raise truck by the ton and know every kink and quirk in the business—men who have production down to a fine art and are experts in keeping the cost of production down to the lowest possible limit.

"To become a shipper means to go into competition with Hollanders and Italians, who are born to the truck business and operate on a wholesale basis.

"No amateur can under ordinary circumstances go up against that kind of competition and make a living. What, then, should the amateur do? The last thing in the world that he naturally thinks of doing when the gardening fever gets him! He should go to a nice country town or village, get a little patch on the edge of it and sell his truck to the local grocers or to the consumers themselves! Let me tell you what one man did whose instincts told him how to get into the game right.



*Flock of Young Guinea Fowls*

"He didn't have anything to start with except a natural-born love of working in the soil and a determination to be his own boss. On the edge of a little Michigan town, alongside the main-traveled road, was a small patch of ground that looked good to him, and by using his credit to the limit he contrived to get possession of it. As his whole place was small his cultivation had to be done by hand, and this fact entered into his plan of planting. His vegetables were put out in small beds, and each bed was surrounded with a border of flowers that would be in bloom at the time when the truck in that particular bed was about ready for harvesting. He selected both his vegetable and flower seeds with great care, after getting the best advice obtainable as to varieties.

"Just as the first things in his garden were coming on one of the leading women of the town happened to be driving past. This odd combination of vegetable beds trimmed with flowers caught her eye, and she stopped her carriage to look at it. This was just as he had intended. He bowed to her, left his weeding and came out to the carriage. Wouldn't she like to see a model garden? Of course she would! He tied her horse and she walked with him along the paths between the beds. Would she care for a bouquet of pansies? Of course she would. They were picked from the border of the radish bed and presented to her. When she left she took with her, besides the radishes that she bought and the flowers that were given to her, the impression that somehow the vegetables raised in neat beds were just a little better than any she had ever bought.

"Soon other women stopped at this garden and all received a little handful of flowers and became regular customers of the man who bordered his vegetable beds with tulips and geraniums and asters. They paid a top price for their vegetables—a little more than they would have been charged at the grocery, perhaps—but they were satisfied, because they felt that they were getting the best vegetables grown anywhere.

"Of course radishes grown inside a border of pansies aren't any better than those grown in a great field, but they look better to women buyers—and looks are about half the game in successful market gardening, especially when conducted on a small scale. This amateur realized that fact and made the most of it. When a private customer sent in an order for a special basket of vegetables a few flowers were always tucked away under the cover; and even the bunches of young turnips, onions and carrots were dressed and tied in a way that made them especially attractive.

"Right from the start not only was this shrewd beginner able to sell all the truck he could raise on his little patch, but he sold it all at practically retail prices and without any expense for packages, for express or for commission charges. His produce was always good, for he would sell nothing of an inferior quality; and every year saw his acreage expand. Soon he was furnishing certain vegetables to a few high-class hotels in near-by provincial cities—not in competition with the open market but on contract.

"This amateur made his start only a few years ago, and when he retired from active work he was worth a very comfortable fortune—I should say something like thirty thousand dollars—most of which came from his garden.

"To the man or woman who wants to make a modest living or to add something to an insufficient income by means of a garden, there is only one line of advice to offer: Keep out of the big city market; settle in the edge of a country town or a small city and aim to sell everything locally, either to home grocers, or to private customers, or to both. Make your garden so attractive that it will be talked about, and put your goods up in a way that will please the eye. In every town or village of three thousand inhabitants there is an opportunity to make a garden pay. Of course the first thought is—'Why, every family in a country town has a garden of its own.' This, however, is not so. A very considerable proportion of the families in every town are run on the theory that a home garden is a very expensive way of getting family vegetables. Those who hold this theory are always to be found in every village, and for this reason a country town is a place of opportunity for the small gardener. All the advantages are with the local grower. His goods are fresher than those shipped in from the market street of the nearest big city, and he can always cultivate his trade as well as his ground."

### *A California Experience*

OCCASIONALLY the rough hand of calamity is required to pluck a man out of the groove of routine and place him where he can find the opportunity for which he has been longing. The great San Francisco disaster of five years ago furnished at least one instance of an experience of this kind. Among the refugees from the smoking ruins of the Golden Gate City was a man who had been working in a printing house at a moderate salary and had been cherishing the belief that sometime he would be able to save enough money to enable him to get a small place in the country that would make him independent of the payroll and the dreaded blue envelope. But the time to make the

Concluded on Page 42

*Radishes Grown Inside a Border of Tulips Look Better to Women Buyers*

*Make Your Garden so Attractive That it Will be Talked About*

# HENRY

## By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. EVERETT JOHNSON

WHEN the amazing scene was ended, when the door closed upon the three chief actors, when the office force began once more to move and breathe, Mr. Pine, of the law firm of Pine, Houghton & Costello, reminded Mr. Houghton that a special providence watches over children and such persons as Henry Costello, Junior. If Mr. Pine had only waited a few moments until the shock of Henry's final lunacy had worn off, Mr. Houghton need never have known that Mr. Pine's voice could tremble

*"We'll Give Henry Some Work in the Office. He's Passed His Bar Examinations"*

Mr. Pine, short, smooth-shaven, of rather obscure birth, and keen as a knife, had said often to Mr. Houghton that if Henry had not belonged to the Costello family, if he had not had so prodigious a memory and so handsome a Vandyke beard, he might have amounted to something—he might have been a successful plasterer or tinsmith or carpenter.

"As it is," said Mr. Pine, "Henry is a fool. He is a flat failure. He will never do anything or amount to anything."

Henry's mother had died when he was born; he was the only son of a grave, brilliant and busy father; and, though great things were naturally expected of him, not much attention was given him in his childhood. His father, plunged into grief, overwhelmed with work, sometimes did not see him from morning till night. He was a not unhappy, foolish little boy, a good deal put upon by nurses and governesses and by other children. His gravest fault was that he expected kindness everywhere, and could never learn that he must be prepared for rudeness and must be able to defend himself.

His father did not realize that Henry was dull until he had entered preparatory school and had to be tutored constantly in order that he might keep up with his class. He remembered everything that he was told and understood nothing. He memorized geometry propositions, he memorized history lessons, word for word. Fortunately he was always able to answer enough questions to pass examinations, both in preparatory school and in college. Afterward he went to the law school; and there once more his memory served him nobly. During his seven years in Cambridge his father, in New York, winced at thought of him. The sons of his old friends were at Harvard; one of the law-school classes used a textbook which he had prepared; he comprehended perfectly the astonishment with which "Costello's son" would be regarded.

Year after year Henry grew handsomer and his heart kinder—most of his allowance was spent in foolish and useless charity—but still he developed no common-sense. He had no reserves; he chattered incessantly to everybody who would listen—he told things he should not have told; he laughed loudly, almost insanely, at nothing.

His father spoke to his partners about him, calmly but with a white face.

"We'll give Henry some work in the office. He's passed his bar examinations."

Mr. Pine and Mr. Houghton consented willingly. It was tacitly understood that Henry's salary should come out of his father's pocket—or, rather, that the allowance his father gave him should serve as a salary. The office force did not in the least mind having Henry about. Except when he laughed he was not objectionable, and teasing him was a pleasant diversion. He sharpened pencils for the stenographers, and put their typewriters in order, and proposed to them one after the other. One of them, a newcomer, almost accepted him; but at the last moment, hearing him laugh and remembering the lightning eyes of his father, she declined the offered honor. Fortunately Henry was not likely to be very rich. His father was still only a little above middle age, and his fortune, which was not nearly so large as Mr. Pine's or Mr. Houghton's, would certainly go to Henry only in trust. Mr. Costello never dreamed of Henry's proposing to any one—that shame, Mr. Pine said, was spared him.

There was no denying that Henry was useful, even to Mr. Pine and Mr. Houghton, who treated him like a child. He remembered everything, his word was accepted as final in office discussions where a matter of history or a fact was the point at issue. No man bothered to seek long for case or precedent when Henry was at hand. He knew his college textbooks by heart; he learned now other tomes; he was able to quote verbatim at infinite length. He knew the amount of damages sued for in fifty-year-old cases; he knew the amount awarded; he could give almost the exact words of long-forgotten charges of judges to juries.

Mixed with his useful knowledge he possessed a vast number of unrelated, valueless facts which he retailed with pleasure and amazement. Once Mr. Pine caught him entertaining a client, and interrupted in time to prevent the client from fleeing, never to return.

"A man of seventy consumes fifty-three and three-fourths tons of solid food in the course of his life," said Henry, apropos of nothing at all. By this time Henry had acquired a pince-nez and looked like a distinguished college professor. "Also forty-two and three-fourths tons of liquid nourishment—amounting together to twelve hundred and eighty times his own weight. He has had nine thousand pounds of sugar, fifteen hundred pounds of salt and eight pounds of pepper. He ——"

At sight of Mr. Pine, Henry rose immediately, bowing like the speaker of a prologue. The stranger stared at him, blinking. It was with difficulty that Mr. Pine refrained from explaining that Henry was a little queer; but the office force was solidly loyal to Henry's father.

Henry was still proposing to girls. Having exhausted the possibilities of his own office, he crossed the hall to the rooms of Wall & Stover. There he found, as at home, three dignified and sensible young women, who, forewarned and expectant, promptly rejected him. Had he gone up one flight—to the Wedderburn office—he would have found a different set of girls, who would have listened to him and encouraged him and accepted his presents. Dear knows, but one might have brought him some sympathy and affection! The daughter of a plasterer or a tinsmith or a farm laborer would have admired him and perhaps made a man of him. Even Miss Davenport, his father's stenographer, allowed him to propose to her twice. She said to Miss Evans that it was impossible to believe that there was "so little to" so handsome and so well-educated a young man.

Henry was never cast down by his rejections. Once he was heard to repeat to Miss Davenport a sentimental couplet to the effect that every longing soul has somewhere a mate. His father's friends never thought of him as a longing soul, but only as a poor innocent whom Costello had not deserved.

Presently, one spring, Henry seemed to improve. He quoted fewer statistics, he laughed less, he sharpened fewer leadpencils and cleaned fewer machines. His father was away from New York much of the time and there was no question that his absence loosened a little the high tension in the office. At least Henry seemed more at his ease—more like other men. Mr. Houghton said, with grim but not unkindly amusement, that Henry's wild oats were sown.

Mr. Pine, also, had reasons for regarding Henry kindly. His own son had been for weeks in a hospital with weights strapped to his foot. The doctor promised a certain cure for the hip disease, but the boy himself was despondent and irritable; and Henry Costello, whom children always liked, went daily to see him.

It was this kindly feeling and the necessities of a busy season, and the almost hopeless issue of the case itself, which made Mr. Pine allow Henry to add to some historical investigations in Chicago a few inquiries in the interest of the Masterson case. It must be remembered that Henry was never trusted with important details. Having chattered once, he was never again depended upon. About the Masterson case he had been purposely deceived—the stenographers knew more than he. There was never any one more easy to deceive than Henry; he believed everything that was told him. Now he was directed only to call on a Miss Mary McKay, at 507 Schiller Street, and get her to repeat before a notary public what she knew of Abbott Masterson, of Canterbury, England. He had the impression that Abbott Masterson was in some trouble and needed a testimony as to his character.

In reality the Masterson case was most important. For months Pine, Houghton & Costello had advertised in every city in the United States; for months they had received hundreds of utterly foolish and useless letters.

"Wanted," their advertisement had read, "the relatives of Abbott Masterson, of Canterbury, England. Apply by letter to Box 763, New York."

Abbott Masterson had been a bachelor who made a great fortune in the tanning business. His will provided that, after a year's search for a sister who had long since come to America, or for her heirs, the estate should go to various stipulated charities. The sister, with whom he had quarreled, was supposed to have married and to have had children; it was she and her family whom the firm sought. Police departments had assisted in vain; detectives had labored in hope of great reward, but without result. The heirs of Abbott Masterson had vanished; the firm of Pine, Houghton & Costello would have no share in the administration of the great property.

Now, in April—the year would end in June—had come the last of hundreds of letters. Cranks and tricksters seemed to have played themselves out or to have realized that the mysterious inquirers behind Box 763 were not to be gulled. This last letter was from a woman and it was plausible and direct—but they had had many plausible and direct letters.

The writer's name was Mary McKay; she said that her mother, now dead, had been Henrietta Masterson, of Canterbury, England. Her mother had an older brother—Abbott Masterson, a tanner—with whom she had quarreled and from whom she had not heard for years. Miss McKay said that she had in her possession some family letters and papers. She was a school-teacher in Chicago and she hereby applied to them for whatever information they had for her. One felt instinctively that she was a lady and that she had good common-sense.

A person who knew nothing of the case would have hailed her at once as Abbott Masterson's heir, but not a member of the firm of Pine, Houghton & Costello, who had been reading letters a good deal like this one for months. Henry was given a few simple directions about her deposition and was started upon his journey.

In a few days Henry forwarded the results of his researches. Mr. Pine gave expression to a loud "Whew!" as he read, and went straightway to Mr. Houghton's office.

"This is the woman, Houghton. It's as plain as can be. Here's a copy of the mother's wedding certificate and half a dozen letters, and she says she has old ambrotypes with her mother and uncle taken together as children. She ——"

"Get Miss Evans to copy the papers and you can catch today's boat," interrupted Mr. Houghton. "That'll make ten days before we hear. We might tell 'em to cable."

Mr. Pine answered, as he rang for Miss Evans:

"Oh, the lady will wait. She isn't expecting anything. Another month and she and we would have been done for."

The next day Henry sent a report of his work in the library. The day after he sent another. The firm looked at neither. Then they heard no more. Mr. Costello was

*He Was Heard to Repeat a Sentimental Couplet to the Effect That Every Longing Soul Has Somewhere a Mate*

still away, Mr. Pine was still worried about his son, and Mr. Houghton, in consequence, had more than his own share of work. Besides, they were not accustomed to troubling their minds about Henry.

When Mr. Costello returned, coming directly from the train, he inquired first of all about the Masterson case and heard the good news. Then he asked for Henry. Mr. Pine answered with a gasp that Henry had gone to Chicago three weeks before and that they had not heard from him for two. Mr. Costello grew pale; his heart throbbed; he thought, for the first time in many weeks, of Henry's mother. Then he telegraphed to Henry and had his fears promptly allayed. Henry answered that he was well and that he would be at home on Thursday morning.

Promptly on Thursday morning Henry appeared. The office was in a whirl; there had come, only a moment before, a jubilant communication to the effect that Miss Mary McKay was undoubtedly the Masterson heir.

"I wish," said Miss Davenport, "that I had an uncle to leave me a hundred thousand pounds! I'd -I'd ——"

Miss Davenport's voice died away; she put out her hand toward her desk; and, finding instead Miss Evans' hand, she clutched it. Every one else stood perfectly still the other stenographers, the four young law-school graduates who always teased Henry, and the three members of the firm. They might have belonged to the court of the Sleeping Beauty.

In the doorway, facing them, flushed, smiling, his broad shoulders thrown back, a new dignity in his handsome face, stood Henry Costello, Junior—a young lady on his arm!

Having attended to the Masterson case, having completed his investigations in the Chicago libraries, Henry had attended to some business of his own. They need not have been surprised; it was, after all, only what they had long predicted—that some day a foolish girl would take him. The young woman was not beautiful and she was very plainly dressed, but she had clear blue eyes, a bright color and an engaging smile. If she was disturbed by the astonished stares which greeted her, or by the elegance of the long suite of offices, her embarrassment was becoming rather than otherwise.

*In the Doorway Stood Henry Costello, Junior—a Young Lady on His Arm!*

Mr. Costello, standing straight and tall in the doorway of his own office, blinked and stared in amazement. He knew nothing of Henry's search for a mate, nothing of his rash proposals. He thought confusedly that this must be the heir of the Masterson estate his mind groped for her name. Meanwhile he held out his hand to Henry. Mr. Pine and Mr. Houghton turned their eyes away and the stenographers held each other's hands with a firmer clutch. Such a father to have such a son—and now such a daughter-in-law! There was no doubt in their minds as to who she was. Where had Henry found her? Was she a maid from his hotel or a casual acquaintance among shopgirls? Mr. Pine and Mr. Houghton shivered.

"How do you do, Henry?" said Henry's father. "I am glad to see you back. We have been pleased with the work you have done. And this is ——"

Henry lifted his shoulders a little higher—he did not smile; he was for once in his life perfectly sensible and perfectly serious—a condition of mind that was to grow on Henry.

"This is my wife, father!"

"Oh! Oh!" cried Mr. Henry Costello, Senior.

The young woman held out her hand with all the composure of one who has for years earned her own living and been her own mistress. She was about thirty years old—an age, Mr. Pine said to himself, when women are apt to do strange things. Youth and romance threaten to pass them by; they grow more eager and less fastidious.

The young woman spoke in a surprisingly smooth and gentle voice.

"I am glad to meet you, sir."

Mr. Costello's hand dropped from hers limply. *(Concluded on Page 48)*

# LÉONTINE AND CO.

*VII*

## By HENRY C. ROWLAND

*ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL*

LET me tell you, my friend, that as I walked away from Ivan's house I was not singing pæans of praise. I had got more than twice the value of what I went after, it is true, but I had also got something else, and that was the undying enmity of the most dangerous criminal in Europe. As long as Chu-Chu was alive my own life was worth about two sous. From the moment that I left Ivan's house Chu-Chu's immediate and pressing business would be to settle his account with me. I had not the slightest doubt that, so far as his private affairs were concerned, everything would have to wait while he gave himself to a sincere and painstaking stalk of myself. Not only had I deprived him of a fortune, but I had disgraced and ruined him with Ivan; in fact, I was not at all sure but that he might kill Ivan with his naked hands before leaving the house, merely because the Pole had witnessed his humiliation. Thinking it over I was sorry that I had not left Ivan his pistol, as in that case he might have disposed of Chu-Chu on his own account. You see, Chu-Chu's feud with an outsider was a menace to the whole mob, as many men in my position would have gone straight to the prefect of police and furnished information that might lead to the capture of Monsieur de Maxeville.

Why didn't I do that very thing? It is a little hard to explain. In the first place, anybody who has been for years a criminal hates the thought of being mixed up with the police. There are too many old crimes that may be brought to light. Then, my release from the clutch of the law was irregular—an unofficial pardon that would hardly bear the scrutiny of the public. Still again, I did not see how I could impeach Chu-Chu without implicating Ivan and his crowd, and I felt that if I was once marked for the hereafter by that perfect organization I might just as well go down and hop off a bridge into the Seine. But last of all I had made up my mind that the best, in fact the only, thing for me to do was to turn all of my talent to killing Chu-Chu before Chu-Chu killed me. I would have killed him in Ivan's house if I had felt that it was possible to do so without a general rumpus. As it was, at the first shot the servants would have come running in—armed, no doubt, for Ivan's servants were all members of the gang. He had told me on the night of Léontine's dinner that his entire household belonged to his mob.

No; it was better as it was, dangerous as my position might be. As things now stood I felt pretty sure that I had only Chu-Chu to reckon with. Ivan would sit tight and offer up prayers that each of us might kill the other. His work was merely executive, and he detested violence as much as might the big trust magnate who sits cool and respectable in his office and robs from the masses. Only Ivan was on rather a higher plane.

If I had still been an active member of the underworld this feud with Chu-Chu would not have bothered me a scrap. Although I had always managed to keep on good terms with my colleagues, such blood-quarrels had come under my observation several times, and in most cases they had reached their issue quietly and without scandal, as one might say. Chu-Chu and I turned loose in Paris on the warpath were on even terms; in fact, the advantage was if anything with me, as I could play a greater number of rôles than he and, more important still, was not driven by sheer hate and malignity. My game would be played entirely with the head, while it was possible with Chu-Chu that emotion might lead him into taking chances.

But the trouble was that Chu-Chu belonged to the underworld which I had left. A man going about his business in a respectable state of society has about as much chance of protecting himself against the preformed attack of a dangerous criminal as a stag in a deer park would have of escaping a hunter out for his head. I knew mighty well that if I wanted to kill Chu-Chu before Chu-Chu got a chance to kill me I would have to take a dive under the surface of society. Otherwise the odds would be those of a man swimming against a tiger-shark. So I determined to slip back into the underworld long enough to do for Chu-Chu.

This may sound cold-blooded and ferocious to you, my friend, but you must remember that I had been a criminal for all of my life. As I have told you before, I was never one of those thugs who walk into a house with a loaded gun ready to take life if interrupted. But I had never placed a very high value on my own life, or on that of any other criminal. As I saw it, the law was always "off" on game of my breed. The law does not bother itself very much when it stubs its toes on a dead thief, and is generally quite content when crooks turn to and slaughter each other. And the crooks have rather accepted this liberal point of view.

Although it was known to only a few people in the underworld that Monsieur de Maxeville and Chu-Chu le Tondeur were one and the same, I thought it possible that an inquest over his corpse would bring this to light and prevent much investigation for his assassin. Whether it did or not, I certainly did not intend to sit down and twirl my thumbs and wait for Chu-Chu to bag me. Although I had reformed, my principles had not yet mounted to this lofty plane.

One thing was pretty sure, and that was that Chu-Chu would make no attempt upon my life until he had tried to swap the pearls back for his gems. At least I did not think that he would. Chu-Chu was known to be an avaricious man, and he knew that I wanted that particular pearl

necklace and that I would be willing to sacrifice the added value of the gems to get it. I had little doubt but that I would hear from him in regard to the matter before the day was over.

Well, the game was on now, and all that I could do was to play it out. On leaving Ivan's house I had turned down a street that led to the garage where I stabled our six-cylinder show-car, for John and I were to take out a client later. The garage was a big, new establishment near the Parc Monceau, and accommodated two or three hundred cars. When I got there I found that my tires were a little soft and told a *mécanicien* to give me some air. He was doing this and I was standing by waiting, when I heard a voice that struck me as familiar. I looked up over the top of the tonneau, then ducked down again, for there, six paces away, stood Ivan's chauffeur—the same man who had gone with us the night that Léontine and I entered John's house—and at his elbow, his back turned to me, was Chu-Chu.

The chauffeur was talking. I heard him say:

"We will go by Pontoise, M'sieu'. It is less direct, but it saves the time that would be lost in crossing Paris, and the road is better. From Pontoise there is a little route to Beauvais, which is now in good condition and cuts off a good deal of distance. After Beauvais we stick to the *route nationale*."

Chu-Chu growled something that I did not hear, but there was no need. Pontoise, Beauvais, and after that the *route nationale*—it was plain enough. Chu-Chu was off for Boulogne or Calais.

The car came down that minute on one of the big lifts and the two got aboard, I crouching down and pretending to examine my chain. Out went the other car, which I recognized as Ivan's two-seated roadster. Chu-Chu was driving. I looked after it and took the number.

Thought I to myself: "Now what the deuce is he up to? England?" I had never heard of Chu-Chu's having done any work over there. Then it struck me that his errand might have something to do with Léontine. It was possible that he had given the pearls that morning to Léontine, but this idea I put out of my mind. Léontine would know where they came from, and I did not believe that in the face of my threat she would dare to dispose of them. It must be something else.

I shoved the gauge into my fuel tank and found that I had but ten litres, for big cars going out on the road buy their *essence* outside of Paris, as you know, to save the octroi duty.

"Fill the reservoir," I said to the *mécanicien*. "I am taking out some clients and do not want to bother to stop outside."

While the man was getting the *pétrole* I did some rapid thinking. I did not believe that Chu-Chu was going after the pearls. It must be something else.

Then another idea struck me. What if Chu-Chu's errand was not to get the pearls, but to dispose of them? What if he had turned the pearls in to Ivan and the two had come to an understanding and decided to insist on Léontine's getting rid of them, taking the chances on getting the gems from me later by methods of their own? It was possible that they might be confident that I would keep the gems on my person, and even at that moment Ivan's bloodhounds might be on my trail. A moment's thought and I was sure that this was the actual situation.

I went quickly to the office of the garage. Prince Kharkoff, I knew, lived near the Parc Monceau and garaged in this same establishment.

"What time did the car of M. le Prince Kharkoff go out?" I asked.

"At ten o'clock, Monsieur Clamart," said the manager. "Monsieur le Prince is off for London."

"Thank you," said I, and went back to hurry the *mécanicien*.

For with this information it seemed to me that the whole business was clear. Kharkoff's touring car was a big, heavy, limousine affair and not capable of much speed. Kharkoff would probably stop at St. Germain for *déjeûner*, and this would consume an hour and a half at least, for the Russian was a high liver. After *déjeûner* they would take the road for Boulogne, probably stopping at Abbeville for tea and reaching Boulogne in good time to take the boat that left for Folkestone at seven. Chu-Chu would push right through and contrive in some way to get a word with Léontine, handing over to her the pearls, with strict instructions from Ivan that she dispose of them. After that he would return with all speed to Paris and take up my trail. The game, undoubtedly, was being played to the full limit, and to win the pearls, the gems and the life of a dangerous renegade.

*Ruthless as a Greyhound at the Side of a Hare, I Closed in on Him*

All of this hit me like a ton of bricks as the true solution. I had been a fool, I thought, to figure for a second on Chu-Chu's condescending to make a dicker with a rank outsider who had handled him as I had done. To begin with, no doubt his ferocious hate was so intense that he would rather have lost the gems and flung the pearls into the Seine than to have had me square myself with the Cuttynges. Ivan, too, had been humiliated in a manner impossible for his self-respect as the chief of a big criminal system to endure. Neither one could stomach it, and they had joined forces again to play the game out to the bitter end.

All of this, my friend, had flashed through my mind even as I went to the office to learn when the Prince's car had gone out—sooner, in fact. The problem and its possible solution had occurred to me as Chu-Chu rolled out of the garage, when I had told the *mécanicien* to fill up my tank. In the underworld the odds are heavy on the man who strikes first. So far this policy had won for me and I determined to stick to it. As matters stood I felt that I was a doomed individual. If Ivan had marked me for the morgue I was a goner. But at any rate I did not intend to mark time and wait for the blow to fall. My word! but I was sorry that I hadn't followed my play through and sent them both to glory when I had had the chance!

But Chu-Chu had not yet pulled out of the woods. My plan, at the moment, was nothing more nor less than to catch and kill him on the road to Boulogne.

Ivan's little car was a good one, but she was no match for my big six. I decided to overhaul Chu-Chu on the road somewhere beyond Amiens and, as I passed, to shoot him dead as he sat at the wheel. If the *mécanicien* showed fight I would kill him too. Sounds pretty thick, doesn't it? That's because we are in peaceful old France. If it were in our own Southwest you'd think nothing about it.

"All ready, M'sieu'," said the garage man, and I came out of my trance.

I got my motoring ulster and a face mask out of the locker, then climbed into the car and rolled out, turning toward the Avenue de la Grande Armée. At the office I stopped and put the gems in the safe, locking them up in an inner drawer and putting the key in my pocket.

"I've got some business that may keep me out all day," said I to Gustave. "If Monsieur Cuttynge comes up tell him that I have just learned of something important and ask him to make another *rendez-vous* with Monsieur Caldwell. If I have not returned by seven, don't wait."

Out I went and jumped into the car and rolled off, leaving Gustave to stare after me, disgusted that I should go without a *mécanicien*. My mind was working fast as I sped along. Plan after plan went through my head. It struck me that perhaps the best way would be to pass Chu-Chu when he was traveling fast and crowd him into the ditch. This would not be difficult with a big, heavy car like mine, and in such an "accident" the driver is usually killed while the man beside him is apt to escape. If neither was injured I could always go back and finish Chu-Chu with my pistol. Then I thought of an even better plan. Why not get on ahead, lay my car across the road so that they would have to stop, then hold Chu-Chu up and go through him for the pearls? Once having got them I could rush back to Paris, turn over the pearls and the gems to John with instructions to give the latter to the police, and get myself out of the country as quick as possible. I did not believe that Ivan or Chu-Chu would follow me up if I went to America, though it was possible that Chu-Chu might.

Finally I decided on this latter plan. After all, my object in killing Chu-Chu was merely self-preservation. If I did succeed in getting the pearls I might even send him back his gems.

Sounds as if I began to weaken as I went along, doesn't it? Well, perhaps I did. The odds against me were too awful heavy, and life is sweet, after all. The strain was beginning to tell, too, and I knew that this would get steadily worse. A fight in the open is all right; but to feel that you are being watched and dogged and shadowed by a big human octopus, to be struck down at the first unguarded moment, is pretty awful. I don't pretend to any more nerve than the average man who has lived the most of his active life in the underworld. Besides, I never was a killer.

Out I went through St. Germain, to avoid the *pavés*, and turned off for Pontoise, taking a good road gait but not pushing my car any. It was a beautiful day in the early summer, and as I filled my lungs with the sweet perfume of the forest it struck me as being mighty rough that I should be crowded out just when life seemed to be opening up all anew and full of promise. If only they could have left me in peace! I thought of Edith's sweet face and wondered what she would say if she knew how things had turned out. At any rate, living or dead, she would know that I had stuck to my word and taken the consequences without flinching, and this thought did me a lot of good. After all, my life had been lived at the expense of society, and society had a right to collect her debt before taking me back. A curious thing, this life. No act, good or bad, ever seems to go for nothing. I began to get mighty thoughtful as I rolled along through that splendid old forest of St. Germain. A deep sadness settled on me. After all, I thought, what's the use of trying to escape your destiny? Very likely God made thieves and murderers to prey on the rest of mankind, just as He made wolves and panthers to prey on deer. About half of the living creatures in the world prey on the other half. It's hard to see the use of a criminal, except to himself and others of his class, but it struck me that maybe Chu-Chu had run over the limit and that I was intended as an instrument to put a check on him. That was a cheerful way to look at it anyway.

I passed through Pontoise and held on for Beauvais by the little route that Ivan's man had spoken of in the garage. It was a pity, I thought, that I could not have caught them up here, for there was nobody on the road. By this time I had my plan all made. I determined to pass Chu-Chu at high speed and literally crowd him off the road. This would be dangerous to me, of course, as it's a risky job to mix up the direction of a big car running at a high speed, but I would be prepared and ought to be able to stick to the track. As you know, these French roads are drained by ditches at least a foot deep and a foot wide, running off at right angles and spaced only ten or a dozen meters apart. Shoved into one of those while running fast, Chu-Chu's chances were all for getting piled up. What happened after that would depend on circumstances. I gave up the idea of stopping him by laying my own car across the road. In the first place, there was the danger that he might recognize me, even in my mask and ulster. Also it was possible that somebody might come along and interfere with the rest of the game.

At Beauvais I struck the *route nationale* and hit up my speed, and in a few minutes the big six was tearing along like a comet. Very few people were on the road, but before long I sighted a cloud of dust ahead and presently overhauled a big limousine car with a trunk on behind and a lot of small luggage on top.

"Kharkoff," I said to myself, and sure enough it was. I cut loose the siren and the car swerved out to the right and as I tore past I caught a glimpse of the Prince and Léontine inside. They could not have recognized me, my face being covered with the mask, but I hoped that Chu-Chu was far enough ahead to enable me to finish my business with him before they came up, and this seemed probable, as the little car was light and fast.

I passed through Amiens and hit up the speed again. Then, just outside the town, I sighted a small car spinning up a hill on ahead. Getting closer I saw that there were two men aboard it. They were traveling fast, but I slowed a bit as the place was too populated for my purpose.

Five kilometers spun past and we were in a big open country with a clear road and few houses, these for the most part scattered farms. I took a long breath.

"Now for it," I said to myself. "I get him on the next down grade."

### VIII

I GLANCED at the watch in front of me and saw that it was three o'clock. It would take Kharkoff a good twenty minutes to catch us, I thought, and by that time I ought to have the job done and be away, provided I did not put my own car out of action. Ahead of me Chu-Chu had hit the top of the grade and had disappeared. I opened up the big six and she went up that hill like a thirteen-inch shell. Then there was a cloud of dust ahead, and as I tore down the grade on the other side I passed a big limousine touring car full of people. She was chugging along like an old tugboat, rattling like a junkcart. I swore. The place was perfect for my plan, and there was Chu-Chu going down the grade ahead like a scared rabbit.

But the confounded old hearse behind spoiled everything, and I knew that at the gait we were traveling we would mighty soon strike Abbeville. So I decided to wait until after that place, which was just as well, the country being wilder and bleaker beyond. I slowed down just enough so as to keep Chu-Chu's dust in sight.

Soon we went through Abbeville and out on to the big straight road beyond. That two-seater of Ivan's could certainly get over the route and Chu-Chu was a good driver. I realized that I must ditch him before Montreuil, as after that the road is more frequented, so I hit up my pace and began to draw in on his heels. Then all at once there opened out a long descent with one or two gentle rises, for the country here is in great undulations. Better yet, there was a row of poplars on either side of the road.

"If I can only manage to chuck him into one of those," I thought, "I can see where the Tidewater Clam gets a new lease of life."

The time had come. I gave the big six the accelerator, then opened up the siren. "*Wop! Wop! Wow-ow!*" she went. Chu-Chu's *mécanicien* looked back, then said something to Chu-Chu. He swerved out, never slackening his speed, which must have been around sixty kilometers, while my gauge showed ninety-six—a mile a minute, just. We were soaring down a long three-per-cent grade, and the poplar trunks were flashing past like the palings of a fence.

"If he gets out of this alive the joke is certainly on me," I thought, and gripped the wheel with all of the strength that was in me.

Down I rushed like an Angel of Death, the silencer open and the exhaust roaring like a gatling gun. Until almost up to him I kept well over to the left, then began to edge in. The *mécanicien* looked back over his shoulder, and as he saw me crowding them yelled something in Chu-Chu's ear. He slid over, getting dangerously off the crown of the road and almost into the ditch. I followed him, working closer. I saw the *mécanicien*'s mouth open in another yell and he flung out one arm. Ruthless as a greyhound at the side of a hare, I closed in on him, forging always ahead. My eyes never left the road, but I could feel my mudguard rubbing his. This time the yell of the *mécanicien* reached me. It sounded like the bleat of a sheep.

Then, evenly abreast and my foot nursing the pedal, I shot ahead, giving the wheel the slightest twist. I heard the grind of metal, then a crash, as I flirted the stern of my big car into the forward end of the other. I did not dare take my eyes from the road, but so slight was the jar that I thought that I had missed. But a shriek pierced the roaring of the exhaust, and the next instant I heard from far behind me, as it seemed, a terrific crash. I cut off the power and braked gently.

The car slowed, then stopped and I looked back. There was nothing on the road behind me. There was nothing in the ditch; nothing against the trees. I flung up my mask. Lord of life!—what was that out there in the standing wheat? The other car, as I hope to live! The other car and both men still aboard it—and still going! It looked like a Western reaper out there in the waving grain.

I rubbed my eyes. What had happened? How did he get out there intact?

Then suddenly I understood. Even as I closed in on him Chu-Chu had guessed what was afoot. Perhaps he recognized me, mask and all, in one swift sidelong glance. He saw my deadly intention and his marvelous quick wit had leaped at the only possible means of escape from annihilation. The shove I gave him had aided his own design and he had leaped the cross ditch, slipped between the trees, crashed through the hedge and shot into the wheatfield.

I stared at the line of poplars. At the foot of one lay a heap of débris—mudguards and *marchepied*, shorn off against a tree trunk. Then I looked across at the car. It was still in motion, crawling on first speed through the grain and heading back for the road.

At the same instant I heard the shriek of a siren ahead. Down an opposite slope came a cloud of dust. It reached the bottom of the descent and hit the slight up grade. Up it came, and at a distance of several hundred meters the people aboard it sighted Chu-Chu out there in the wheat. The car slowed, then stopped beside my own.

"What is that?" cried the *mécanicien*. "What are those people doing out there?"

"I am afraid," I answered, "that the fault is mine. I was trying out this new car, and in passing that gentleman at a high speed crowded him too close. Fearing to be pushed into the ditch he ran out into the field."

There were three people in the tonneau—two women and a man. They cried out in wonder and excitement.

"He has had a close call," said the chauffeur. "See! He scraped off his mudguards on a tree." And with that they all began to talk at once, and from the trend of the conversation I saw that the popular sympathy was not with me.

Then Chu-Chu did what must have impressed them as an incomprehensible thing. He had made a detour in the wheat and was approaching the road below us where there was an entrance to the field. Reaching this he turned on to the route, when without so much as a backward glance he threw on his speed and whirled off down the slope.

"But look!" cried the chauffeur. "He is going on."

The others were silent from sheer amazement. No recriminations, no abuse, no *procès verbal?* It was unheard of, astounding! They looked at me for an explanation of such conduct.

"Monsieur," said I, "doubtless feels himself to be in the wrong. As a matter of fact, there was plenty of room. Perhaps he lost his head and is angry and ashamed, and thinks that the less said the better."

The tide of sympathy quickly turned.

"That must be the case," said the chauffeur. "As a matter of fact there is room for three cars to pass abreast on this road. A man who cannot keep his head ought not to drive. It is to imperil his own life and that of others."

I agreed with him, wondering what he would say when he saw my tracks farther up the slope. But there was nothing more to discuss, so I bowed and started ahead. I knew that they would stop to look at the twisted remains of Chu-Chu's mudguards, and I could imagine their fresh mystification at his taking the matter so indifferently when they noted the evidence of our relative tracks. I doubted that I had left him the room for a man on a bicycle.

On I went slowly and thinking hard. Chu-Chu had escaped by a miracle, aided by his own extraordinary coolness, skill and lightning thought. I actually admired the man. But it was plain enough that the scheme was not one to be tried a second time. Chu-Chu and the *mécanicien* were both armed, no doubt, and I could imagine the amiable state of their emotions.

A kilometer farther along I stopped and got out to look at my own damage, which amounted to no more than a flattened mudguard, the heavy angle-irons having taken all the strain and bent double. This was a slight affair and could be repaired in a few minutes at any wayside forge.

Well, that trick was played and Chu-Chu had won it. There was no sense in following him up now, so I took the next cross-road and returned at a good gait to Paris.

On the way back a very nasty idea presented itself to my mind. The war with Chu-Chu was now on full blast, and it occurred to me that, owing to our remarkable resemblance, John's life was in almost as much danger as my own. Chu-Chu was not the man to

(Continued on Page 44)

*I Wondered if He Often Did That Sort of Thing, But Did Not Care to Ask*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## A Veto for Arizona

A REALLY big question is involved in Arizona statehood; but with that question the recall of judges has nothing whatever to do. The real question is that of the right of the people of Arizona to govern themselves within the limits of the Federal Constitution. A veto of the Arizona statehood bill is a flat denial of that right.

The Arizona Constitution is progressive. It provides for initiative and referendum; for the recall of legislative and executive officers who have betrayed the trust reposed in them; and it may easily be amended by the people in any particular at any time. All this, naturally, is highly offensive to the reactionary mind that turns with admiration to the exceedingly conservative and almost unamendable Constitution of New Mexico. But all of these features are found in the constitutions of other states, and the right of the people of a state to frame such government as they choose—provided it is not in conflict with the Federal Constitution—is so clear that conservatism would not have ventured to deny statehood to Arizona upon any of those counts. No one could seriously argue that recall for judges, any more than recall for governors, violates the Federal Constitution; but that further provision in the Arizona Constitution afforded conservatism a means of expressing its abhorrence of the spirit of the whole document.

Being progressive is Arizona's sin.

## Monopoly in Alaska

GREAT coal deposits lie twenty-five miles from Controller Bay. Whoever controls transportation to tidewater will control the coal. The territory about the bay was made a National forest reserve by President Roosevelt in 1909. In October last President Taft withdrew from the reserve some twelve thousand acres along the northwest shore of the bay, primarily in order that a railroad might secure right-of-way from tidewater to the coal fields. He was given personal assurances that this railroad was quite independent of the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate. Aside from that, he has several reasons for thinking the water-front of Controller Bay cannot be monopolized. Title to the withdrawn land can be secured only by soldiers' scrip, and not more than a hundred and sixty acres can be entered in any single body by such scrip. Moreover, no location by scrip can be made along navigable water within a distance of eighty rods of any other location. A stretch of tidal mud-flats some two miles wide intervenes between deep water and any land that can be entered by scrip, and nobody can construct a railroad across these flats except by special license from the War Department. How then, the President asks, can there be a monopoly?

Nevertheless, the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate will probably monopolize transportation by rail in Alaska, which is tantamount to monopolization of the coal. Access to shore-lines and mud-flats has little to do with that question. Access to capital is what will settle it. That any competitor can get a right-of-way across reserved eighty-rod tracts of public land and certain mud-flats in Alaska is of no importance—unless he can get a right-of-way across Wall Street. We fancy the time will come when no competitor can discover any eighty-rod breaches in the Morgan-Guggenheim position at the clearing-house. That is where the question of rail monopoly in Alaska will be fought and settled.

## Public Buying of Stocks

IN 1905 and again in 1906 sales of stocks on the New York Exchange amounted in par value to about twenty-five billion dollars. Last year the par value of stocks sold on the Exchange was less than fifteen billions. So far this year the trade on the Exchange has been only about half what it was last year, or but little over one-third what it was five and six years ago. Brokers are curtailing expenses and complaining that people will no longer buy stocks. Meanwhile, the Wall Street Journal has secured returns from two hundred big corporations showing that holders of their stocks have increased in number from four hundred and twelve thousand in 1906 to eight hundred and twenty-one thousand this year. In 1901, which was also a tremendous year on the Stock Exchange, these companies had only two hundred and eighteen thousand stockholders. For a year and a half, it is true, public gambling in stocks has been at a low ebb; and if that is a result of governmental "interference" with big business few persons whose livelihood does not depend upon commissions will deplore the interference. But public investment in stocks is an entirely different matter.

## A Poor Man's Rich Wife

THE daughter of an opulent and élite family having eloped with a poor young man, we can readily understand why the groom's parents should be cut up about it, but why the bride's parents should grieve is less clear. Money makes the essential difference between the pair. By giving the young man money and a little skillful coaching the bride's parents can make him as eligible to play the rôle of a rich and élite husband as anybody need be.

But the groom's parents no doubt hoped their son would make his own way in the world, wedding a girl of his own station, who would help him along by prudent housewifely arts and inspiringly share his triumph in winning a ten-dollar salary raise. He weds, instead, a girl who may be proficient at golf, but to whom a skillet is probably stranger than an African tomtom. What inspiration to succeed can he derive from a spouse who at ten had more than he can reasonably expect to give her at forty? To be sure he can give her a true heart's devotion and see that her butler doesn't make away with an inordinate quantity of her wine. Or, if she adopt his station instead of pensioning him into hers, he can ponder pleasantly upon what she gave up in exchange for a two-legged, carnivorous mule creature who shows signs of growing bald and developing a double chin.

Poor parents whose sons marry girls from rich families ought to have the right to bring an action for damages.

## A Temperance Sermon

A CENTURY and a quarter ago Dr. Benjamin Rush composed certain "Inquiries into the Effects of Ardent Spirits." Before that he had written sermons on temperance and he is sometimes regarded as the founder of the modern temperance movement. The good doctor urged that wine or spirits should never be given to children. Students, he thought, should shun them, and in general he recommended their avoidance by all persons under thirty-five or forty years of age, except in case of certain ailments. For older persons a moderate resort to them, he believed, might be beneficial. To show "the dreadful consequences of excess in drinking" he describes a gentleman who is so afflicted with gout that he cannot leave his bed.

Possibly that was the beginning of the modern temperance movement. Most reforms begin that way. Somebody ventures to suggest, for example, that working factory children eight years of age for fourteen hours a day is really not quite right; thirteen hours for those under ten would be better. Our tentative finger-pointings toward some reforms today will certainly strike our great-grandchildren very much as Doctor Rush's advice to keep sober until you are thirty-five, lest you contract gout, strikes us.

## The Crop Damage

HEAT and drought this summer caused the greatest damage to growing grain that has occurred in many years. The heaviest loss was in corn. The condition of that crop at the beginning of July promised the nearly normal yield of twenty-five and a half bushels to the acre. A month later this promise had been cut down by three bushels, indicating the lowest yield to the acre in ten years. In 1901, however, the yield was only sixteen and three-quarter bushels to the acre and the corn-bearing area was only ninety-one million acres, against one hundred and fifteen million acres this year. After the great loss in July, in short, we may expect a corn crop above two and a half billion bushels—bigger by seventy per cent than the crop of ten years ago and up to the average of the five years preceding 1909. The loss of this year looks calamitous only when compared with the tremendous crop of last year. But that crop brought the farm price down ten cents a bushel as compared with 1909. Roughly, nine cents a bushel added to last year's price would make the money value of this crop equal to that of 1910, and at this writing corn for the December delivery is selling in Chicago above sixty cents a bushel, while last December it sold around forty-seven cents a bushel. Taking those two prices, this year's corn crop would bring growers more money than last year's. And the wheat crop, notwithstanding July's losses, will probably be below that of last year by less than five per cent.

The crop damage is big and positive, but it spells ruin only for those who were short of the grain market.

## A Western Speculator

JOHN W. GATES, who died in Paris the other day, was unpopular in Wall Street after he and his associates took the Louisville & Nashville Railroad away from Mr. Belmont. Mr. Morgan, upon the witness-stand, characterized him as an "unsafe" person. About the same time another Western clique scandalized the Street by attempting to overthrow the Vanderbilt position in Chicago & Northwestern. There was a period when "Western" was a term of reproach in our highest financial circles.

Louisville & Nashville stock was quite actively traded in upon the Exchange. Anybody might buy it and borrow about eighty per cent of the purchase price at the banks. This was perfectly agreeable to high finance; indeed, the more purchasers of Louisville & Nashville stock the better. But high finance did not contemplate that any purchaser of the stock—or any number of purchasers—should touch the actual management of the railroad. It contemplated that they should hold their little stock certificates in any quantity and for any length of time they pleased, dutifully sending their proxies at election time to those whom the gods of the Street had appointed. It was when the Westerners, finding themselves in possession of a majority of the stock, proposed to take possession of the railroad itself that our highest financial circles were agitated and rather panic-stricken. Mr. Gates related how Mr. Morgan's emissary routed him out of bed after midnight to inquire into that extraordinary situation. The upshot was that a majority of Louisville & Nashville stock was lodged with another railroad, so that thereafter, though anybody might buy the stock upon the Exchange to his heart's content, nobody could touch the actual management of the road.

You are welcome to buy stock, but not to interfere with the management of the property that the stock represents.

## Conservatism's Noble Rage

A WITNESS of the riot in the House of Commons when the veto bill entered its last stage writes: "In sustained fury the scene exceeded the historic disturbance over Home Rule in 1893. Fortunately there was no actual physical violence, but no spectator would have been surprised if personal encounters had taken place when the House broke up."

Lord Hugh Cecil, we read, "was white with rage" and "took a prominent part in the demonstration against the Prime Minister." But in a letter to the Times Lord Hugh explains that the Ministry's "unprecedented outrage on the Constitution required an unusual protest"; and he thinks those Conservative members who yelled themselves black in the face, like little boys who have been forcibly separated from a jam-pot, "performed a necessary act of public duty."

Two years ago the House of Commons passed a budget that raised taxation of the well-to-do and wealthy by increasing income and inheritance taxes and by levying a new tax on the increment in land values. It was supposed to be a well-settled constitutional principle that the Lords should leave questions of taxation to the Commons. But the Lords, by a vote of three hundred and fifty to seventy-five, rejected this budget—in defiance of the Constitution, as the House declared by overwhelming vote.

The net result is that the Lords are now deprived of power to reject any bill that the House, backed by the nation, insists upon passing. Coerced by the king's pledge to swamp their chamber with new Liberal peers, they surrendered their century-old position as a coördinate branch of the national legislature and became a body having the power merely to interpose a temporary veto upon legislation.

This, of course, is revolution, as Conservative gentlemen hysterically asserted during the scene above mentioned. But the Lords deliberately invited revolution rather than submit to increased taxation. Like our Standpat Republicans, when the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was up and the Insurgents were pleading for some moderate reduction in duties, they would rather die in the last ditch than yield an inch.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### The Hero of the Lava Beds

ONE morning some years ago the good people of Alturas, which is in Modoc County, California, the same being in the northeastern corner of that elongated commonwealth, and abutting on Siskiyou and Shasta, to say nothing of Oregon and Nevada, awoke to find the bodies of four citizens and one citizeness—if I have my necrology on straight—neatly but not gaudily decorating a bridge near their fair city, being suspended in a row by their necks and as dead as any undertaker or coroner might desire.

It seems the five persons who had been selected for removal from their midst, via the bridge-and-rope route, by the committee chosen for that purpose, had been engaged in such pursuits as rustling cattle, stealing bridles with horses in them, and in committing various other depredations. They had outlived their usefulness in the community, and it was the unanimous opinion of all concerned—save the five—that a superior disposition to make of them would be to eliminate them from Alturas and the surrounding country by giving them free passes into eternity.

No sooner said than done. The committee visited the chosen five—I hope it wasn't six—and invited them to take short strolls with them to observe the moon rising over the rushing river. The proper place naturally was the bridge. We have eminent poetical authority for that assumption. You remember when Mr. Longfellow desired to have a gentleman of his acquaintance get a good look at the night scenery he stood him out on the bridge, while the clock struck whatever hour happened to be on its list at the moment and the moon rose over the city behind the dark church tower. From a literary viewpoint the choice was perfect. Once on the bridge the five moongazers were expeditiously—not to say summarily—projected to that bourn from which no traveler returns by the simple expedient of tying ropes round their various necks, attaching the loose ends of the ropes to the bridge and dropping the moongazers over the side. There were no hitches except the hitches in the ropes—and they were half-hitches. Vengeance was done!

It is not too much to say that the people of any community, awaking in the early morning to go about their tasks among the busy marts of trade, would be somewhat startled to find the bodies of five former residents dangling from a bridge! It was even so in Alturas. Excitement, as the manner is, ran high. The consensus of opinion was that it served them right. Still it was necessary to uphold the majesty of the law. Hence, some twenty-one leading citizens of that vicinity were indicted on five separate murder charges each—that is, each of the twenty-one was held to be responsible for hanging each of the five, showing, if the law's view was correct, that it had been a busy night for murdering on the bridge.

#### The Defense of the Twenty and One

THE law is insatiable. Justice must be done. Though there was no particularly loud cry from the proletariat of Modoc for the punishment of the indicted twenty-one, or any other twenty-one or unit thereof, the grand jury and the district attorney, exclaiming valorously that no favor swayed them and no fear should awe, haled the twenty-one before the bar and tried them for their lives. Coincidently with the haling process there appeared one John E. Raker, attorney, who himself had been district attorney for Modoc County.

"Whom do you represent?" asked the judge, though he knew full well.

"These," said Raker, with a sweep of his arm that indicated the twenty-one. Which he did.

The trial began in November, 1901, and ended in March of the following year. It ended, moreover, with the discharge of the twenty-one, without conviction; and from that time to this the business of cattle rustling, horse stealing and other similar depredating has not flourished in Modoc County.

And who was John E. Raker? None other than Fighting Jack, the Hero of the Lava Beds, who later donned the ermine and became known as the Fighting Judge of Modoc. Now he is in Congress, the lone Democrat in the state of California who landslid into that distinguished body along with the numerous other landsliders of Democratic persuasion. We have watched in vain until this time to see John E. unlimber some artillery and go to it in the halls of Congress, but have been compelled to draw the conclusion reluctantly that the fighting part of it only goes for Modoc County. Since he has been a Representative he has fought nary a fight. However, there is still time. Maybe Robert Bruce Macon will call him a bunion or a wart some day, and then we shall see what we shall see.

They Used to Call Him the Fighting Judge of Modoc

Modoc County, until recently, when the railroad got in, has been remote. If I remember correctly, the only way to get there formerly was round through Nevada; and any person who has traveled in that section of that state has a full appreciation of the remoteness of Modoc. In 1886, then being twenty-three years old—but having practiced law in Lassen County, near by, before that—John E. Raker took whatever conveyance was handy and migrated to Alturas. At that time the population of Alturas was not what might be called law-abiding, considered as a whole. To be sure, here and there was a man engaged in some legitimate pursuit; but a lot of the inhabitants were cattle rustlers and various other kinds of outlaws.

"Name, please?" they demanded of Raker.

"John E. Raker."

"And your business here?"

"I intend to practice law in this community."

Whereupon a frowsy gentleman, who toted a couple of guns, but evidently had seen better days, for his rough speech still betrayed signs of literary education, selected himself as spokesman and said:

"Young feller, your intentions may be good, but your execution of them is likely to be some difficult. We don't need no lawyers here—nor no law. Git!"

"Are you speaking to me?" inquired Raker, and was informed he was the identical person to whom the conversation was addressed. That being the case, Mr. Raker carelessly pulled back his coat and showed he was not exactly gunless, as it were. Two large cannons were strapped to his belt. "I think," said Raker, "that I'll stay."

He did stay, making things as uncomfortable as might be for the outlaws until the time when they put the frieze of them on the bridge. Then, as related, he cleared the men charged with that enterprise, and not long afterward—the next year, to be exact—was elected superior judge of Modoc County. There came a time, during his impartial administration of the law, when a case affecting some of the remaining bad men of the place was to be decided. Word had gone out that if the judge decided against these wicked and desperate persons said w.-and-d. persons would perforate him—in the courtroom, and in other vital spots—until he looked like a porous plaster.

The judge had been admonished. He came into the courtroom debonairly; but those present who were observant saw there was a bulge on each hip, somewhat disturbing the fit of his faultless coat. The courtroom was filled with the w.-and-d.'s. There was enough artillery there to whip Japan. They glowered at the judge, who greeted them pleasantly, remarked on the beauty of the weather and said, so far as he could see, it was an ideal day for remaining calm and not starting anything.

The time came to decide. "By virtue of the authority invested in me by the imperial commonwealth of California," said the judge, "by virtue of statutes in such cases made and provided, and by the added virtue of these further potentialities which I will now place before me across the everlasting record of the law, ready for use should the occasion demand, I now decide this case."

Whereupon he smoothed out the bulges under his faultlessly fitting coat by removing the causes of said bulges—to wit: two large revolvers of caliber forty-five; and, holding them so the sun could glint for a moment on the steely blue of their mechanism, he laid them on the bar before him—and decided. Whereupon, further, he decided against the bad *hombres*—decided against them to a fare-you-well, and, whereupon, for the third and last time, not a bad *hombre* emitted so much as a peep of protest. Hence we have the name: the Fighting Judge of Modoc: and hence we look for action in the altogether-too-placid halls of Congress.

### A Lost Leader

A DES MOINES editor had an experience a time ago that reminded him of the time when the cowboy correspondent, who was first on the ground at the terrible Ashtabula railroad disaster years ago, wired to New York: "I am here: but there is so much confusion I can send no story tonight!"

This editor wanted to get from W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central Railroad, who has a farm near Clarinda, Iowa, a confirmation or a denial of the story that it is Brown's intention to quit the railroad business and run for Senator against Senator Kenyon in 1912. He telegraphed his local correspondent to see Brown and send in an interview on the situation.

The correspondent telegraphed back:

"Haven't got time to see Brown. What's the matter with him coming to see me?"

### Rather Hard on James

JAMES THOMPSON, manager of the largest hotel in Cleveland, Ohio, was born in a little village in that state. Not long ago Thompson's father, who still lives in the village where James was born, was approached by an old woman, a lifelong friend of the family. In the course of the conversation she asked:

"By-the-way, what's become of little Jimmie, your son?"

"Oh," replied the father, "he's in Cleveland, getting along nicely. He's manager of the biggest hotel in that city."

The old lady shook her head dubiously.

"Well," she said, "I hope Jimmie's strong enough to stand the work: but I'm afraid hotel work is too hard for him—lifting so many heavy trunks round. Is Jimmie married yet?"

"Yes," replied the father, "he's been married for some time."

The old woman sighed happily.

"Well," she commented, "he isn't dependent on hired help to do the cooking then."

### Lost and Found

A YOUNG man took his sweetheart to a ball. She wore her party dress. As they began a dance he noticed what he thought was a raveling sticking out of her sleeve. He tugged at it. It came easily, and during the remainder of the dance, having started to wind up that raveling, he kept at it. It wasn't until the end of the dance that he had finished winding.

Next morning the girl said to her mother:

"Maw, an awful funny thing happened last night. You know I went to that dance. Well, when I got home and got ready for bed I found my union suit had disappeared."

# ROADS AND RATES

## How Made and Unmade—By Henry Irving Dodge

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

"Don't Sell Tickets to Chicago at This Window"

TRANSPORTATION is the most picturesque business in the world. It has always been so. The arrival of the coach-and-four lends color and thrill to the old English novel. In America the heavy oxteam lunging through the virgin forest marked the early epoch of transportation. The riproaring times on the Mississippi meant belching smokestacks, wonderful poker games, and the slogan, "Put a nigger on the safety valve." We picture the prairie schooner laboring through a hostile country and heavy-mouthed Yuba Bill steering his mules along some fabulous trail in the Sierras.

Again, the word conjures the riotous races on the Hudson between the Vanderbilts, the Fultons and the Livingstons, and the battle of the Titans of steel for transcontinental supremacy.

Passenger traffic up to a few years ago was crude beyond belief. It was a cutthroat game from start to finish. "Beat the other fellow!" was the word. Passion prevailed over principle. "Get passengers; decently if you can—but get them!" was the motto. Ruffianism was always the henchman of the picturesque. They didn't literally knock men down and drag them aboard their vehicles, but they did little better. Nor was their motive so much the getting of money as it was the keeping of the other fellow from getting it. The man with the longest purse won out.

As competition grew more bitter combats were often brought about by one railroad to stop the illegitimate practices of another. A company found that its rival was secretly giving rebates, making midnight terms with freight shippers, flooding scalpers' offices with tickets—anything to market transportation. Then the first road would offer a flat rate so low that the other could not possibly meet it. To defeat just such a scheme a great trunkline once carried passengers first class from Chicago to Minneapolis or Omaha—some four hundred and ten and five hundred miles respectively—for a dollar a head. In another instance an ambitious and ill-advised railroad president wanted to extend his road. To do this he must get money—float bonds; and to give these a market he put a bulge in his receipts by cutting rates and bringing in a sudden flood of business.

### Some Famous Rate Wars

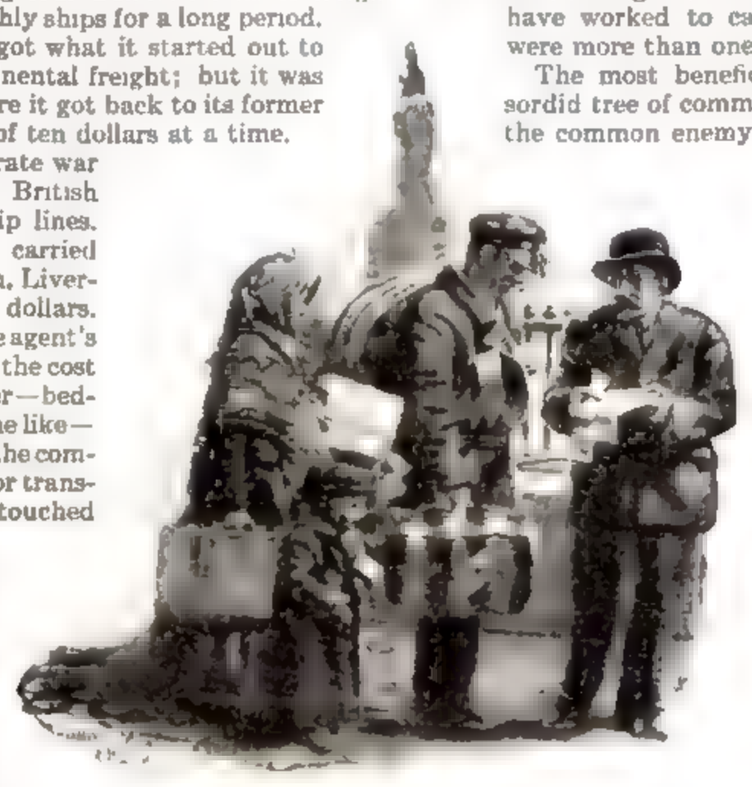
MOST railroad men admit that these fights never resulted in anything but disaster to the parties engaged. One big passenger agent said: "Where disaster becomes perfectly obvious, it is narrowly averted by compromise; and it leaves the contestants with scarcely any self-respect." To use freight as an illustration, down in Texas they used to cut rates to the bottom, and at such times storekeepers, manufacturers, and even farmers, would raise all the money they could get and buy transportation at minimum figures. The fighting roads worked overtime, hauling enormous quantities of freight at ruinous prices. By the time they were weak from the conflict and ready to go back to normal rates it was found that everybody was full up with supplies, and that there was practically no business to be done for six months.

Who can imagine any good coming from a war such as the one fought between the old St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern—now the Wabash—and the Chicago & Alton? The former carried passengers from Kansas City to St. Louis—some two hundred and eighty miles—for fifty cents. The other road met the cut, and then, on the "beat-the-other-fellow-at-any-price" rule, the first road offered a seventy-five-cent dinner at Salisbury with every first-class ticket. Thus the passenger was practically paid twenty-five cents for riding in addition to transportation. They used to say it was cheaper to buy a ticket than ride on a pass. During this fight the companies protected local traffic by selling through tickets and rebating all but fifty cents at destination.

In 1886 the Pacific Mail started a fight against the transcontinental railways and carried passengers from New York via the Isthmus to San Francisco—a thirty days' trip, including stateroom and meals—for forty dollars. This was a drop from a hundred and twenty. Steerage rates were cut from sixty dollars to twenty. During this war freight by sea ruled so low, and so many shippers availed themselves of the opportunity, that it was a common thing to see a line of trucks reaching from the side of the vessel on West Street through Canal to the Bowery. These trucks would sometimes wait three or four days before they were able to move up and discharge.

Presently the great combatants, weak and with treasuries depleted and nothing gained, made a compromise, the railroads guaranteeing four hundred tons of freight for each of the three monthly ships for a long period. The steamship company got what it started out to get a share of transcontinental freight; but it was practically two years before it got back to its former passenger rates by raises of ten dollars at a time.

In the early nineties a rate war was started between the British and Continental steamship lines. Steerage passengers were carried from New York to London, Liverpool or Glasgow for ten dollars. From this was deducted the agent's commission of two dollars, the cost of outfitting the passenger—bedding, eating utensils and the like—and maintenance; leaving the company practically nothing for transportation. Where a line touched at London and nowhere else it had actually to pay four dollars and eight dollars to send passengers to Liverpool and Glasgow respectively, and in such cases was from two to six dollars worse off than nothing at all. But from these wars has been evolved a better condition for the humbler class of passengers. Third-rate transportation is now the cheapest in the world—practically a cent a mile with everything furnished but baggage. The term "steerage" is obsolete. Travelers are designated as third and fourth class. The British boats have only the third class, the passengers being put into staterooms that accommodate three or four persons each. By this means families are kept together. Some of the Continental lines, however, still have what is called the open steerage or fourth class, where men sleep on mattresses arranged on a vast iron framework, and have little comfort and no privacy. Out of this war also grew a pact for the maintenance of rates.



No Sooner Had the Stranger Set Foot in Battery Park Than He Was Solicited by a Compatriot to Buy a Ticket by This Route or That

In the spring of 1886 the most Titanic rate war of all history was begun. A disagreement occurred in the inner circles of the Transcontinental Association. Somebody had been doing something to somebody else that somebody else wasn't smart enough to do first to somebody. Now the somebody else who had been done was ex-Governor Leland Stanford, president of the Southern Pacific. So Stanford called a meeting. Just what happened at the conference is not known, but no doubt they had a hot time. At any rate, Stanford could not bring the other people around by reasoning and persuasion, so he used the big stick. He left the meeting and immediately announced a dollar rate, first class, from Missouri River points—St. Louis, Omaha, and the like—to the Pacific Coast, some two thousand miles. Going rates were then about seventy-five dollars. The other roads met the cut and went Stanford twenty-five cents better—seventy-five cents to the Coast—the lowest figure ever made in railroad history: one hundredth of the normal rate.

### The Scalper and the Runner

THIS war lasted four months and the result was curious. It is estimated that the roads suffered no great financial loss. Through traffic from the great waterways to the Coast was not heavy, and local trade was protected by the rebate system. It is claimed that the advertising that the roads and the country in that section received during this Titanic and spectacular war ultimately resulted in a business that vastly more than compensated for any immediate loss.

Quite the contrary in effect was the war started by the Canadian Pacific during the Klondike rush. This company made a thirty-dollar rate from New York to Seattle—some thirty-two hundred miles. The Great Northern came back with a twenty-five-dollar rate for second class and thirty-five for first. These rates were vastly higher than those that Stanford made; but the struggle was one of the most expensive in history, for the reason that it was carried on during the rush period when both roads could have worked to capacity at normal rates, which were more than one hundred per cent higher.

The most beneficent fruit ever yielded by the sordid tree of commercialism was the elimination of the common enemy of the railroad and the immigrant. Like all great fields of endeavor, the transportation business developed the middleman. He was there when Fulton and Livingston started their day line, and he remained until 1886—always active, vociferous, fighting. He was a product of the great rush for patronage that precipitated a long line of rate wars.

There were two kinds of middlemen—the scalper and the runner. Compared with the practices of the runner, those of the scalper were philanthropic. It was his business simply to sell tickets for what he could get for them. For a long time the scalper and the railroad worked hand-in-glove. The passenger agent used to send these free lances out with bunches of first-class tickets—a hundred to Chicago and the same number to St. Louis and Cincinnati—to get anything they'd bring. The scalpers circulated in the crowds on the streets, in the hotels and all other gathering-places of travelers; and they dispensed with their wares for whatever they could get, receiving a commission of from twenty-five to thirty

per cent. A five-dollar rate to Chicago was a common thing in those days. Not so many years ago the railroads used to flood the cut-rate offices on Broadway with transportation. At these places an eighteen-dollar ticket to Chicago could be had for sixteen, the broker getting the same for fourteen and making a two-dollar rake-off.

Although the big corporations knew the scalper to be a pernicious factor and hated him, they were afraid to dispense with him as long as they lacked organization; but no sooner had they made hard and fast agreements for the maintenance of rates than they combined to put him out of business. They have done this by bringing about the enactment of laws and other schemes. There is no law against paying commissions for selling passenger tickets, but if the scalper should divide his rake-off with the passenger both are liable to imprisonment. And unless he does make some concession there is no object in buying from him. In some states trafficking in railroad tickets is a prison offense; but where no protective statutes exist the companies have carried the cases relating to cheap, non-transferable tickets into the courts of equity and obtained restraining orders on the ground of fraud.

### *War on Ticket Scalping*

ONE of the most effective schemes for suppressing the scalper is the new form of cheap excursion ticket. For example, a road sells such a ticket from New York to Niagara and return, good for a brief period—say, over Labor Day—for nine dollars, with proportionate reductions from intermediate points. The first half of this is a regular ticket, with point of departure and destination clearly set forth. The second half is no ticket at all, but an order for one. It bears a prominent number, some printed matter and the signature of the buyer. The company sends advices to its Niagara Falls office as to just what numbers entitle holders to transportation to New York or to other points. There is absolutely nothing on the coupon to indicate the destination. If the traveler decides to sell his unused half of the ticket nobody can tell from the number what it is good for, and must take his word for it. More than this, the holder must present the order no earlier than one hour and no later than fifteen minutes before traintime, and must duplicate his signature in the presence of the agent. This system has practically reduced the fraudulent dealing in cheap tickets to a negligible minimum; and so the scalper has not been driven out of business by injunction, but has been starved out—there's practically nothing left for him to scalp.

During the twenty years preceding 1886 more than seven million immigrants landed at our ports and were distributed throughout the country by the railroads. These years were noted for their rate wars. The regular immigrant fare from New York to Chicago was thirteen dollars, but this constantly fluctuated—eight dollars one day, five another, four another, and so on. To get what business they could the railroads paid enormous commissions to the man on the street who sold their transportation. These commissions ranged at times from twenty to forty per cent. This stupendous immigrant business, the chaotic conditions attending it and the appalling commissions paid, developed a class of licensed runners who swarmed lower Broadway in the neighborhood of Castle Garden and the Barge Office. These were mostly foreigners whose business it was to swindle their confiding countrymen. No sooner had the stranger set foot in Battery Park than he was solicited by a compatriot to buy a ticket by this route or that. The grafters had in their possession large bunches of tickets and were authorized to sell them for any figure they would fetch. The railroads were particularly afraid of these men—to offend them meant loss of business, which was the very breath of the company's nostrils. And so, with no check to their depredations, they sold tickets for all they could possibly screw out of the immigrants, and then turned in a very much smaller sum than they had received, and on this had the effrontery to collect a commission of thirty-five or forty per cent.

Think of it!—a runner selling a ticket for ten dollars to an immigrant, turning five in to the company, and on this collecting forty per cent—seven dollars for the runner and three for the company!

These grafters played the game both ways—outgoing as well as incoming. When one of them saw a man in the distance he'd approach him and ask what line of steamers he was going to take, and then, without the exertion of any effort, mental or physical, steer him into the office of the company and collect a dollar a head for each one in the party. At times some of these fellows made as much as a hundred and fifty dollars a day. Even policemen became grafters on the steamship companies. If a stranger chanced to ask a bluecoat the whereabouts of a certain booking office the latter would not direct him, mind you, but would lead him into the place and later call around for his commission. So keen was the competition for this kind of business that no individual line dared take the initiative in abolishing the pest. But those profane and picturesque scoundrels were eventually driven to the wall, protesting with unintended irony that they were the victims of the beneficence of organization.

Although the immigrant secured somewhat cheaper transportation through the runner he was still the most hapless victim of graft. The runner was hand-in-glove with the boarding-house keeper, with whom he used to share the spoils. To picture the struggle between a band of immigrants and these leeches doesn't require the imagination of a Poe, although only the pen of such a one could adequately portray it. Whole families were ruthlessly plundered and cast out helpless into the world. Or they were held by the boarding-house keeper until they had parted with their last sou and were then handed their railroad tickets and put on a train breadless, where they were treated like cattle and compelled to depend on the charity of their neighbors. The criminal records show how boys were forced to steal, women sent upon the town, all because of merciless gouging by the runners.

For reasons of its own—political, perhaps—the Government never came to the rescue of the stranger within its gates. But the most curious part was that the railroads, although they knew the runner was diverting hundreds of thousands of dollars a year from their treasuries, were afraid to attack him. He had become an institution, with tentacles reaching into the immigrant boarding houses, foreign exchange offices and the headquarters of the ward heelers. Deeply intrenched, he was the most bullying, vociferous, lowdown boss that ever a huge corporation truckled to.

*The First Road Offered a Seventy-Five Cent Dinner With Every First-Class Ticket*

As a matter of fact, he not only paid what he chose for tickets that he had sold, but settled for them when he chose. Besides selling to the immigrants, the grafters sent bunches of tickets up through the states along the big lines, and they were made use of by farmers, merchants and all classes of laborers who could bring themselves to travel under such conditions.

From time to time efforts were made by the railroads to throw off this "old man of the sea," but without avail. Presently a move was inaugurated for the establishment of a joint ticket office at Castle Garden for the handling of immigrant business. All tickets issued to immigrants were to come from this agency. In 1883 the agency began operations. Each road was represented by its own agent, and to these agents were assigned immigrants by the shipload as far as practicable, which prevented the separation of families and friends.

Late in 1884 one of the railroads withdrew from the agency, and various irregularities occurred that caused the fare to be cut to a nine-dollar schedule from New York to Chicago. But things had gone as far as patience could endure. The Pennsylvania Railroad resolved upon drastic measures, and on January 1, 1885, made a flat immigrant rate of one dollar from New York to Chicago, St. Louis and intermediate points. Thus it corraled the whole immigrant business and literally compelled the establishment of the Immigrant Clearing House. This institution, which is technically a joint immigrant ticket agency, embraces the nine initial lines running west from New York.

By means of this agency the roads are enabled to maintain rates to the West. The immigrant must pay a little more for his ticket, but he pays vastly less for entertainment. Instead of being turned over to the runners and boarding-house keepers to be fleeced, he is taken to Ellis Island and there put aboard steamers that connect with the trains that are to carry him at once to his destination. To each railroad is assigned an equitable amount of traffic. Nor is the immigrant in any sense restricted in his choice of routes. He may take any line he pleases. Furthermore, the facilities and service furnished him today are better than those enjoyed by first-class passengers in former years. The vast benefit of this institution may be judged from the fact that during ten years—January, 1900, to December, 1909—3,124,879 immigrants were ticketed by the railroads at the Ellis Island agency, all of whom reached their destinations without molestation or mishap of any kind. To appreciate the magnitude of this class of traffic one has only to know that during the spring and fall, when strangers arrive in the greatest numbers, as many as three thousand immigrants are ticketed at the Ellis Island agency in a single day.

*Passed an Ordinance That No Train Should Run Through the City at a Greater Speed Than Four Miles an Hour*

### *Ticket Selling a Fine Art*

IN THE past the railroad companies often used their fists to induce patronage. Now it is persuasive speech—the written word—psychological, suggestive. They use the beautiful insidiously to sow the seeds of desire.

It's a simple matter to sell transportation to those who want it, but it's the business of the clever agent to sell to those who don't want it. And it's the ability to do this that raises the salesman's efforts from the mechanical to the mental class.

Once there was an ancient Hebrew who kept a small clothing shop on the Bowery. One afternoon he was sitting outside with his son when a sailor lurched along.

**Home Again!**

WITH all the comforts that you find nowhere else on earth.

And not the least of these is

**Campbell's Soups**

Pure, wholesome, satisfying: ready in a minute for every emergency and every taste.

Do you get the full benefit of these nourishing palatable soups on *your* table?

Do you realize what a variety of choice they offer; and how much they add to the enjoyment of every meal?

You couldn't produce better soups in your own home—no matter how much care and expense you go to.

Try one of these Campbell "kinds" for dinner today. *Just try it.* Why put it off another day?

If you have any prejudice against ready-prepared soup it will disappear as soon as you taste these delicious and perfect soups.

Otherwise the grocer refunds your money.

**21 kinds 10c a can**

Asparagus — Julienne
Beef — Mock Turtle
Bouillon — Mulligatawny
Celery — Mutton Broth
Chicken — Ox Tail
Clam Bouillon — Pea
Consommé — Pepper Pot
Mock Bisque — Printanier
Mock Chowder — Tomato
Mulligatawny — Tomato Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

*Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.*

**Look for the red-and-white label**

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

"Their soups make me feel
Like a well-filled 'Bologna,'
A state that's as great
As my own Arizona."


"Father," cried the boy gleefully, "I'm going to show you what kind of a salesman I am just watch me'"

The sailor entered the place. "How much is that blue flannel shirt?" he demanded.

"Two dollars."

"Give it to me. How much are those trousers?"

"Four dollars."

"Give them to me"

The sailor paid his bill, received his goods and departed, and the boy, seeking approval, said to his father: "Didn't I tell you what a good salesman I was?"

But the old man answered quietly: "If you'd sold him that old green coat up there, with the brass buttons, you might call yourself a salesman."

It's not the fellow that is going to Syracuse anyway that the agent must sell to, but the man he must persuade to go there over some particular road. In one instance we have some five or six prominent roads running between two great cities. Two of these are known as standard-fare and the others as differential-rate lines. The former may charge twenty dollars for a twenty-eight-hour trip, adding a dollar for each hour the trip is cut. Consequently the eighteen-hour flyer is thirty dollars—fifty per cent more than the regular train. The differential lines may do likewise, charge eighteen dollars for a twenty-eight-hour run, and a dollar more for every sixty minutes the time is reduced. It is clear that owing to superior service the standard-fare roads would get all the patronage if the others were not allowed to charge a smaller fare. But the agent must give better service in every way to justify the higher rate. Every feature of advantage must be played to the full. When fare and time are equal between roads other inducements must be presented.

"Our axiom today," said a railroad president, "is: 'We must try to be compensated for what we give, and we must give the best for what we get.'"

### *Rivalry Between Railroads*

To the casual traveler the agent has a broad field of appeal. He plays his hand for all it's worth. "Go this way and see the famous Hudson, or go that way and see the Water Gap. That route leads through the Canadian Rockies; this takes you through the vast wheat belt of the Dakotas. Don't miss the Horseshoe Curve"—and all the rest of it.

The Americans are not only a money-getting and a time-saving people but they are a comfort-loving people as well. In this country of great distances and endless commercial ramifications our people have to spend much of their time on the road. So the companies contribute every comfort and luxury to rob travel of its terrors. The question of fares and time being equal between rivals, and the matter of picturesqueness of no concern to the man who has gone over the route many times, the item of service alone remains. So closely have the roads vied with each other in this respect that it has become merely a matter of personal likes and dislikes.

After expatiating on the virtues of his road the clever agent takes a negative attitude and tells of the particular faults that it hasn't got—faults that are conspicuously present in his rival. "Hard coal—no smoke" is a strong card against the insufferable nuisance of soft coal.

There was a rich man who went in his automobile to a village, located near a certain railroad on which soft coal was used, to look over a place that he had been asked to purchase. He was much pleased and was on the point of signing the contract, but something detained his lawyer and the execution of the agreement was put off. He traveled to the place next day by rail; but when he got there he was so disgusted with his experience on the railroad that he telephoned the real-estate man that he had changed his mind about settling in that section and that the deal was off.

Obviously one must avoid mentioning names in an article of this nature. Nor can the road to which I've referred be identified by the process of elimination. There are a number of such roads in the country. The case is not like that of the sport who sat in a poker game in which a one-eyed man was included. The sport, feeling convinced that cheating was going on, finally observed: "I'm not mentioning any names, but if a certain onery creature doesn't quit his funny business I'll shoot his other eye out."

Also referring to a road in a flattering way is apt to be reactive in effect. A certain editor of a famous magazine requested a distinguished author to write a description of a trip from Chicago to New York for his publication. At the same time he warned him not to mention any particular road; and the author, as he thought, religiously obeyed the injunction. After dilating upon the alluring nature of the country through which he passed, and giving anecdotes showing how polite the train crew had been and how good the meals were, he cunningly hid the identity of the road in the following way: "Beyond the dusky purple vastness of the river which Washington Irving so loved, the good-night kiss of the sun was lingering on the hilltops."

No sooner was the article published than a great passenger agent wrote the editor: "Why are you booming the —— road? Next time mention ours or we'll be compelled to restrict our advertising." And the editor promptly replied that the agent might go hang.

There is a whole lot of talk about discourtesy on the part of railroad men. However, there have been instances where passengers were not precisely Chesterfieldian in their manners. Nor are they patient with one another at all times. These shortcomings are usually charged to the account of the commuter. Once a greenhorn placed himself at the end of a long line at the ferry ticket window and asked for a ticket to Chicago. Every other man in the line had seen the ferryboat come in and was wondering whether he could catch it.

"Don't sell tickets to Chicago at this window," snapped the clerk.

"But I must have one," insisted the man.

"But I tell you I don't sell 'em here."

At this point the ferryboat whistled.

"Well, where can I go to get one?" drawled the man.

And everybody on the line told him.

But, as a fact and quite logically, courtesy has taken the place once held by ruffianism in passenger traffic.

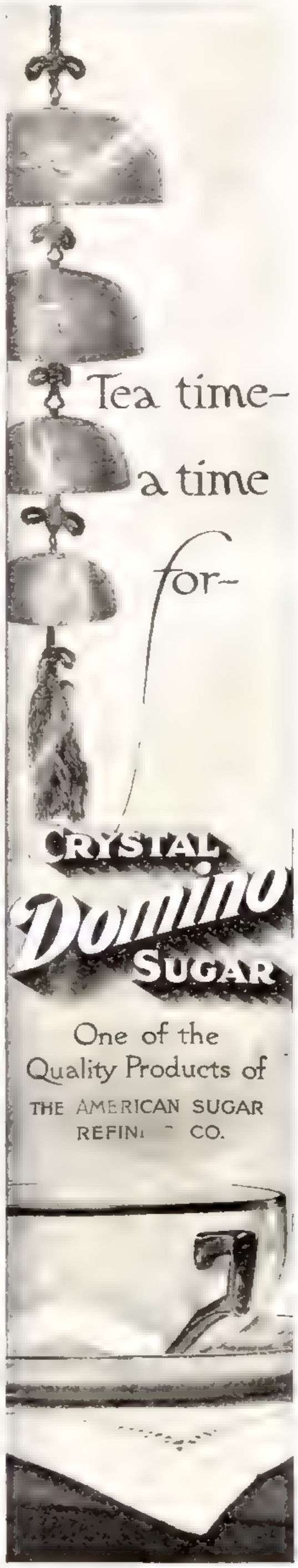
Public sentiment in this matter is very strong. Once a civil engineer had a dispute with a conductor and was roundly abused. For two years this gentleman walked two miles, morning and evening, not so much to patronize the opposition as to avoid a road that tolerated ruffianism. This may seem foolish, but it's a good sample instance.

There is no doubt that the interstate commerce law and the activities of the public-service bodies of the different states have enabled the railroads to operate in a constructive rather than destructive manner. Some presidents insist that these bodies seek to administer rather than to regulate; that their policy, instead of being elastic, is rigid and restricted. Be that as it may, the railroads never had a sure foundation to build on until these laws were enacted. They never knew what moment the bottom would drop out of an agreement and all the roads in it be plunged into a ruinous rate war. Their time and energy were spent in watching the enemy.

### *People That Ride on Passes*

How does the interstate commerce law prevent demoralization? In the first place, by cutting off rebates of every kind—the most deadly blow that could be dealt to corrupt practices by railroads. No representative of a road operating in two states—the only kind subject to Federal law—may give transportation free or exchange it for advertising without subjecting himself and the receiver, each, to a fine of not less than one hundred and not more than two thousand dollars. The New York state law puts a penalty of two thousand dollars on the road that gives away a pass and a like fine on the person who takes it.

A New Jersey statute compels the railroads to furnish free transportation to state legislators and certain other officials. There is a humorous phase to the operation of this law. For instance, an official rides on his pass from Trenton, say, to Jersey City and then pays his fare to New York. The act might be construed that he was using his pass as part of an interstate trip and he might be punished for contempt of the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission. To escape punishment he would have to prove that he had traveled to Jersey City and that his trip to New York was an afterthought. At any rate, it might be wise for him to wait over one

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boat. It is not on record, however, that any Jerseyman has ever been brought up on this charge.

There is nothing in the law to prevent a railroad from reducing its rates to any figure it sees fit. It may do this on giving five days' notice to the commission, but the rub is here: When a road raises its rate or changes its classification it must give the commission thirty days' notice. While investigating the contemplated change the commission may suspend the operation of the same for a hundred and twenty days, and at the end of that time for six months more if it chooses. Bear in mind, the commission is empowered to decide what shall be a reasonable and just rate. Now suppose a road, being in a position to carry certain goods—bricks or coal—partway by water, wishes to injure its rival—who must carry such goods the entire distance by rail—and so cuts rates. It notifies the commission that it intends reducing its charges to a certain reasonable and just level. When the rival is driven from that particular field, and the road wishes to restore rates to a former paying basis, the fact that its cut rates were claimed to be reasonable and just would be most awkward. In other words, it would be hard to satisfy the commission that two different rates were equally reasonable and just. Here's an instance: In a certain state the passenger rate was formerly three cents a mile; but, with legislation threatening, the roads voluntarily cut this to two and a half cents. As was expected, the legislature put rates on a two-cent basis, but the courts held this to be confiscatory and unconstitutional. However, the roads never went back to more than a two-and-a-half cent rate, since it would have been inconsistent for them to do so after voluntarily reducing the same to that figure.

### *The Man With the Eagle Eye*

In the Far West some roads may charge a higher rate on their mountain divisions than on those sections built across the prairies, since these divisions must themselves earn the money that pays the interest on the bonds that were floated for their construction.

The mechanism of the passenger department of a great road would seem to be fearfully complex. But it's really very simple. There's the general passenger agent, to whom the heads of the rate, excursion, refund, advertising and accounting departments report. The excursion clerk handles correspondence in connection with the movement of theater companies, circuses, picnics, special parties, and so forth. Also he must keep in touch with the different societies, lodges, and the like; and, if a movement is contemplated, he must see to it that the advantages of his line are duly presented. He occupies the watch-tower on the hill, so to speak. It is his constant vigilance that tends to keep the subordinates on the alert. The other heads of departments may not be actively engaged in getting passenger business, but it's an axiom that every employee of a department shall be a solicitor, officially and privately. He is expected to keep his eyes and ears always open for business—even at dances, church parties or picnics. When he learns of an excursion or the like, he is expected to push the thing along in the direction of his road.

A typical Eastern road has a general solicitor's department, the members of which are constantly out for business, big and little. Conventions—religious, Masonic, political or social—are their particular game. But they also cover the hotels and look out for individual passengers. They make it a business to cultivate the hotel clerk, but particularly the head porters, who always know just when certain persons are going to leave. The solicitor visits the great shop or factory and drums up trade for vacation trips. He is armed with a number of carefully prepared itineraries in which his own road figures more prominently than any other. At his tongue's end is information as to altitude, distance, cost of living, amusements afforded, and everything down to the last detail.

The territory of most roads is divided into districts, presided over by district passenger agents. Each of these has a corps of trained assistants.

The man most intimately in touch with the situation is the traveling agent. He reports to the head of the district. This man lives with his ear to the ground. It is amazing how carefully he rakes the territory over. Nothing is too small for him to scoop in. In order to keep his finger on the pulse of the community he visits the offices and stations along his route and sees to it that the agents are wide awake. Also from these he gleans information of the most minute personal nature. If Matilda Jones even so much as hints to her sister, in the seclusion of the home, that she would like to go to California, she is sure to be waited upon by an insinuating stranger with a whole budget of information as to his road, and if he's the right kind of a man he'll close the deal before he leaves. Or he learns that the Methodist Sunday-school at some small town is talking about an excursion to a place twenty miles off, and proceeds to corral the business just as methodically, just as inexorably, as he would go out to place the transportation of a thousand or more Masons to San Francisco.

The small fry, individually, are not much, but count up wonderfully. It would surprise the members of some insignificant orders or societies if they knew that the greedy eyes of many railroads were constantly on them. But the traveling agent knows that the man in the tower on the hill is always watching him, and he's apt at any time to receive a most peremptory demand for an explanation of how the First Baptist Sunday-school of Billings slipped through his fingers to the rival road.

The traveling agent always carries a pocketful of real inducements. Also he has the gift of enticingly exaggerating points of no importance. He has ever in mind that there are three classes of travelers: one for business and another for social purposes, who know where they're going and are controlled by service, equipment and the like; the third class doesn't know what it wants and must be persuaded. It is with the last that the traveling mine of information gets in his fine work.

The commutation branch of the business and the dining-car service furnish the best illustrations of the far-sighted, scientific development of transportation. Formerly the companies looked for a direct profit from each department. Now each branch is regarded as part of the whole machine. The "diner" is used to promote travel. In itself it is a losing proposition. One great trunkline lost, during the year ending June 30, 1909, ninety-one thousand dollars on its "diners." Nor can it cover this deficit by increased fares. The one consolation is that there would be a much greater deficit through loss of patronage if it did away with the service. "You can't drive the public back to the hard-boiled egg and doughnut proposition," said a certain president.

### *The Commuter as a Customer*

From all accounts it would seem that the commuter is the one great thorn in the side of the railroad. But he isn't. The company makes a scientific proposition of him. To be sure, there's a lot of wrangling and the like. Some presidents claim that this customer furnishes ten per cent of the business and ninety per cent of the complaints. Though the commuter has succeeded the farmer and the hobo as a subject for the cartoonist, he has made himself a power. That he is a fighter there is no doubt—otherwise he wouldn't be a commuter.

The railroad claims that it practically makes no money on the commuter's fare, but it doesn't claim that it carries him because it loves him. The company makes fifteen dollars a year on each member of the commuter's family by carrying freight and express packages to supply their wants. Furthermore, the commuter gives the railroad habit to his relatives. These people are great buyers of ten and fifty trip tickets. Now the railroad knows that a fifty-trip ticket burns a hole in a woman's purse. She doesn't regard it as money, but as a sort of credit-in-advance proposition, and she's going to live up to it at any cost.

The commutation question is a burning one—much too big to be treated in a short article. In one state they're talking of making it an issue in the next political campaign.

When all is said and done, the commuter makes for good roads and good service. In a certain case he raised such a row that one of the big trunklines converted a hot, smoky tunnel into an open-air cut at the cost of something like seven million dollars.

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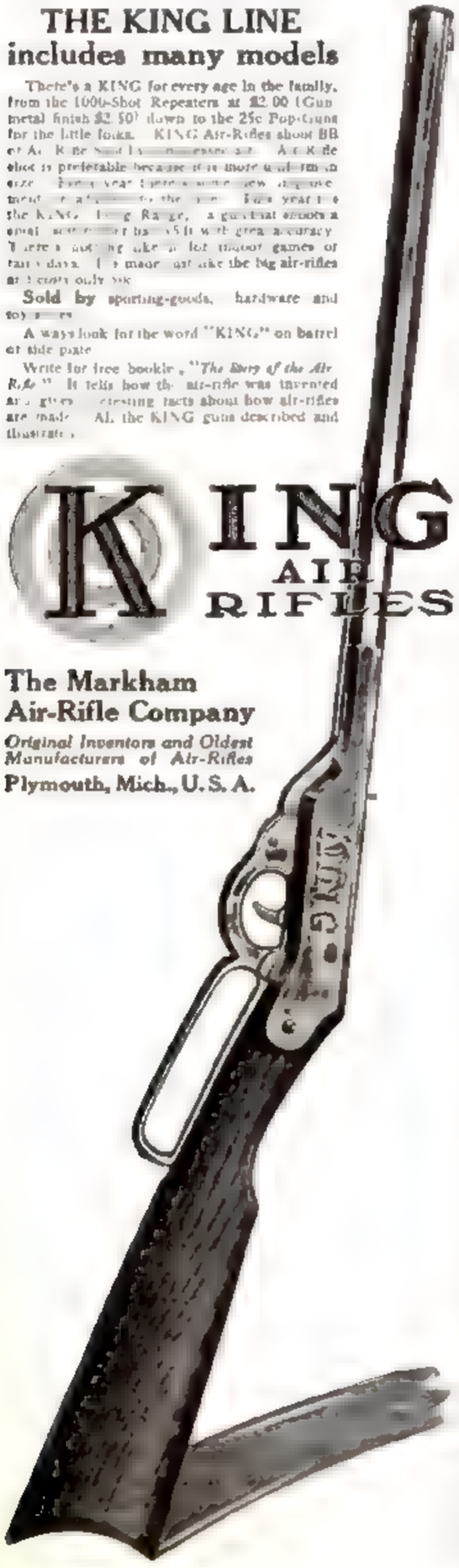

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# OUT-OF-DOORS

## Points on Fly-Fishing

IN THE earlier days of Mississippi River bass fishing the correct fly was a large and heavy contrivance, with black wings and white tip, and with black-and-white body. It was supposed to imitate the crawfish on which the bass feed. This fly later seemed to wear out, and in recent times almost all the patterns known to the fly-fisher's rainbow have been used with more or less success on these same bass. So strong is the current and so vigorous the fish that a special brand of tackle has been for some time in use for this particular kind of fly-fishing—the hook hand-forged and flattened, the flies large and specially tied with reinforced gut at the head. The eyed fly is now coming more into use and the patterns seem to be tied rather lighter. A small hook, or one of thin wire, will very often lose one of these bass in the stiff water.

The best fishing there begins about the early part of July, and it may continue until November, for the bass will take the fly in weather so cold that the line will almost freeze to the rod. These facts are such as we do not customarily associate with the thought of fly-fishing. Any skeptic, looking at a string of two dozen three-pound bass killed on a fine October day once not an impossible take in that region—would be very apt to think the fly good enough for him. Such fishing is clean and simple. The old green minnow-tail is needless, as well as the basket of live frogs. The brutality of live-bait fishing is lacking and you do not even have to pull the claws off a crawfish and impale him by the tail.

### A Fish Not Hard to Fool

When bass are feeding in shallow water round the edges of lakes they will run at almost anything that is moving on the surface of the water, and the artificial fly would perhaps be almost as deadly as the live frog if one could cast it as far, and if it were equally free from fouling in the reeds or grasses among which the bass feed.

The writer has stood waist-deep in a Wisconsin lake and caught two dozen bass indifferently on the fly and the frog, simply to work out the theory of it. Moreover, there are times when a fisherman on almost any lake will be almost unable to catch bass on live bait, no matter how hard he tries. Sometimes the shrewd fly-fisherman can go out in the dusk in such conditions and do more in an hour than he could all day with live bait. If there is a very heavy hatch of the sandfly or the cisco fly the bass will gorge themselves on the hatch and will not feed for the rest of the day. A good-sized cork-bodied gray drake, fished dry in the twilight over the sandbar where flies are hatching, will do the business handsomely.

Usually speaking, the fly for the black bass should be rather large and rather bright in color, and it should be fished about a foot below the surface—always, of course, being kept moving. The splash of any object in the water near it does not seem to frighten a bass so much as the sight of the angler or the sense of some disturbance of the bottom. On the contrary, as such a splash may be made by a frog or a small fish, sometimes it will attract the bass; and often you will see them run many yards at a live bait or at a fly. They do not strike quite so boldly on the surface as a trout and are very suspicious; so that if your fly falls dead for an instant after it alights it is not apt to get a rise. It must begin to move as soon as it strikes the water. More bass can be caught on the fly than the average angler knows. One time the writer was fishing below a milldam, using a fine shiner for bait and a large yellow fly tied a little distance above the minnow. Getting a heavy strike, a three-pound bass was landed; and it was taken not by the fine, fat minnow but on the fly, which looked like nothing in the world.

Nor does the list of fly-fishes end with the black bass—either smallmouth or large-mouth. There are many other species that will take the fly. Thus, near the city of Lexington, Kentucky, there is or was a long artificial pond known as Lake Ellerslie, where the city waterworks are located. This water was long ago stocked with bream; and at one time fly-fishing for bream in the evening was one of the popular sports of that city, catches of two or three dozen to the rod being by no means unusual. With light tackle bream-fishing is very good fun indeed.

The strawberry bass, and any of several species of the bluegill or sunfish, will strike eagerly at the artificial fly and give good sport when nothing better is doing. They give a good chance to teach the boy how to use his fly-tackle and may be found in almost any lake over a wide part of the country. Sometimes in the evening very good-sized strawberry bass and the largest specimens of the sunfish will take the fly. There seems to be a sort of preference for yellow on the part of these small-mouthed little fish, as in the patterns known as professor, queen of waters, and so on, which also will do for rock-bass or croppie.

A fly with considerable red in it, or red and white, will very often attract a pickerel; and that fish is sometimes a nuisance to the bass fisherman. On the Mississippi River red is pretty much tabooed by the boatmen for that reason. No doubt, if one had to have pickerel and had only the fly to take them, a sufficient number could be killed.

There is in some Western rivers an annual June run of a fish known as the white bass—a very fine table fish which sometimes goes upstream in vast numbers. Such a run lasts only a few days, but while it is on the fly-fishermen have fine sport. For the rest of the year they may not take a single specimen of the white bass on any kind of lure.

Another mysterious fish, which offers fine sport to the properly equipped fly-fisherman for a short time, is the cisco or lake herring, a deepwater fish known in a few Western lakes, where, usually in the month of June, it sometimes appears in schools on the surface for a week or ten days and strikes furiously. The cisco season is very eagerly awaited by the summer residents.

Yet another fish—as it chances, worthless on the table though interesting on the fly—is the mooneye, which comes up out of deep water in some Western lakes and rivers for a short time each spring or summer. This fish will strike the fly very keenly—the best time being in the evening—and will give good sport on the rod. It is not altogether dissimilar to the "hickory shad," which is found in the Mississippi and many of its tributaries. The latter is an active fish, sometimes rising in little schools in places frequented by bass. The fly-fisherman who happens to hook one of these fish foul is apt to have an interesting time on his hands.

### Dogwood Blossoms for Catfish

There is a species of channel catfish, a slim little fellow with black spots, which you will find in Missouri, Arkansas and elsewhere. He is not in the least a bad game fish and has even been known to take the fly, strange as that may seem. Fly-fishing for catfish would be something new; but the writer has always wondered what there was in the tale of an old Southern negro, who told him he frequently had caught catfish by using dogwood blossoms for his bait—a tale which could never be investigated.

Taking the Eastern, Northern and Rocky Mountain states and the Appalachian system of the South, together with the Sierra and Cascade country of the Pacific Slope, there is a very wide region offered in which several species of trout—the brook trout, rainbow trout, brown trout, steelhead salmon—or the larger varieties more common in lakes, may be taken at one or other season of the year. In the Rockies, even yet, very keen fishing can be had on any of very many rivers. The best fly-fishing season is late in the summer, in the higher altitudes. In some of these streams it is commonly said the trout will not take a fly, but the same is said of bass in most bass rivers. Try it—and keep on trying it. Sometimes a bright fly, such as the silver doctor, tied rather large, will do the business where soberer patterns fail. Again, you may be fishing a fly altogether too large, and perhaps a tiny gray hackle, or even a midge, fished in the evening, will raise an unexpected number of good fish.

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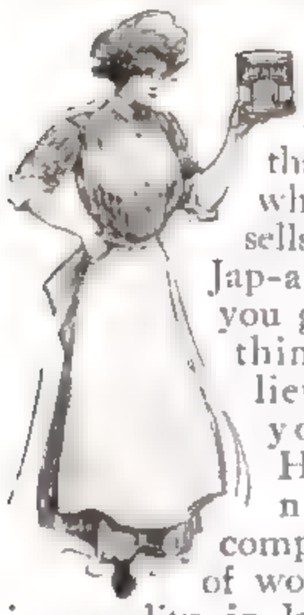

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Indeed, there is hardly any water, with any sort of game fish in it, where you cannot now and then do business with the artificial fly.

Sometimes opportunity may knock at your door in most unexpected places. Far out in the short-grass country of Western Nebraska I once saw a man come on board the train with a fine basket of fresh trout and with his waders still wet. There was nothing visible by way of fishing-water except an innocent-looking prairie stream, lined with an occasional bunch of willows—the last place in the world you would look for a trout! Yet it was full of trout for twenty miles, having been stocked by the Government some years earlier. Again, a very innocent stream in South Dakota once produced some astonishing baskets of brook, rainbow and brown trout. Research showed that all these waters had been planted from the hatchery at Spearfish.

If more men now are fishing flies than ever before there seems to be good encouragement for all of them. We do not seem to be making any headway in game preservation in this country, but we are doing very well in stocking waters with game fishes. A game bird lays only about a dozen eggs, and usually we Americans shoot her on the nest, so that they do not hatch; and we wonder why we have so few game birds now. A trout or a bass may lay five thousand to ten thousand eggs, and under good care in the hatchery more then ninety per cent of these will hatch. The value of fish culture is established beyond a peradventure. Without it, even the bait-fisher would be out of a job in much of our country. With it, the fly-fisher will have something to do for many years—because, very happily, a good part of the planted species will take the fly.

Aside from its productiveness fly-fishing has other advantages. The bait-fisherman, humped up on a boat-seat or a bank, his muscles relaxed, his chin on his breast, makes a different physical image from the fly-fisherman, with head and chest and arms high, and muscles very much in use. The mental attitude of the bait-fisher is one of dull hope or half-expectancy. The fly-fisher is continually eager—continually keyed up. The minute he gets slack in his work he ceases to take fish. It will not do for him to slap his fly on the water and let it drag or float. He must work it all the time—keep it moving. At no time may his muscles, or his mind, or his nervous system be at rest. There is continual tension, continual stimulus of a gentle sort. He must be alive. No man can properly fish the fly and think of anything else. It is a clean, decent, enlivening sort of sport and, all in all, it has a far wider applicability in our country than usually is supposed.

You can get a fly-rod for from five dollars to thirty-five. The latter sort is better if you can afford it. A dry-fly outfit runs into money, but it is money well spent if you fancy the sport of angling. The line, of course, must be suited to the rod, rather heavy than light. Your leaders cannot be too good. Sometimes when fish will not rise the fault is in the leader and not in the fly. As to the patterns of the fly and the sizes to be used, reference, of course, must be had to the sort of fishing intended. There are about a dozen patterns known as standard patterns in the tackle shops, and these will do ordinarily for trout, for bass or for any of the small fry such as have been mentioned above. Ordinarily the bass fly will be brighter than that for trout. Sometimes a freak fly will take bass just as it will trout. The perpetual variety of fly-fishing is one of its greatest charms. You will find when you get into it, if you have not already done so, that the fly—well used—will put more fish into your basket than commonly is believed. The outfit, compared with that of the bait-caster of good equipment, is not much, if any, more expensive. The better grades of goods you get the more apt you are to have success. Of course it is much better to pay the rent before you trust yourself in the tackle shop—if unfortunately you have contracted the habit of paying the rent; but this same advice applies to almost any kind of sport you can name. Money spent in business may or may not be doubled. Spent in politics, it is lost. Spent in sport, it is increased—at the lowest calculation—a hundredfold.

# The Tricks of High Climbing

THOUGH much sport can be had without the thirty-third degree of glacier work, every climber ought to know something about glaciology, or at least be familiar with the terms that describe the makeup of the average glacier. The lower end is called the snout or nose of the glacier. The ridges of the débris are *moraines*—lateral or terminal. When you get upon the top of the glacier you may see round holes cut through by water. Such a hole is called a *moulin*. A *séruc* is an upstanding pillar of ice cut out by intersecting cracks. A crevasse is simply a crack in the glacier, of varying depth and size, and no self-respecting glacier is without an abundance of crevasses. Sometimes snow lies across such a crack and this may or may not be hard enough to serve as a bridge. Should the head guide disappear from sight beneath the snow it is a safe bet that he has gone into a crevasse, and another safe bet is that the rope will be a good thing for him and the rest of the party. It is sometimes very difficult to get a man up out of a straight shaft of this sort, and he is expected to help himself to some extent if he can get hand or foot to any sort of purchase.

An icefall is where the frozen current of the glacier has dropped over a ledge of rock and been shattered. It is not a desirable thing to encounter; neither is any point where an upthrusting bunch of rocks has ripped the solid ice apart as the glacier slips down over it, and so left huge broken blocks.

If, perhaps, you have passed up the face of your glacier, or across it to its top, you strike the snowfields that have not yet been packed into ice. There is no real dividing line between the glacier and the snowfield. The latter is called *névé*. Again, at the upper edge of the *névé*, you are very apt to come to a great fissure or cleft, where the glacier body breaks off from the face of rocks at its head. In climbing parlance, this is called the *Bergschlund*. Most of these phrases are unknown in the Rockies, but you will be obliged to learn them so that you can toss them off lightly if you expect to associate with the experts.

Though we may not have glaciers on every mountain in the Rockies, we are very apt to have icy slopes, which may at times be covered with light falls of snow. Take no chances on any snowslope. Sound it with the ax-shaft or the staff. If you find ice go slow, brush off the snow and cut steps. A light covering of snow might take every one of the party down a slope of this sort if they carelessly attempted to walk across. A guide will take more chances than you should. Sometimes, in the Tyrol, the guides wear *crampons*, or climbing irons, strapped to their feet. These reduce the risk on ice to some extent, although it is always safer to take your time and cut steps on a bad slope, or *traverse*, as it is called.

Suppose you really do meet a glacier in your rambles in the American Rockies and are obliged or desire to ascend it. Study it first. You will see that it rarely comes down out of the hills straight, but may curve or spill around to fill up the valley or cañon. Take the concave side. The convex probably has a point of rocks on it, and the ice flowing down over this is much more apt to be broken into ridges or crevasses, which, of course, you want to avoid. When the upper rocks of a mountain look shiny and glassy, that means a coating of ice. It is best to keep off such a place. Always avoid rocks where rain has frozen into a thin coating of ice. You will soon learn to detect the blue look of ice on a mountain face and to tell ice from snow.

Perhaps, when you are well along to the top of your chosen *arête*, you may find just between you and the top of your peak an overhanging bank of snow, cutting you off from the ascent. This is called a cornice. It occurs when the wind has blown the snow out over the rim of a ridge. Look out for this thing from the upper side also, and be sure, on any narrow hogback or ridge, that you are walking over the support of the rock itself and are not in danger of breaking through the snow that makes the rim of a cornice. It is best to keep back from what seems to be the ridge in cases of this kind; certainly, at least, some of the party should do so. Then, if a man disappears through the cornice, there is anchorage on the safe side of the rim.

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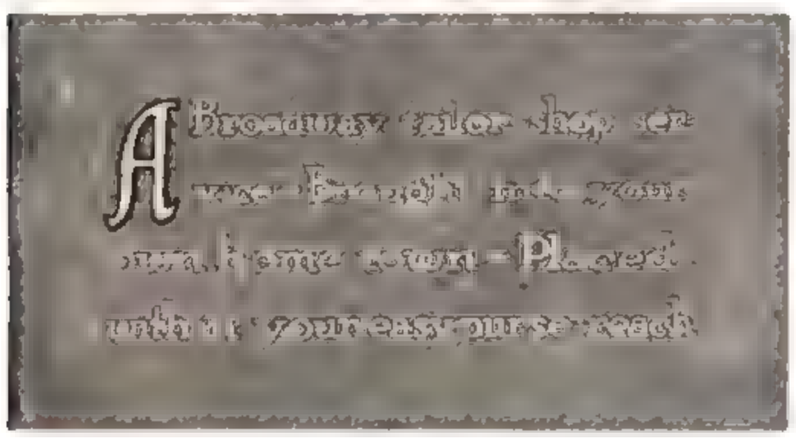

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of ample leisure hours and the b
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That is the reason, too, wh
ers are drawn to this business.
tailor-shop help in Chicago and
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our men we strive to put into ou

SIX BIG FEATURES of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
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# How to Read a Railroad Report—By Roger W. Babson

AFTER ascertaining the total bonded debt of a railroad and the fixed charges necessary to pay the interest on said debt and keep the railroad out of a receivership, all of which was discussed in our article some weeks ago, the next important question refers to the income available for paying said fixed charges. Therefore, to continue our illustration, in the case of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company, a report thereon would read somewhat as follows:

The gross income of the property for the year ending June 30, 1910, amounted to $104,993,195, or about $10,588 a mile. The growth of these earnings since 1900 is shown as follows:

| Year | Total | Per Mile | Net | Per Mile |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1900 | $46,232,[illegible] | $[illegible]67.49 | $[illegible] | $[illegible]12 |
| 1901 | [illegible]474,[illegible] | [illegible]41 | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| 1902 | [illegible]135,[illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| 1903 | [illegible]340,[illegible] | [illegible]12 | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| 1904 | 68,171,[illegible] | 8,734.31 | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| 1905 | [illegible]375,837 | 8,[illegible]70 | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| 1906 | 78,044,347 | [illegible] | 31,[illegible] | [illegible]50 |
| 1907 | [illegible]3[illegible],407 | [illegible] | 35,[illegible] | [illegible] |
| 1908 | [illegible]17,796 | [illegible] | 36,[illegible] | [illegible] |
| 1909 | 94,265,717 | [illegible] | 37,[illegible] | [illegible] |
| 1910 | 104,993,195 | 10,588.09 | 37,781,430 | 3,810.14 |

In the above table two kinds of income are referred to—namely, gross income and net income. Most railroads receive their income from four sources: first, passengers; second, freight; third, dividends and interest from securities held; and fourth, from miscellaneous sources, such as advertising, telegraphing, expressage, and so on. It is always desirable to buy securities of roads that have shown a continual increase in both gross and net earnings. Moreover, this increase is better represented in earnings for a mile. The road that obtains greater gross earnings simply by increasing the mileage is not growing; but if the earnings for a mile of road are increasing—and especially for a share of stock outstanding—such a road is growing in a healthy manner. Therefore, the gross earnings should first be considered when selecting a railroad bond.

### Terms and Their Interpretations

However, the bondholders ultimately are not so much interested in what the conductors and freight agents collect as in what the treasurer has left after all bills have been paid. This is known as the "net earnings," which amount is the gross earnings less the operating expenses; or, technically, the gross earnings less the operating expenses plus other income, as the above report includes among the earnings receipts other than from strict transportation.

Another term often used in reports on railroad bonds is the "operating ratio," which is the percentage of the operating expenses to the gross earnings. Most investors give too great importance to this operating ratio. One road will report an operating ratio of fifty per cent and another road one of sixty per cent; and the investor jumps at the assumption that the bonds of the road whose expenses are only fifty per cent of the gross receipts are much better to hold than those of the road where sixty per cent of the gross is being spent on operating expenses. This is often a great mistake, as, in my opinion, the operating ratio—or the ratio which expenses bear to gross earnings—has very little significance. All depends upon how much the two roads spend respectively on maintenance. If the road operating for fifty per cent has a similar traffic and territory, and is spending as much for maintenance, then such a road is being more efficiently operated; but otherwise not. One may readily realize that the road spending sixty per cent on operating expenses may be putting back into the property a much larger amount by renewing ties, changing to heavier rails, building stronger bridges, and so on, than the first-mentioned property; and, if so, it may be much better for the investor to hold securities in the road with an operating ratio of sixty per cent.

If all roads were located in the same territory and had the same character of traffic it would be possible to ascertain the proper percentage of the gross earnings required for maintenance; but this is now very difficult. All depends on the territory and the character of the traffic. Western and Southern roads with gross earnings of from $6000 to $7000 a mile should expend almost twenty-five per cent of the gross earnings for maintenance; but on large Eastern roads, with gross earnings of $20,000 a mile, an expenditure of from fifteen to twenty per cent should be satisfactory.

Operating expenses are usually divided into five headings, namely:

1. Transportation Expenses.
2. Traffic Expenses.
3. General Expenses.
4. Maintenance of Way and Structures.
5. Maintenance of Equipment.

The items to be charged to these five different accounts have been prescribed in detail by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The law relating to these methods of accounting went into effect July 1, 1907, and the railroad reports based on the same commenced with the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908. Definitions may be obtained from the Interstate Commerce Commission explaining in detail each of these five items, but briefly they are as follows:

1. *Transportation expenses* include wages of engineers, firemen, trainmen, flagmen, yardmen, clerks and all station and other employees. Transportation expenses also include the cost of coal and other fuel, oil and water supplies, telegraph and other services. They also include all losses for damages and similar items.

2. *Traffic expenses* include wages of officers and other employees directly in charge of traffic, such as passenger, freight, baggage and other agents, including advertising expenses and certain expenses connected with the operation of fast freight lines, and so on.

3. *General expenses* include the salaries of the president, vice-presidents and other general officers, together with their clerks. Also, attorneys' expenses, insurance premiums and other items that cannot be charged to any one of the other five divisions are included under this third head.

4. *Maintenance of way and structures* includes expenses for renewals and repairs of roadway and track, including ballasting, repairs of bridges, culverts and switches, as well as shops and buildings. In short, the renewal or repair of anything that is immovable is charged to the maintenance of way and structures.

5. *Maintenance of equipment* includes expenses for the renewals and repairs of locomotives, passenger cars, freight cars and other equipment, including water equipment, if the company operates any steamships, tugs or barges.

Now, what the reader should remember is that the amount of expenditures that comes under the first three headings is wholly obligatory and dependent upon the mileage, volume of business and efficiency of operation. The road whose proportion of gross expended on these first three items is the least usually represents the highest efficiency of management; and if the operating ratio included only these three items it would be worthy of careful consideration.

### Analyzing the Expense Account

Practically, however, the total expenses as reported also include items four and five, which are subject to the control of the board of directors. If the directors wish to make a good showing—that is, have a low percentage of operation and a high percentage of net earnings—they can economize on items four and five and "skin the road" to use a popular phrase. On the other hand, a road with small net earnings may be spending a large amount of money on items four and five and consequently be in a much stronger position. Therefore, when examining the operating expenses of any company, it is very necessary to analyze said expenses and note how liberal the management is relative to the amount spent on maintenance and charged to items four and five.

These are the first expenses that a road must pay. The average man having a mortgage on his house feels that the interest on said mortgage is the first expense that he must meet, and certainly this interest must be paid before he can set aside any permanent saving or purchase


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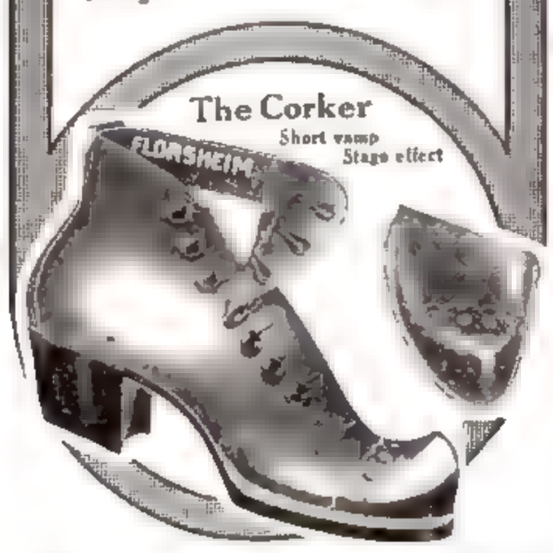


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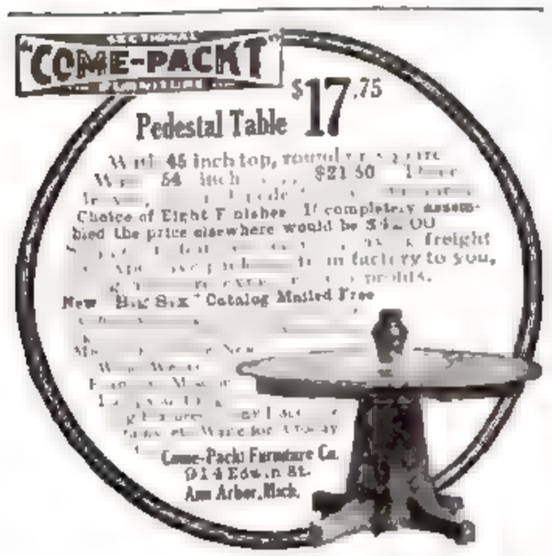

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automobiles and other luxuries. On the other hand, the family must be fed even before the interest is paid on the mortgage; and a railroad must pay for its labor, coal and oil before it even considers the payment of interest on its bonds.

The investor, however, need not consider these first three headings independently, but can lump them together and consider the percentage of gross earnings spent for transportation, traffic and general expenses. When this percentage and the percentage of gross required for fixed charges—as explained in a preceding article—are obtained, then it may be assumed that the percentage remaining can be used either for maintenance or for dividends. Of course there are other important factors, such as "engine and train mileage," "car and train loading," "engine and train mile cost and earnings"; but these cannot be considered here. Experts state that, on averaging all railroads of the country, the expenses coming under these three items have consumed less than forty per cent of the total gross earnings. If twenty per cent has been consumed by fixed charges this may mean a forced expenditure of sixty per cent, leaving a surplus of about forty per cent, all of which may be used for dividends or part put back into the property—which latter, of course, is the more conservative method.

The principal point to remember regarding these items is that, with two roads doing a similar business, if one consumes for operation a relatively larger percentage of gross than the other, it means one or both of two facts: "Either, with relatively like rates for the work performed, one road is not conducting its business with the same degree of economy as the other; or, with like relative economy in the conduct of its business, the rates received by it for work performed are relatively smaller."

### *Dividends vs. Maintenance*

The authority for the above statement illustrates the same by calling attention to the fact that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company—which, by the way, has just extended its line to the Pacific Coast—and the Chicago Great Western Railroad Company have—until last year—had a similar character of business; yet these three items of expense during the past few years have consumed an average of about fifty per cent of the Chicago Great Western's earnings, compared with only forty per cent in the case of the St. Paul. This, therefore, means that the St. Paul, owing either to its physical condition or the character of its management, has been operated much more economically than the Chicago Great Western; and investors who took the trouble to look this up were forewarned against purchasing securities of the latter and consequently did not get caught at the time of the recent receivership.

When giving a list of roads the securities of which I believe to be safe, I carefully consider the percentage of gross earnings that the given road is required to use for the payment of these first three items and its fixed charges, knowing that what remains can be used for either maintenance or dividends and is the real margin of safety over and above the actual expenses and interest charges. For this and other reasons the bonds of a railroad with the greatest "margin of safety" are the safest to buy.

Up to the present point we have considered only fixed charges and actual expenses, thus leaving two main items to discuss—one, that of "maintenance"; and the other, that of "surplus left for dividends." The great weakness of most American railroads today is the small percentage charged to maintenance. It is true that a large sum is spent upon maintenance, but there is a vast difference between spending money upon maintenance and charging it to the maintenance account. For instance, every month or so my office manager purchases a new typewriter for the business, but we do not charge this amount to "capital account"—rather simply to "operating account," as a part of our maintenance expenses. Most of our railroads, however, when purchasing a new locomotive, immediately charge the same to capital account and not to maintenance and operation. This is becoming a very serious problem, and the most unfortunate part of it is that these roads are said to be encouraged in this by the authorities at Washington. These authorities, in order to please the public and force lower rates, are urging the roads to show as large a percentage as possible for dividends, instead of encouraging them to charge everything possible to operation.

Of course one may be over-pessimistic, but I believe that the present method of rolling up these huge bonded debts and making no provision for the same is absolutely wrong. It is true that the average bonded debt can probably be refunded when due; but there is a limit to everything and such a hope cannot be banked on indefinitely. When one considers that many of our large railroad systems have increased their debt two or three hundred per cent during the past ten years it fairly makes one shudder. If these roads will stop at once there will be no trouble; but this rate of increase cannot long continue, and the only remedy is either to stop making improvements on these roads or else to charge said improvements to operating expenses and raise the freight rates correspondingly. Personally I trust that the latter method will be adopted, much preferring to pay 2½ cents a mile to ride over a hundred-pound, double-tracked, rock-ballasted road, with safety signals, than to ride over a road with sixty-pound rails, single track and without modern safety appliances, at 2 cents a mile.

In short, most roads in the United States, with a continuance of the increase in earnings that they have averaged during the past few years, can maintain their properties and pay interest on their bonds; but there are many railroads that cannot do this and pay dividends in addition. As, however, the average stockholder is human, he urges the directors to pay dividends and "trust to luck" for maintenance; and most readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would do the same under similar circumstances.

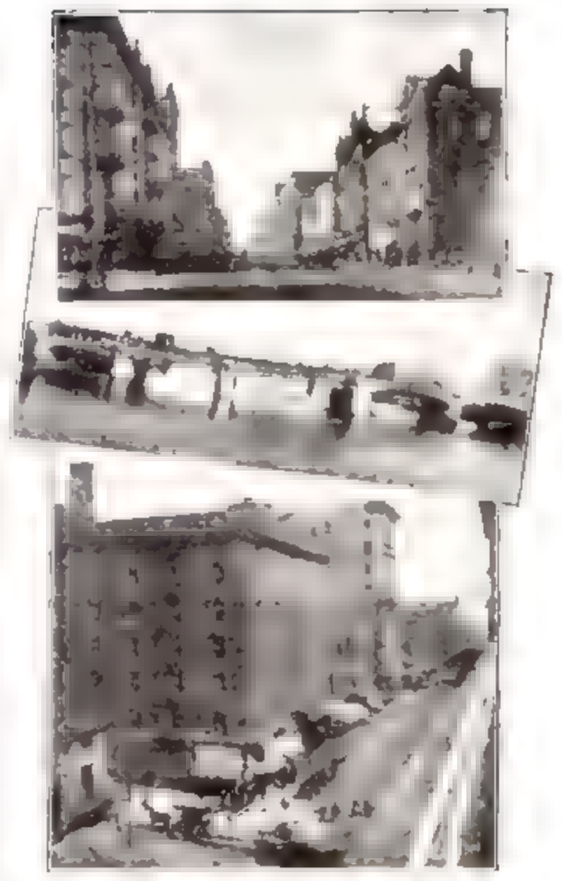
In ascertaining whether the proper amount has been spent on maintenance of way, one should first divide the total expenses by the mileage and ascertain the amount spent to the mile. Of course, when an expert is preparing a detailed report, such figures are checked by ascertaining the amount spent on maintenance for "one million ton-miles carried" to a mile of road, as the amount of traffic is an important factor. Also the territory in which the road operates is an important consideration, as more should be spent to the mile on a mountainous road, such as the Denver & Rio Grande, than on a level road, such as the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. One should also consider the possibility of obtaining material—that is, whether gravel, rock ballast and other supplies are immediately adjoining the property or must be hauled a long distance. One road, for instance, may spend only $750 a mile for maintenance of way and yet keep its property in better condition than another road spending over $1000 a mile.

### *How to Test Expenditures*

It is plain that a road with considerable double track should require a larger expenditure to a mile of road, as technically "a mile of road" refers to the roadbed and does not consider whether it contains only a single track, as across the Arizona desert, or a four-track line, as between New York and Pennsylvania. In short, experts state that, when a railroad's maintenance-of-way expenses average below $800 a mile of track, the investor should purchase only old underlying liens or else carefully examine conditions. Other experts claim that Southern and Western roads are justified in spending only from $900 to $1100 a mile of track for maintenance; while the large Eastern trunklines are justified in limiting their expenditures on a mile of track—not on a mile of road—to $1300 or $1400.

Maintenance-of-equipment figures are also given on a mile basis, but this is of very little practical benefit; and Floyd W. Mundy, an authority on this subject, states as follows:

"Comparison of the maintenance-of-equipment expenses 'for each mile of road' avails little. The best basis for testing the sufficiency of these is to ascertain the average amount expended on equipment for each unit of service rendered by the equipment—that is, the average outlay on a locomotive for each mile run, on a freight car for each mile run, and on a passenger car for each mile. Maintenance of equipment depends not alone upon the amount of equipment to be maintained, but also



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upon the service rendered by the equipment. It stands to reason that the Erie Railroad, for example, with a freight density, as of last year, of 2,603,189 ton-miles and a passenger density of 267,734 passenger-miles to a mile of road, must expend more 'for each mile of road' for 'maintenance of equipment' than the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, with a freight density, as of last year, of 639,119 ton-miles and a passenger density of 113,119 passenger-miles for each mile of road.

"An example will tend to establish that equipment maintenance has necessarily no relation to gross earnings. Suppose the tonnage of one road consists altogether of low-class freight, as coal or iron ore, and the tonnage of another road wholly of high-class freight. Each road earns $20,000 a mile. The density of the first road's traffic and, as a consequence, the service rendered by its equipment must be far greater than that of the second road. The business of the one road might be successfully conducted with one-third of the equipment and power required by the other. It may be said that, under present conditions, about 5½ to 6½ cents a locomotive for each mile run, 5 to 7 mills a freight car for each mile run and 1½ cents a passenger car for each mile run represent fair annual outlays for equipment maintenance; or that averages of $2000 to $2500 per annum for each locomotive, $55 to $65 per annum for each freight car and $600 per annum for each passenger car approximate normal maintenance requirements. All this depends much upon the character of equipment required in the service.

"There are many roads where, though maintenance both for roadway and equipment is clearly surcharged, the extent of the excess of maintenance over normal requirements cannot be taken as present earning power. Take again, for example, the Erie or the Atchison as distinct from the Boston & Maine or the New York, New Haven & Hartford. While the Boston & Maine and the New York, New Haven & Hartford do not usually report a surplus much in excess of dividend requirements, yet the dividends appear secure for the reason that, when there comes a bad year, there is—and for years has been—abundant opportunity for curtailment of maintenance expenses. After reorganization, the properties of the Erie and the Atchison were turned over in a deplorable physical condition to the new managers. Here the needs were so unusual as to make imperative extraordinary charges to operating expenses for maintenance. The excess of these expenses over normal requirements could be considered only as offering opportunity for future retrenchment. It could in no way be taken as an immediate margin of safety."

### *Precedence Among Bonds*

"Following the rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a majority of the railroad companies charged to 'maintenance of equipment' during the last fiscal year amounts for depreciation varying from six per cent to one per cent and less. From even a casual examination of the railroad reports for the past fiscal year it is apparent that, until the commission shall specify the exact rate to be charged on account of depreciation of equipment, the desired result for which the law was enacted will not be attained."

Possibly I have gone into this question a little deeper than the average investor requires, especially those who will go to high-grade, established bondhouses—such as their local banks recommend—and place upon such firms the responsibility of selecting for them a safe railroad issue. On the other hand, for those who insist on selecting their own railroad investments, the suggestions in this article and in the article of some weeks ago are none too exhaustive.

In short, the purchaser of railroad bonds should first ascertain the fixed charges, then the relation of said fixed charges to the total net income and also to the total gross income. If said fixed charges are not over fifty per cent of the net income and not over twenty per cent of the gross income, then—all things being equal—the bonds secured by a first mortgage on such property should be perfectly safe. If, however, either of the above tests fail, an examination of the maintenance account should next be considered.

If the bond salesman, who needs to be well posted in order to bring out these points, shows that the road is spending an abnormally large amount on maintenance, one may still be justified in purchasing the bonds; but if the maintenance figures are small compared with other roads located in the same territory, then it is well either not to purchase any securities of said road or else to confine one's investments to the old underlying liens.

Of course the reader should not lose sight of the difference in priority of different issues. Some of the bond issues of a company with a number of issues outstanding will, of course, take precedence over the others; and this fact of priority of liens is a very important one for the investor to ascertain.

The first-mortgage bonds of a company should come first, unless there are special issues, such as prior liens, receivers' certificates and sometimes first-mortgage equipment bonds, which may come ahead. Prior-lien bonds are usually issued only for a short time, and usually with the consent of the present bondholders. The receiver's certificates are issued by the receiver who has been appointed after a default on the payment of any of the obligations of the company; and these may come ahead of the first-mortgage bonds.

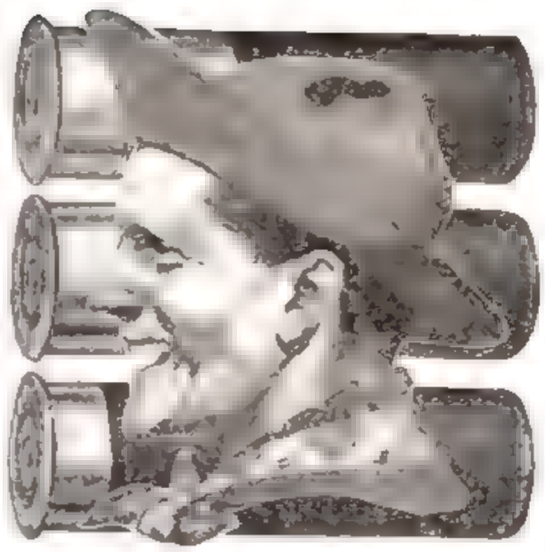
### *Safety for the Small Investor*

Certain first-mortgage equipment bonds have, within the last few years, taken priority over first-mortgage bonds, as it has been decided by the courts that the equipment is a necessary part of the road and without the same the road would be absolutely crippled.

In the case of the reorganization of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe in 1895, the court authorized the payment of interest and maturing principal of the equipment obligations while other mortgage bonds were in default as to interest; and, under the reorganization, all of the securities were either reduced in rate or refunded at a less amount, with one exception; while each thousand-dollar equipment bond was exchanged for $1200 in general-mortgage bonds.

Second-mortgage bonds, third-mortgage bonds, and so on, would follow the first-mortgage bonds; then usually come the consolidated-mortgage bonds, the general and refunding mortgage, debenture bonds, collateral trust bonds, convertible bonds, notes and income bonds. It is also important that the investor should be able to know approximately the equity back of any particular issue in which he is specially interested. This may be well illustrated by saying that the equity back of a first-mortgage bond is equal to the market value of all the junior securities and the notes and stock of the company. If the consolidated-mortgage bonds directly follow the first-mortgage bonds their equity is the market value of all the securities less their par value and the par value of the first-mortgage bonds.

Space, however, does not permit treating of these matters in further detail. Sufficient it must be to say that buying railroad bonds is much like buying automobiles. If you are a good mechanic, and thoroughly understand all the "outs" as well as the "ins," you may feel free to consider any one of the various makes of cars, as each make has some good point and is worth some price. If, however, you are not an expert, you had better confine yourself to the best makes and only reputable agents. In the same way the small investor, instead of bothering his head about "equities" and the different kinds of railroad bond issues, had better confine his purchases to the underlying liens of old-established properties and pay the price. For the names of some of these old roads, see my article of a few weeks hence.



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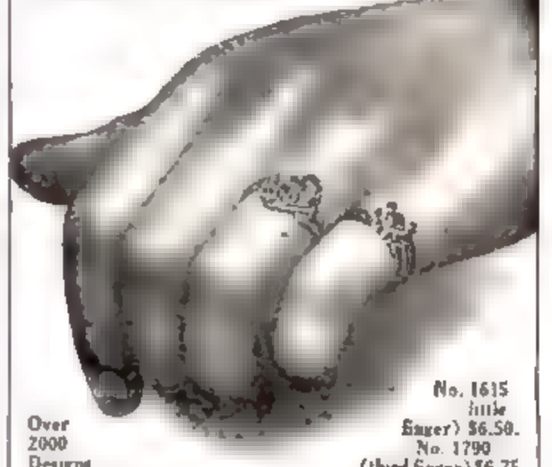

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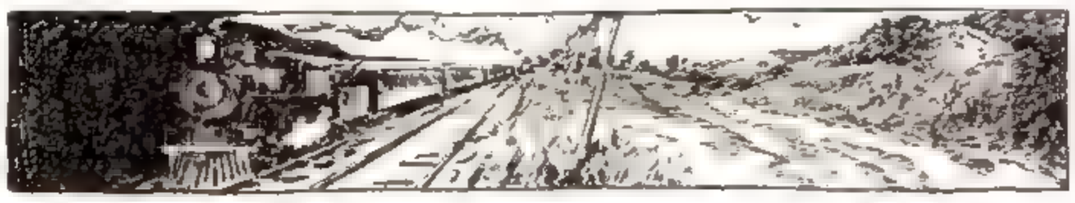

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This page is a message to you from the owners of more than two thousand modern American laundries, who are glad to pay their pro rata for the privilege of telling you what is being done to improve the service rendered by the better laundries of America.

The American people spend more than $9,000,000 every week in the laundries of this country; and the owners of all the modern laundries have invested in the business more than $200,000,000.

This business, in spite of the tremendous size of the totals involved, is one of exceedingly small profits; and one whose growth depends upon the painstaking care exercised by the modern laundries in rendering better and better service.

If we can make it clear to one good woman out of every one hundred that we are putting forth herculean efforts in that direction, and enlist her aid in the furtherance of these efforts, we will feel amply repaid.

We want you to know that we are striving every day of our lives to eliminate wear on the customer's goods.

We want you to know that the high polish, once popular on shirts, collars, and cuffs, has been done away with; and that with its passing enormous pressure and excessive friction were made unnecessary in the ironing rooms.

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**Every progressive laundry is an object lesson in sanitation — the thorough sort of cleanliness that makes for hygiene and health.**

**Every progressive laundryman knows that he must offer methods that will disarm criticism—that will conquer a public prejudice that should no longer have reason for its existence.**

**Every progressive laundryman realizes that his only right to your patronage is his ability actually to prove that he can give you better service than you can get by any other means.**

**You can help yourself—and laundry service in general—by declining to abide by anything less than methods which it PAYS you to patronize.**

We want you to know that the old idea that "any old building" was good enough for a laundry has been abandoned.

We want you to know that in the best laundries of this country, the entire plant is thoroughly cleaned every day, and that in many of the larger plants cleaning goes on continuously.

We want you to know that the average modern laundryman is an advocate of pure air, to the verge of fanaticism.

We want you to know that in a week's travel you will not find a single plant in which no provision is made for pure air.

We want you to know that the vast majority of better laundries have cheerfully adopted fixed provision for the number of hours constituting a day's labor.

We want you to know that the laundries affiliated in this Association are proud of their plants; that they have no secret processes; and that they will be glad to show you through their plants.

We want you to bear in mind that there is not a piece of machinery in the well-equipped, modern laundry which does not treat your clothes as lightly and delicately as would the fingers of the most expert and careful laundress.

We ask nothing whatsoever from you, excepting that you will seek out the good laundry in your locality; and that you will not hold the sincere laundry owners of this country responsible for the sins of their less progressive brethren.

Just find the good laundry which is representative of the highest ideals of the business and of this Association; and, instead of finding the laundry a menace to your comfort, you will discover that it is one of the greatest of all modern utilities.

The story of the modern American laundry and its progress to its present state of efficiency is a most interesting story.

We have prepared it in booklet form, and will be glad to mail you a copy free upon receipt of your name and address.

**The Laundrymen's National Association of America.**
**Publicity Department, 601-608 Ford Bldg., Detroit, Mich.**

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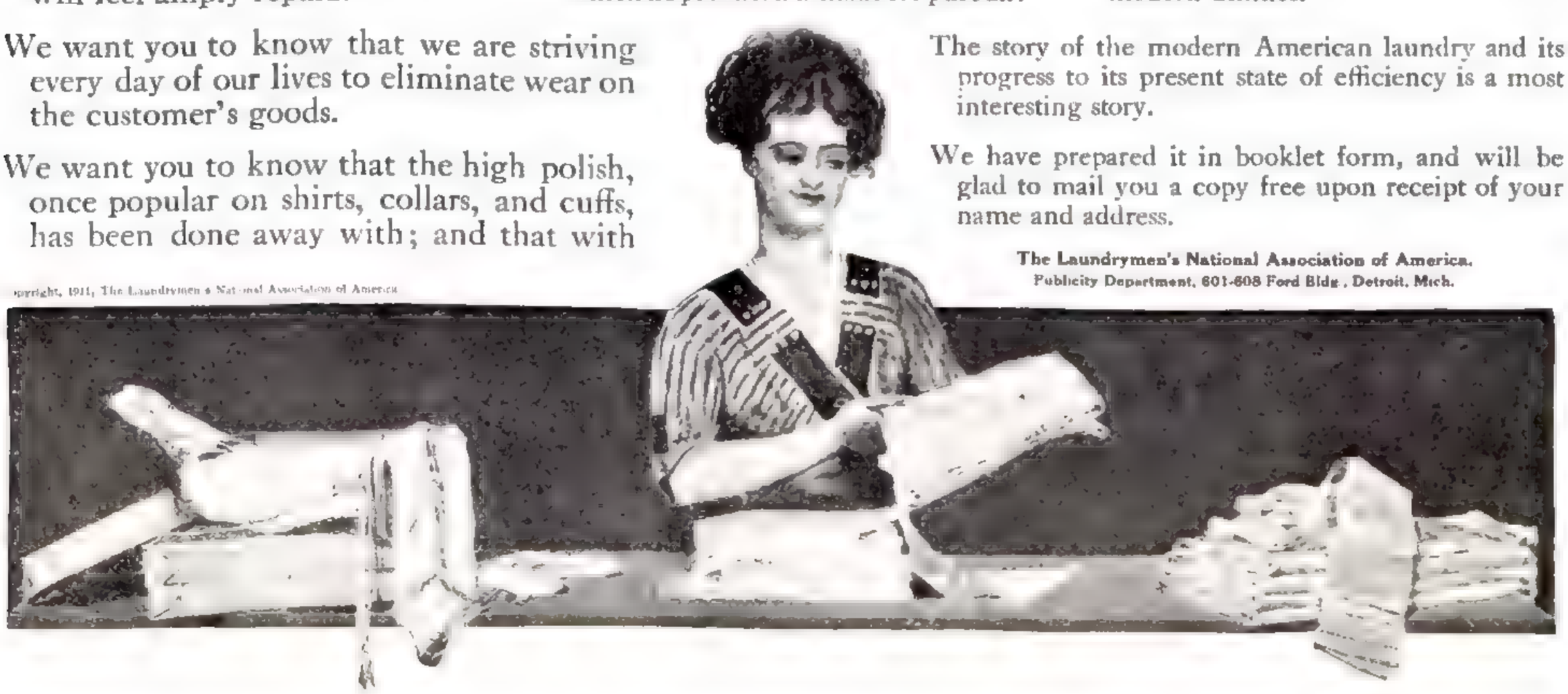

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# BUSINESS HELPS

AN EMPLOYER is sometimes tempted to think that if he can hire plain, every-day common-sense he will be quite satisfied, and will do without frills in the way of brilliancy. I was talking the other day with a business man at his desk when an assistant came in, to whom he had sent word to go downtown and select some articles of small value. They were to be for the employer's personal use; and perhaps it was the knowledge of this that made the new assistant lose his head.

"If you please, sir, where shall I buy them?" he asked.

"Get an address out of the trade directory," was the brief answer.

The assistant went away and in five or ten minutes came back.

"There are two firms given," he said, naming them; but he did not notice the slight frown of annoyance on his employer's face.

"Go to the one on Leonard Street," was the reply, in a tone which ought to have shown plainly that this was a case in which the young man should have decided without continuing to bother his superior.

The assistant turned away, hesitated, then came back again.

"How do I get to Leonard Street?" he said.

"I sometimes wonder," went on this man thoughtfully, "how I ever managed to get on myself quite as well as I have. I began thirty years ago and worked alongside of a man that you passed as you came in here. He has always been just as hard-working and faithful as any one could possibly be and he has always held a position, but he has never been able to rise to any height. Frankly, I used to look at his ability and his chances as being quite as good as mine; yet he has become practically a pensioner. If I could understand what makes the difference between one man and another, so that I could always choose precisely the right one, it would be the most valuable asset I could possibly possess."

### *The Masterful Man*

His own success, as I happened to know, had come largely from the possession of the very quality missing in the young man who wanted to know how to get to Leonard Street—self-reliance.

"It isn't only here, where he is in full charge," as one of his associates expressed it to me, "but it is the same wherever he goes. Wherever he is, or with whomsoever he meets, whether he is known or whether he is a stranger, there is a sort of masterfulness that makes people do just what he wants them to."

All this was remindful of a story told me by one who, a good many years ago, was in the banking house of J. Pierpont Morgan.

"Mr. Morgan was comparatively young then and new at responsibilities, and his associates, those with whom he advised, were mostly older men, more experienced and presumably wiser in things financial. One day the question of an important bond purchase came up; it involved some millions—and millions were not held in such light esteem then as they are in these present days of mighty sums and mighty fortunes.

"Well, the matter was to be decided by Mr. Morgan, for it came within a department of which he had sole charge. He favored the purchase and gave his reasons, but his colleagues frowned upon the plan—they were afraid of it; they thought it would be a mistake and they didn't hesitate to say what they thought.

"For a little while, but it was a little while only, Mr. Morgan hesitated. He had the power—he had the will—he had absolute confidence in his own judgment and absolute bravery in following it.

"'It is my intention,' he said calmly, 'to purchase this issue of bonds!'

"That ended it. There was such finality in his tone and such a look in his eyes—you know those marvelous eyes of his!—that there simply wasn't anything to say.

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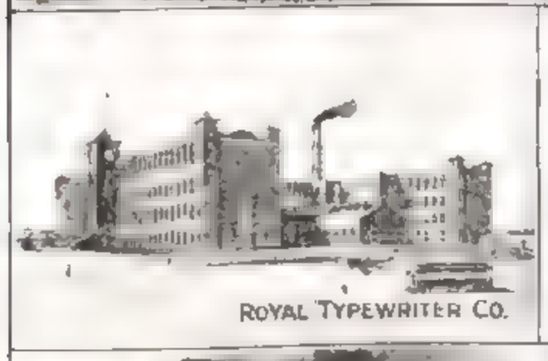


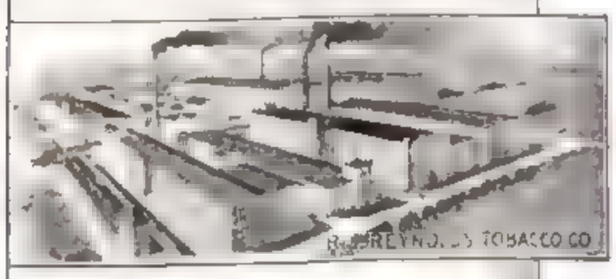

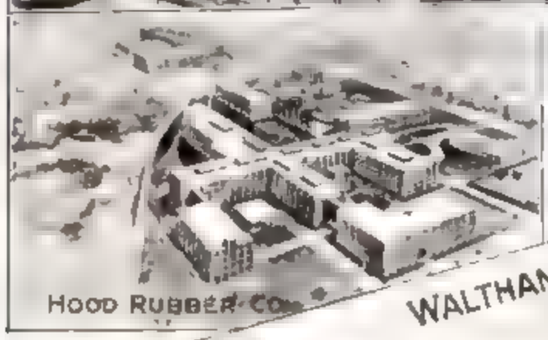


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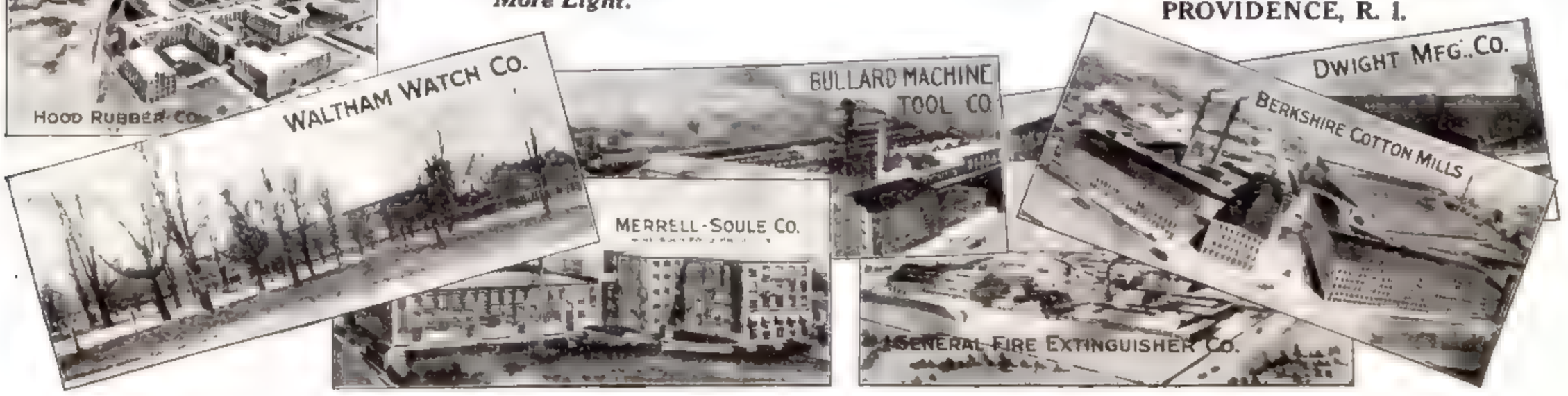

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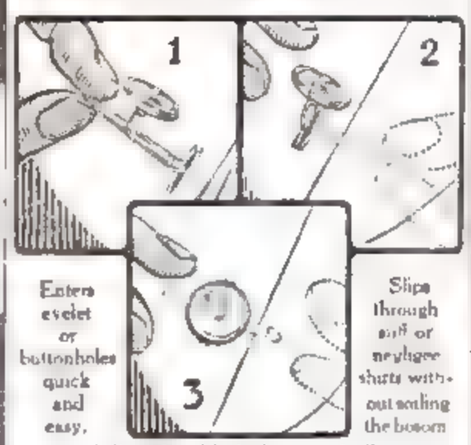


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# An Account With Swithin Hall

(Continued from Page 14)

"There's something doing on Swithin Hall's island," Grief said, shaking his head. "I can't make out what it is but I get the feel of it. What does Swithin Hall look like?"

Snow shook his head.

"That man ashore there never bought the books on the shelves," Grief declared with conviction. "Nor did he ever go in for concealed lighting. He's got a surface flow of suavity, but he's rough as a hoof-rasp underneath. He's an oily bluff. And the bunch he's got with him—Watson and Gorman their names are; they came in after you left—real sea-dogs, middle-aged, marred and battered, tough as rusty wrought-iron nails and twice as dangerous; real ugly customers, with guns in their belts, who don't strike me as just the right sort to be on such comradely terms with Swithin Hall. And the woman! She's a lady—I mean it. She knows a whole lot of South America, and of China too. I'm sure she's Spanish, though her English is natural. She's traveled. We talked bullfights. She's seen them in Guayaquil, in Mexico, in Seville. She knows a lot about sealskins.

"Now here's what bothers me. She knows music. I asked her if she played. And he's fixed that place up like a palace. That being so, why hasn't he a piano for her? Another thing—she's quick and lively, and he watches her whenever she talks. He's on pins and needles and is continually breaking in and leading the conversation. Say, is Swithin Hall married?"

"Bless me, I don't know" the mate replied. "Never entered my head to think about it."

"He introduced her as Mrs. Hall. And Watson and Gorman call him Hall. They're a precious pair, those two men. I don't understand it at all."

"What are you going to do about it?" Snow asked.

"Oh, hang round a while! There are some books ashore there I want to read. Suppose you send that topmast down in the morning and generally overhaul. We've been through a hurricane, you know. Set up the rigging while you're about it. Get things pretty well adrift and take your time."

*VI*

THE next day Grief's suspicions found further food. Ashore early, he strolled across the little island to the barracks occupied by the divers. They were just boarding the boats when he arrived, and it struck him that for Kanakas they behaved more like chain-gang prisoners. The three white men were there, and Grief noted that each carried a rifle. Hall greeted him jovially enough, but Gorman and Watson scowled as they grunted curt good mornings.

A moment afterward one of the Kanakas, as he bent to place his oar, favored Grief with a slow, deliberate wink. The man's face was familiar—one of the thousands of native sailors and divers he had encountered drifting about in the island trade.

"Don't tell them who I am," Grief said in Tahitian. "Did you ever sail for me?"

The man's head nodded and his mouth opened, but before he could speak he was suppressed by a savage "Shut up!" from Watson, who was already in the sternsheets.

"I beg pardon," Grief said. "I ought to have known better."

"That's all right," Hall interposed. "The trouble is they're too much talk and not enough work. Have to be severe with them, or they wouldn't get enough shell to pay their grub."

Grief nodded sympathetically. "I know them. Got a crew of them myself—the lazy swine! Got to drive them like niggers to get a half-day's work out of them."

"What was you sayin' to him?" Gorman blurted in bluntly.

"I was asking how the shell was and how deep they were diving."

"Thick." Hall took over the answering. "We're working now in about ten fathom. It's right out there, not a hundred yards off. Want to come along?"

Half the day Grief spent with the boats, and he had lunch in the bungalow. In the afternoon he loafed, taking a siesta in the big living room, reading some, and talking for half an hour with Mrs. Hall. After dinner he played billiards with her husband. It chanced that Grief had never before encountered Swithin Hall, yet the latter's fame as an expert at billiards was the talk of the beaches from Levuka to Honolulu. But the man Grief played with this night proved indifferent at the game. His wife showed herself cleverer with the cue.

When he went on board the Uncle Toby Grief routed Jackie-Jackie out of bed. He described the location of the barracks and told the Tongan to swim softly around and have talk with the Kanakas. In two hours Jackie-Jackie was back. He shook his head as he stood dripping before Grief.

"Very funny t'ing," he reported. "One white man stop all the time. He has big rifle. Me lay in water and watch. Maybe twelve o'clock, other white man come and take rifle. First white man go to bed. Other man stop now with rifle. No good. Me cannot talk with Kanakas."

"By George!" Grief said to Snow, after the Tongan had gone back to his bunk; "I smell something more than shell. Those three men are standing watches over their Kanakas. That man's no more Swithin Hall than I am."

Snow whistled from the impact of a new idea.

"I've got it!" he cried.

"And I'll name it," Grief retorted. "It's in your mind that the Emily L was their schooner?"

"Just that. They're raising and rotting the shell, while she's gone for more divers, or provisions, or both."

"And I agree with you." Grief glanced at the cabin clock and evinced signs of bedgoing. "He's a sailor. The three of them are. But they're not island men. They're new in these waters."

Again Snow whistled.

"And the Emily L is lost with all hands," he said. "We know that. They're marooned here till Swithin Hall comes. Then he'll catch them with all the shell."

"Or they'll take possession of his schooner."

"Hope they do!" Snow muttered vindictively. "Somebody ought to rob him. Wish I was in their boots. I'd balance off that sixty thousand."

*VII*

A WEEK passed, during which time the Uncle Toby was put ready for sea, while Grief managed to allay any suspicion of him by the shore crowd. Even Gorman and Watson accepted him at his self-description. Throughout the week Grief begged and badgered them for the longitude of the island.

"You wouldn't have me leave here lost," he finally urged. "I can't get a line on my chronometer without your longitude."

Hall laughingly refused.

"You're too good a navigator, Mr. Anstey, not to fetch New Guinea or some other high land."

"And you're too good a navigator, Mr. Hall," Grief replied, "not to know that I can fetch your island any time by running down its latitude."

On the last evening—ashore, as usual, to dinner—Grief got his first view of the pearls they had collected. Mrs. Hall, waxing enthusiastic, had asked her husband to bring forth the "pretties," and had spent half an hour showing them to Grief. His delight in them was genuine, as well as was his surprise that they had made so rich a haul.

"The lagoon is virgin," Hall explained. "You saw yourself that most of the shell is large and old. But it's funny that we got most of the valuable pearls in one small patch in the course of a week. It was a little treasure house. Every oyster seemed filled—seed pearls by the quart, of course, but the perfect ones, most of that bunch there, came out of the small patch."

Grief ran his eye over them and knew their values ranged from one hundred to a thousand dollars each, while the several selected large ones went far beyond.

"Oh, the pretties! the pretties!" Mrs. Hall cried, bending forward suddenly and kissing them.

A few minutes later she arose to say good night.

"It's goodby," Grief said, as he took her hand. "We sail at daylight."

"So suddenly!" she cried, while Grief could not help seeing the quick light of satisfaction in her husband's eyes.

"Yes," Grief continued. "All the repairs are finished. I can't get the longitude of your island out of your husband, though I'm still in hopes he'll relent."

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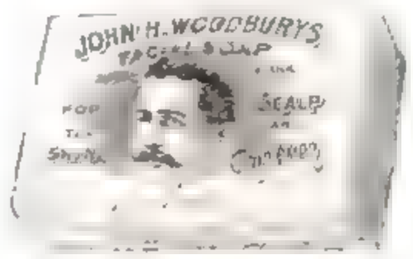


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Hall laughed and shook his head, and, as his wife left the room, proposed a last farewell nightcap. They sat over it, smoking and talking.

"What do you estimate they're worth?" Grief asked, indicating the spread of pearls on the table. "I mean what the pearl-buyers would give you in open market?"

"Oh, seventy-five or eighty thousand," Hall said carelessly.

"I'm afraid you're underestimating. I know pearls a bit. Take that biggest one. It's perfect. Not a cent less than five thousand dollars. Some multi-millionaire will pay double that some day, when the dealers have taken their whack. And never minding the seed pearls, you've got quarts of baroques there. And baroques are coming into fashion. They're picking up and doubling on themselves every year."

Hall gave the trove of pearls a closer and longer scrutiny, estimating the different parcels and adding the sum aloud.

"You're right," he admitted. "They're worth a hundred thousand right now."

"And at what do you figure your working expenses?" Grief went on. "Your time, and your two men's, and the divers?"

"Five thousand would cover it."

"Then they stand to net you ninety-five thousand."

"Something like that. But why so curious?"

"Why, I was just trying"—Grief paused and drained his glass—"just trying to reach some sort of an equitable arrangement. Suppose I should give you and your people a passage to Sydney and the five thousand dollars—or, better, seven thousand five hundred. You've worked hard."

Without commotion or muscular movement, the other man became alert and tense. His round-faced geniality went out like the flame of a snuffed candle. No laughter clouded the surface of the eyes, and in their depths showed the hard, dangerous soul of the man. He spoke in a low, deliberate voice:

"Now just what in hell do you mean by that?"

Grief casually relighted his cigar.

"I don't know just how to begin," he said. "The situation is—er—is embarrassing—for you. You see, I'm trying to be fair. As I say, you've worked hard. I don't want to confiscate the pearls. I want to pay you for your time and trouble and expense."

Conviction, instantaneous and absolute, froze on the other's face.

"And I thought you were in Europe," he muttered. Hope flickered for a moment. "Look here, you're joking me. How do I know you're Swithin Hall?"

Grief shrugged his shoulders. "Such a joke would be in poor taste, after your hospitality. And it is equally in poor taste to have two Swithin Halls on the island."

"Since you're Swithin Hall, then who the deuce am I? Do you know that too?"

"No," Grief answered airily. "But I'd like to know."

"Well, it's none of your business."

"I grant it. Your identity is beside the point. Besides, I know your schooner, and I can find out who you are from that."

"What's her name?"

"The Emily L."

"Correct. I'm Captain Raffy, owner and master."

"The seal-poacher. I've heard of you. What under the sun brought you down here on my preserves?"

"Needed the money. The seal herds are about finished."

"And the out-of-the-way places of the world are better policed, eh?"

"Pretty close to it. And now about this present scrape, Mr. Hall. I can put up a nasty fight. What are you going to do about it?"

"What I said. Even better. What's the Emily L worth?"

"She's seen her day. Not above ten thousand, which would be robbery. Every time she's in a rough sea I'm afraid she'll jump her ballast through her planking."

"She has jumped it, Captain Raffy. I sighted her bottom up after the blow. Suppose we say she was worth seven thousand five hundred. I'll pay over to you fifteen thousand and give you a passage. Don't move your hands from your lap." Grief stood up, went over to him and took his revolver. "Just a necessary precaution, Captain. Now you'll go on board with me. I'll break the news to Mrs. Raffy afterward, and fetch her out to join you."

"You're behaving handsomely, Mr. Hall, I must say," Captain Raffy volunteered, as the whaleboat came alongside the Uncle Toby. "But watch out for Gorman and Watson. They're ugly customers. And, by the way, I don't like to mention it, but you've seen my wife. I've given her four or five pearls. Watson and Gorman were willing."

"Say no more, Captain. Say no more. They shall remain hers. Is that you, Mr. Snow? Here's a friend I want you to take charge of—Captain Raffy. I'm going ashore for his wife."

*VIII*

DAVID GRIEF sat writing at the library table in the bungalow living room. Outside, the first pale of dawn was showing. He had had a busy night. Mrs. Raffy had taken two hysterical hours to pack her and Captain Raffy's possessions. Gorman had been caught asleep, but Watson, standing guard over the divers, had shown fight. Matters did not reach the shooting stage, but it was only after it had been demonstrated to him that the game was up that he consented to join his companions on board. For temporary convenience, he and Gorman were shackled in the mate's room, Mrs. Raffy was confined in Grief's, and Captain Raffy made fast to the cabin table.

Grief finished the document and read over what he had written:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| To Swithin Hall, for pearls taken from his lagoon (estimated) . . . . | | $100,000 |
| To Herbert Snow, paid in full for salvage from Steamship Cascade, in pearls (estimated) . . . . . | $60,000 | |
| To Captain Raffy, salary and expenses for collecting pearls . . . . . | 7,500 | |
| To Captain Raffy, reimbursement for Schooner Emily L, lost in hurricane . . | 7,500 | |
| To Mrs. Raffy, for good-will, five fair pearls (estimated) . . . . . | 1,100 | |
| To passage to Sydney, four persons, at $120 . . . | 480 | |
| To white lead for painting Swithin Hall's two whaleboats . . . . . | 9 | |
| To Swithin Hall, balance, in pearls (estimated) which are to be found in drawer of library table . . . | 23,411 | |
| | $100,000 | $100,000 |

Grief signed and dated, paused, and added at the bottom:

P. S.—Still owing to Swithin Hall three books, borrowed from library: Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena, Zola's Paris, and Mahan's Problem of Asia. These books, or full value, can be collected at said David Grief's Sydney office.

He shut off the electric light, picked up the bundle of books, carefully latched the front door and went down to the waiting whaleboat.

## Mimicry in Stones

THE enhanced technical skill of the up-to-date gem cutter enables him to use certain kinds of precious stones very ingeniously to imitate others. Thus, for example, by following rules that have reference to principles in optics, he can make colorless zircon look like the diamond—though the mode of cutting employed is different from that which would be adopted for the diamond, the refraction of the two gems being not the same.

Colorless zircon, though only three-fourths as hard as the diamond, has much of the luster characteristic of the latter stone. This luster is what the French call *éclat*—snappy, cold and glittering. If properly cut it looks enough like a diamond to deceive anybody but an expert.

Another kind of gem, almost equal to zircon in this respect, is colorless sapphire—its great hardness, nearly equal to that of the diamond, rendering it capable of holding an extremely high polish. It has a fine brilliancy, therefore, and shows a faint play of color.

Likewise exhibiting a faint play of color, and hard enough to wear well and take an extremely high polish, is the colorless topaz. Listed among the largest diamonds of the world is the uncut Braganza, belonging to the Government of Portugal. Close examination of it has not been permitted to anybody for many years, and there is more than a suspicion that the stone is in reality a topaz from Brazil.

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Go to our Authorized Representative in your town. Our seal, pictured below, is in his window and on our label. It *guarantees* our tailoring as though bond-backed. Thumb his rich *merchant-tailoring* stuffs—all wool, all new, all rare, all guaranteed. Be the best-dressed man in your circle—the *leading* man—the *Kahn-Tailored* man.

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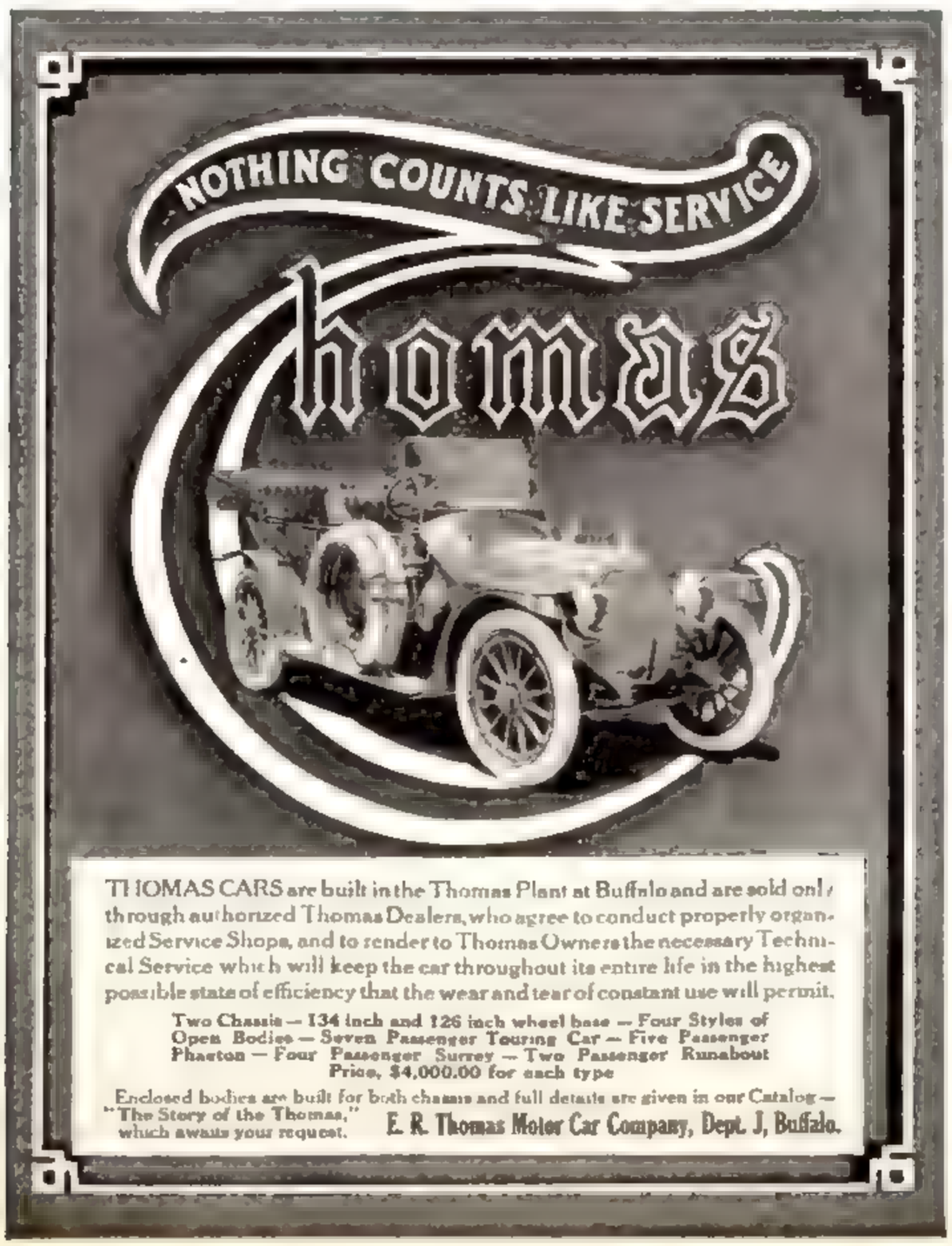


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Enclosed bodies are built for both chassis and full details are given in our Catalog — "The Story of the Thomas," which awaits your request. E. R. Thomas Motor Car Company, Dept. J, Buffalo.

# NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

*Concluded from Page 19*

break never seemed to come. Instead, a baby came—and about three years later the earthquake and fire.

Before he and his family could escape from the burning city the wife suffered severe exposure that brought on serious illness. In a rather indefinite way this man had settled in his mind that if he ever reached a stage of prosperity permitting him to make a start on the soil he would favor the country about Merced, California.

As a refugee this thought recurred to him and he asked to be "set off" at Atwater, in Merced County. When he landed there he had only five dollars. But, as a refugee, he found a generous welcome. From the resident manager of a land company he borrowed a tent and into this he took his family. Then he bought five acres of land without the payment of a dollar down. He was able to obtain equally generous terms of credit for groceries and for tools with which to work his ground. He put his ground into sweet potatoes and worked his crop as only a desperate man can work when he feels that he has been given one fair fling at opportunity. That first season brought him a cash return for his crop of eight hundred dollars, with few expenses on the other side of the ledger.

### The Demand for Guineas

This gave him courage, and for the next season he enlarged his operations by renting an additional five acres. Although a Greek man, he farmed intelligently; for he took advice from the best practical farmers in his locality and read all the sound farming literature he could get relating directly to his specialties—sweet potatoes and string beans. That year from ten acres he made fifteen hundred dollars.

This grower confesses that last year his profits were four thousand dollars. Although land prices have increased he has bought and paid for forty acres; and each year he rents at least a little land in addition to his own holdings. Much of his own land has been planted with peach trees, between the rows of which he raises sweet potatoes and string beans until the trees come into full bearing.

This city-bred farmer attributes much of his success to the fact that he was not slow to learn the lesson of getting into the market early. For a one-acre crop of especially early string beans he received one season four hundred dollars. He declares that no American need be afraid of competing with the alien market gardener "so long as he is willing to work as hard, as persistently and as intelligently as the farmer of foreign birth, and to live like a refugee while making the first crop or two."

Though it is generally a far cry from the sum received by the grower of any commodity to the price charged for the same article by a hotel or restaurant, the fact remains that the price on the menu-card is a signal that the grower can never afford to disregard. Judged by this standard there is a wide and profitable field of neglected opportunity in the raising of guinea fowls. In a New York restaurant, not long since, the writer was the guest of a gentleman who scanned the menu and remarked:

"The best thing offered here is squab guinea. When partridges or prairie chickens are not to be had—and that's most of the time—a young guinea is so close a substitute that the difference in flavor is not worth talking about."

For the small guinea that was served on his order he paid two dollars and fifty cents. Sometimes they are served at this place for one dollar and fifty cents; but, on the other hand, at the season of greatest scarcity the man with a guinea appetite may be asked to pay three dollars for his "small bird."

"Is there a good demand for guinea fowls?" the head of a big poultry commission house was asked.

"I should say there is!" was his prompt reply. "Right now we are getting twelve dollars a dozen from the buyers for leading hotels and restaurants. And we consider that moderate. I don't see why some of the thousands of men and women who have the chicken craze don't wake up to the fact that there's money in guineas.

"The only trouble in handling them is that there is at present no really dependable source of supply. We get more of them from Virginia than from any other locality, but they're scattered over the whole country. Apparently no one makes a business of raising them for the market—and no product comes to market under the right conditions until somebody has the snap to make it his specialty.

"Today thousands of farmers have a few guinea fowls running about their farms to keep off hawks and vermin. And of all the farmers who have little flocks of these polka-dot screechers on their places, not one in a thousand would think of killing one for his own table. Neither his father nor his grandfather ever served one on the family table, and he isn't going to establish the precedent! If city folk are fools enough to eat guineas, all right for them but he'll stick to chicken and turkey! What is the consequence of this general attitude on the part of the farmers? They pay no attention whatever to the guineas, and the shrewd poultry buyer is able to snap them up at about three dollars a dozen.

"The man or woman who would make a specialty of raising guineas, feeding them as they should be fed and putting them on the market at the right age and in fancy condition, could get top prices and have a sure market—a fancy market in fact."

The guinea is distinctly a farm bird and unsuited to the village, because of its fondness for ranging fields in search of insects and because of its harsh, incessant screech, which makes it an undesirable if not an intolerable neighbor.

### The Care of Guinea Chicks

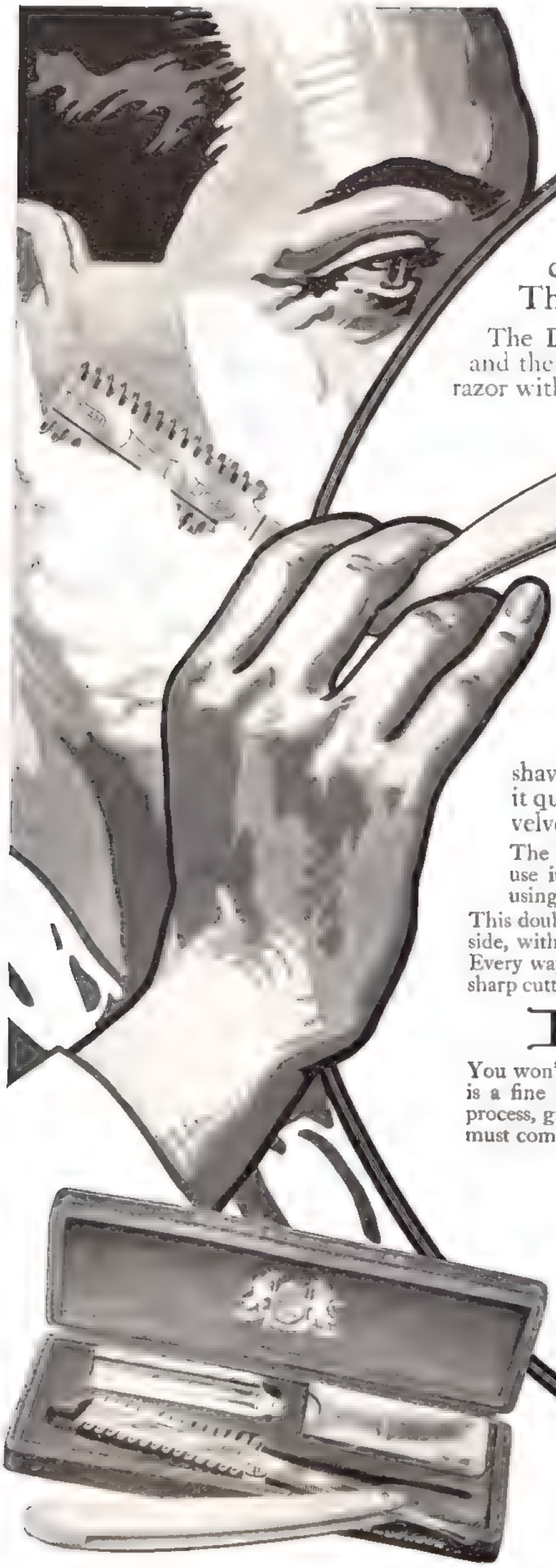
At the breeding season, which begins in about April, not more than four hens should be grouped with one cock. The eggs should be hatched under a domestic hen. Much of the success of raising guineas lies in the right handling of the young chicks. They should never be allowed to range in wet grass. Like young pheasants, their first food, given immediately upon hatching, should be finely chopped hard-boiled eggs. Frequent feeding is essential to giving them a right start. When about ten days old chopped lean meat should be substituted for the egg ration. Later their grain diet may be begun with dry millet, followed by the standard commercial chick food, consisting mainly of wheat, cracked corn, barley, oats, buckwheat, millet and hemp.

There is less difficulty in hatching a high percentage of the eggs than in raising a large share of the chicks. Owing to the unfailing fertility of the guinea and the generous number of eggs that the hen lays in a season—usually about one hundred—the problem of production is in mastering the art of handling the young chicks. After they have come into their full feathers they are uncommonly hardy and free from disease and ailments.

When guinea fowls are allowed to breed on the open farm range the hens must be watched carefully in order to locate their nests, which are usually in the tall grass and very adroitly concealed. Several hens use the same nest. The eggs should be removed with a long-handled spoon, not with the hand, and about half a dozen eggs should always be left in the nest. If this practice is not followed the hens are likely to abandon the nest after it has been raided.

Until the production of guineas is greatly increased the ordinary market channels will hardly fail to bring the guinea specialist a fair price and a reasonable profit. But the beginner in this line of poultry raising will undoubtedly serve his own interests by writing to the management of a few of the leading restaurants and hotels in the large city nearest to him. This will help him determine whether his largest profit will be in producing "squab guineas" or those of the larger and older "roaster" type.

In general, the East is better educated in the taste for guineas than is the West. New York hotels serve them in greatest numbers. Chicago and St. Louis are fairly good markets, but the guinea is almost an unknown quantity on the tables of the finest hotels of the Pacific slope. Guinea raising is unquestionably adapted to the small hillside farm of the East, and it can be commended to the thrifty New England woman who is anxious to add something to a slender income without being obliged to quit her home.



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"30" Fore-Door Roadster

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"44" Demi-Tonneau

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# LÉONTINE AND CO.

Continued from Page 23

risk losing a chance through fear of getting the wrong person. John must be warned immediately, and persuaded, if possible, to leave the country and remain away until the feud was settled. On reaching the garage, therefore, I jumped into a taxi and went immediately to his house.

The *maître d'hôtel* seemed rather disturbed as he let me in, and a moment later I knew why. Snores were reverberating through the antechamber. The old servant threw out his hands with a shrug.

"Yes, it is M'sieu'," said he. "M'sieu' has not been himself today. He has consumed an entire bottle of whisky." He said this as though speaking of potassium cyanide. "After *déjeuner* M'sieu' threw himself down upon the divan in the library and went to sleep. Before long he began to snore. For the sake of Madame I tried to persuade him to go up to his room, but M'sieu's temper was very disagreeable—in fact, he threatened François with violence."

"Are the ladies at home?" I asked.

"Madame is reposing in her boudoir, but she left orders that if Monsieur Clamart were to call he should be shown up immediately. Miss Dalghren has gone out."

He led the way to the stairs and I followed, pausing for a moment to glance into the library. There was John stretched out on his back, snoring to heaven. I wondered if he often did that sort of thing, but did not care to ask.

I followed the old man up the stairs. He announced me at Edith's door, and I heard a sweet, low-pitched voice reply: "*Que Monsieur entre.*"

I went in and closed the door gently behind me. John's drunken snores were filling the whole house. Edith was lying on a *chaise-longue* by the open window. A thrush was singing in the garden and there was the odor of lilacs. Edith did not rise, but looked up at me with her sweet smile. She was pale, and there were dark shadows under her eyes, but her face was tranquil and the eyes themselves clear and steady as always.

"Good afternoon, Frank," she said. "My warmest congratulations on your success."

"My success?" I repeated.

"Yes, in getting Mary's pearls. I told them that you would."

"Oh," I answered, "I'd almost forgotten that. The truth is, Edith, I hoped to have yours this evening, but things have gone a bit wrong."

"Can you tell me about it?" she asked.

"Only this. Miss Dalghren's necklace was stolen to put me in a bad light ——"

"I know that," she interrupted.

"How?" I asked.

"John found the prints of your tennis shoes in the flower-bed under the window. It is an unusual pattern, and you wore those shoes one afternoon, you remember, when you went with John to Chartres. Then Mary discovered one of your handkerchiefs in her room. It was all plain enough."

I felt my face getting hot. "John might have told me this," I growled.

Edith reached over and patted the back of my hand.

"Don't worry, Frank. We knew that it was all a put-up job. That woman?" She raised her delicate eyebrows.

I nodded.

"She wanted to get you back," said Edith. "I guessed that much."

"How about John—and Miss Dalghren?" I asked.

"Did you see John when you came in?" she asked.

"No. He was asleep."

Edith glanced out of the window. "John has been drinking too much for a long time, and thinks that I have not noticed it," said she quietly. "I hate the idea of nagging, Frank, so I have waited for a culmination that would make my protest unavoidable. Now it has come. John is dead drunk in his own drawing room—for the first time in his life. He cannot be awakened. He is a kind husband and a very proud man, and I have no fear but that the remorse that follows this will effect the result I want. John will pass me his word, and like yourself, Frank, he keeps his word. A family trait."

She smiled.

Now what do you think of that? Here were the two strings of pearls stolen and my tracks and handkerchief found. Yet this woman's faith in me was as firm and unwavering as ever. And her own pearls were still missing. For the moment I could hardly speak.

"This has been hard on us all, Frank," Edith went on. "It has been hard on John, because he is a practical sort of person and inclined to look at matters from their results. To be frank, I think that it is the worry of these thefts that is accountable for his condition."

"Does he suspect me?" I asked.

"No. He is very worried, though, over the whole affair."

"And Miss Dalghren?" I asked.

"She is less charitable. She refuses to believe that you are not in some way interested. When I pointed out that nobody as adroit as yourself would go tramping about a flower-bed with shoes having a design stamped on the sole, or drop a handkerchief in her room, she said: 'I don't believe that he stole *my* necklace.' She agreed with me that the theft was a put-up job on the part of your former *confrères*, who used you as a scapegoat. But she argued that inasmuch as this had occurred you felt that there was no sense in having the name without the game; and that you had come down the next night and stolen mine."

"Miss Dalghren must have a beautiful idea of my sense of gratitude," said I.

"She has had some bitter experiences where gratitude was concerned, Frank," Edith answered. "Besides, while a sweet and sympathetic girl, she is not over bright. You see, Frank, I am not holding back a single thing from you. It is better that you should know exactly how you stand with us."

"And you, Edith?" I asked.

A warm flush came into her lovely face. "I know that you are innocent of any wrong, Frank," said she.

My friend, for a moment I could scarcely speak. Something rose in my throat and choked me, and there was a mist in my eyes. I reached for Edith's hand and raised it to my lips.

"Thank you, Edith," was all I could manage to say.

For a moment or two neither of us spoke. Edith was looking at me questioningly.

"Is there anything that you can tell me?" she asked. "I have no doubts, Frank, but I am curious." She smiled.

For the instant I was tempted to tell her the whole story. I felt that her quiet faith in me entitled her to know. I wanted her to see what I had been through, what I was risking to clear myself and restore her jewels.

But second thought prevented this. I knew that the tale would prove too much for her. I was unwilling to expose her to the shock. More than that, if Edith had known that I was holding stolen gems as security for the return of her pearls she would never have permitted it. So I said:

"I can't tell you anything just yet, Edith. All I can say is that Miss Dalghren's pearls were stolen, as you supposed, to drive me back to the old life. The theft of yours was different. The same person who had been detailed to do the first job for somebody else came back and did the second on his own account. But the hand is not yet played out. Give me a little more time."

Soon after that I left her and went out of the house. Halfway across the garden I saw the gate open and Miss Dalghren came in. Her color changed on seeing me and for the moment she seemed uncertain as to how she should act. Then she came forward quickly.

"Mr. Clamart," said she, "may I speak a few words to you?"

"Certainly, Miss Dalghren," I answered.

"Then come over here," said she, and led the way to the summer house. Inside the vine-covered bower she motioned me to sit opposite.

"Mr. Clamart," said she, fastening her vivid blue eyes on mine, "first of all I want to thank you for the recovery of my pearls."

I bowed.

"Have you succeeded in learning anything about Edith's?" she asked.

"Not yet," I answered.

A shadow crossed her face. Her color deepened.

"You have seen Edith?"

"I have just left her," said I. "She told me of your suspicions. They are not the truth, but I don't blame you for having them."

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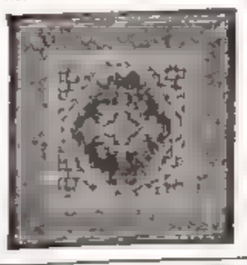

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She made an impatient gesture with her hand.

"I should hardly describe them as suspicions, Mr. Clamart," said she, and gave me a straight look. "They are rather more than that."

"Indeed?" I answered. It struck me all of a sudden that Chu-Chu must have left some more convincing evidence the second time than he had the first. But I was rather beyond caring much about that now. Edith believed in me, and that was enough.

Miss Dalghren's intent blue eyes never left mine. I began to feel my patience squirming around a bit. Thought I: "This fool of a girl thinks that she knows something, and is trying to make me 'fess up. Even if she were right, I wonder if she thinks her will is stronger than mine. Does she perhaps take me for a Sunday-school scholar? Or a pilfering *valet de chambre?*"

I began to get angry. Miss Dalghren was one of those noble, upright women who are so straight that they bend over backward. For that kind, all humanity is divided into two big classes—good and bad. There is nothing between. Such people have an unbounded faith in the militant strength of virtue. Secure in their own virtue, they are convinced that no sinful person can meet the power of their blameless eye. They keep on thinking so until some joker, with an equally strong but more supple will, bamboozles them out of whatever it is that they value most. I have always hated that breed of unconscious, "oh-come-sinning-brother-and-sin-no-more" Pharisee. They do a lot of harm—much more, in fact, than others with a lot less virtue and a little more tolerance. This girl was convinced that I had stolen Edith's pearls, and nothing was going to unconvince her. I wasn't. She made me tired.

Miss Dalghren may have seen my face harden up, for her eyes began to blaze. At least there was plenty of fight in her, and no fear at all.

"Mr. Clamart," said she, "have you no sense of gratitude? No scruple or respect for your given word? Just think what these people did for you. Think of the penal servitude from which they rescued you and the opportunity they have offered you for reconstructing your life. And see the suffering that you have brought into their home. There is John ——"

"He's not suffering much at the present moment," I interrupted.

Her teeth came together with a click and she clenched her fists.

"How can you sneer like that?" she cried. "John is lying there in the library intoxicated. And why? Because of the shame and remorse that have resulted from your cruelty. John suspects you. So far he merely suspects; he has not the absolute knowledge that I have."

"Absolute knowledge of what?" I asked her.

"That you stole Edith's pearls," said she, pushing out her square little chin.

"So much the better for John," I remarked.

A spasm of anger went across her face.

"Yes," she answered, "so much the better for John, perhaps. But it is not so much the better for you, Mr. Clamart. Now listen to me. I don't like to make threats, but I will not stand quietly by and see the happiness of my friends wrecked by such a man as you. I felt from the first that this experiment was foolish and dangerous, but I did think that you would at least spare your benefactors. But since you appear to be dead to all sense of finer feeling I intend to act. If those pearls are not restored within forty-eight hours I will tell what I know."

"And what is that?" I asked.

She gave her handsome head a toss. "It is quite enough," she answered, and, turning on her heel, she walked out of the summer house and took the path to the house.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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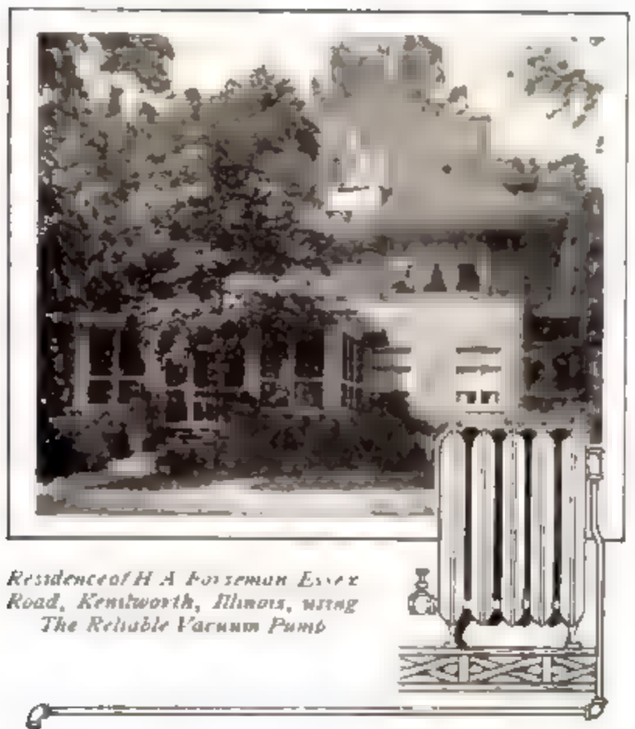

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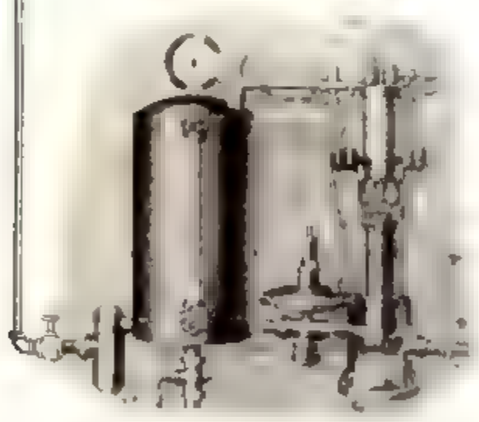
Because there is no air to contend with, steam at once rushes to every part of the system. You get quick, uniform heat in every loop of every radiator. You avoid slow-heating radiators. You avoid hissing and hammering-noises. You avoid leakage. Hence the better heat and greater comfort.



The Reliable Vacuum Pump is made in two types—one operated by city water-pressure, the other by electricity. Both are absolutely automatic in their action. Air in the system starts the pump. Reaching the required vacuum stops it. Hence the cost of operation is trifling. Any competent steam-fitter can install the pump—and there are no royalties to pay.

Write today for booklet, "*Better Heat at Less Cost*," stating the size and character of your building.

**The Bishop-Babcock-Becker Co.**
General Offices: Garfield Building, Cleveland
Twenty Branches in the United States

## 30 Nights Free Trial

Foster's IDEAL Spring is sold on 30 nights free trial, so that you can convince yourself that it is the most comfortable, the most restful and hygienic Spring in existence. It lulls you to sleep with a new and refreshing sense of comfort.

# Foster's IDEAL Spring

Means better rest, and absence of weariness in the morning. Foster's IDEAL Spring will not sag. Prevents rolling to center. It keeps your body in a natural healthful position, overcoming one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Every Foster IDEAL Spring is guaranteed for life. Made of the best quality, highly tempered springs, double decked and perfectly stayed. Money back if you are the least bit disappointed.

Foster IDEAL Springs are made plain and upholstered for wood and metal bedsteads. Write for booklet and the names of our dealers nearest you who sell Foster IDEAL Springs on 30 nights free trial.

Also ask your dealer to show you IDEAL Metal Bedsteads and Cribs.

**FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO., 136 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.**
18 Buchanan St. and Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

LOOK FOR THIS BRASS NAME PLATE ON EVERY FOSTER IDEAL SPRING

**TYPEWRITERS** ALL MAKES

"Visible" Typewriters, Underwoods and other makes sold or rented anywhere at ½ to ⅓ mfrs. prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Cata D
Typewriter Emporium, 91-96 Lake St., Chicago

**JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.**
Reduced rates, quick time on household goods to and from Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago
736 Old South Bldg., Boston | 417 Front St., San Francisco
34 Whitehall Bldg., New York | 510 Central Bldg., Los Angeles
1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis | Write nearest office.


# YOUR FIRST MOTOR-BOAT

(Continued from Page 18)

looking, you can borrow his idea, always being careful to add an annex of your own so that you can claim the whole thing. Remember particularly that it doesn't make any difference how much your engine stops if you can keep on talking. Many an expert has reduced a novice to awe in a motionless boat by talking glibly of the need of lining up his engine, though in reality he is wondering how he is going to paddle to shore and get more gasoline.

Just after purchasing your boat you will discover that the former owner has retained all the tools. This will make it necessary for you to stock up at once. Most amateurs make the mistake of buying entirely too many tools. There is a very good reason for not doing this. If you have enough tools you will be tempted to take the engine apart. You will very soon discover what seems to be a criminal conspiracy between the enginebuilders and the tool manufacturers. Each bolt is so cunningly placed that it takes a separate tool to dislodge it—but this is really for the protection of the amateur. If he takes his engine apart the most he can possibly hope for is to get it together again. Therefore the enginemaker has made it impossible for him to accomplish either feat.

The most important tool for the amateur is a stout oar. He should add to this a pair of pincers. They can be carried in the hip pocket and are extremely useful for putting up hammock hooks, turning balky faucets in the bathroom and doing other odd jobs about the house. These two tools, with a medium-sized wrench, are all that it will be safe for you to carry. By all means avoid putting any heavy tool—like a sledge or an ax—in the boat. There are times in every motor boatist's life when, if he should discover an ax in the boat, he would seize it with a glad cry and use it on the engine in a way that he could not help regretting later.

Having acquired your clothes, vocabulary and your tools, you are now ready to approach the boat itself. I am of the firm opinion that only one piece of knowledge is really necessary in the actual operation of a motor boat. That is a knowledge of how to start it. The only knowledge necessary in war is how to keep the other side running, yet many a general has spent his entire life studying the problem and has ended up by doing all the pacemaking himself.

There are a hundred reasons why a motor-boat engine will not start, and there are eight hundred reasons why it has stopped. No living man knows all these reasons. A scientist once made a chart of contributory causes to the stopping of a two-cycle engine. He worked two years on it and produced a table that covered one side of a large wall. Then a calm-eyed man, with dirt on his hands, walked in and told him offhand eighteen new reasons which he had himself discovered that morning; in fact, new reasons are being discovered every day, and almost every day an antidote for some one of these reasons is being figured out with great labor and perspiration in the middle of some American river. If astronomers would waste less genius in discovering new and vagrant worlds, and would concentrate their wisdom on the task of detecting and charting new remedies for motor-boat engine diseases, then science would recover some of the repute it had before the late Halley's comet hippodrome.

Of course there are standard ways of starting motor boats—such as tickling the carbureter, priming the cylinders, spinning the magneto, discussing the engine's pedigree and picking refuse out of the pump with a wire. Every one knows these. It is useless to waste time upon them. You can learn in two minutes how to start an engine that is willing to start. Ask any one. Ask even an expert. If you prevent him from dismembering the engine he can start it himself—if it is willing.

If the engine is not willing, however—if, for one of the nine hundred listed causes, it has folded its tired cranks and has gone into that long sleep which seems to need treatment with a sledgehammer—what are you going to do then? Why, you are going to start that engine! You don't know how and no one else does—but you are going to do it. The percentage of motor boatists who starve to death in balky motor boats is surprisingly small. Sooner or later, every mahout of a fractious and balky boat engine gets it started again.

How is the trick done? This is, perhaps, the most interesting thing about motor boating. No two men do it alike. Neither does any man do it the same way twice; in fact, very few amateurs, after having started a balky engine, can tell why it started. The fact is there are nine hundred ways of starting an engine. Each one of these ways is useful for some one of the nine hundred things that may ail an engine. It is only necessary to apply some one of the nine hundred remedies to some one of the nine hundred causes in order to get results. You may get the proper combination on the first attempt, or you may get it on the twenty-seven hundredth. All that is required is patience, endurance and a thick palm.

One of the beauties of working with a gasoline engine is the fact that, after you have exhausted your knowledge of it, you have just begun to dabble in the possibilities of starting it. There's no logic to a gasoline engine, any more than there is to its prototype, the sixteen-year-old girl. You can figure out by every rule of mechanics that a gasoline engine ought to start, apologize for having stopped, and run until Christmas; and yet that engine will remain perfectly cold and dead. You may then do something that a two-year-old child would be ashamed to do, and it will start as cheerfully as if you were asking it to come and have a drink. Suppose your motor boat has stopped nine miles from dinner, and you have tested the electricity, adjusted the carbureter, cleaned the gasoline pipe, found the pump in working order, cleaned the sparkplug, ruined a two-dollar shirt—and, in short, have demonstrated to your satisfaction that there is nothing the matter with the engine except the fact that it will not run. This has taken you two hours, in the course of which you have cranked the engine one hundred and ninety-eight times. Is it then time to give up and paddle home with a seat-bottom, thus disgracing yourself in the eyes of all enthusiasts? Hardly! You have just begun. It is now time to try the following:

1. Remove sparkplug, empty carbureter—and crank the engine.
2. Sandpaper the flywheel, take off the commutator—and crank the engine.
3. Kick the pup, blow cigarette smoke in the priming cocks—and crank the engine.
4. Disconnect the propeller, reverse the ensign, empty the gasoline tank—and crank the engine.
5. Repeat a verse from the Koran, tie a wet towel about the cylinders, take off the lubricators—and crank the engine.
6. Take the motor entirely apart, put it together with your fingers crossed, drop a quarter in the tank—and crank the engine.
7. Crank the engine suddenly, without doing anything else. This often surprises it into running.
8. Turn your coat inside out, oil the rudder, throw the gasoline strainer overboard, stuff a cushion in the flywheel—and crank the engine.
9. Repeat the names of the prophets in Arabic, put a gumdrop in the cylinder, write your candid opinion of all gasoline engines on the stern, roll up your cuffs, connect the batteries with your watch, take off your necktie, yell "Hell!" into the gasoline tank—and crank the engine.

There isn't the least sense in any of these rules. Yet each one has started an engine in its time. There isn't any sense in the engine in the first place. If there were it would start after you had adjusted it according to rule. You don't have to worry about being sensible with a gasoline engine. That's one comfort about it. There are men not sensible enough to bait a fishhook who make gasoline-engine experts for that very reason. They do the most foolish things first.

Perhaps, after all, you are not able to start your engine and must submit to the indignity of a tow home. In this case, before you signal for help, take a wrench and break some small essential part of the engine. This protects you in two ways. In the first place, it gives you a good excuse when you get home; and, in the second place, it will compel the expert, after he has replaced the part, to start the engine in order to test it. In this way you can have the satisfaction of seeing a wise man wrestle with your engine without being humiliated

by such questions as "Did you turn on the gasoline?" and "Have you been fooling with your carbureter?" He doesn't have to know that you have had any trouble at all besides the breakage he has repaired; and you can sit by in perfect comfort and watch him perspire, never forgetting to tell him now and then that she always starts for you the first time you turn her over.

Having learned to start your engine with a tolerable degree of fluency and promptness, there is really little left to acquire that is important. You will readily pick up information on how to steer, how to convince the other fellow that you were only running on one cylinder when he passes you, and how to land at a dock without butting it halfway out of the lake. It is best for the beginner to begin with a motor boat having only one cylinder. One cylinder can cause only one-fourth as much trouble as four cylinders; and, besides, an engine of this size is small enough to browbeat and abuse. Having mastered the one-lunger, the novice should progress to the two-cylinder engine; and, when he has the cylinders working together like a well-matched pair of horses, to the three, the four and possibly the six cylinder engine—always remembering that the difficulty of starting an engine is in inverse ratio to the number of cylinders. On some of the great racing machines, with from sixteen to thirty-two cylinders apiece, the owners begin starting the engines early in the season, with the sole hope of having them all running together by the time the race is started, late in the summer.

A few general instructions for beginners would not be out of place at this point. Pay particular heed to the following:

A thin leather glove on the hand will wear twice as long as the human skin and is not so difficult to replace.

Provide a small box with a slot and require all advice to be written plainly on paper and dropped into the box. The box can be emptied in the river when full.

To estimate the speed of your boat, add the speed at which you think she ought to run and the three miles an hour that she is losing from bad gasoline.

To estimate the speed of any other boat, divide the owner's statement by the number of cylinders she carries.

There are two times at which to look in your tank to see how much gasoline you have—before starting on a trip and after your engine has stopped and you have tried thirty-seven ways of starting it. Professionals use the former.

If your engine sneezes in the base turn the needle valve to the west and let in more gasoline.

If your engine begins to execute fancy tunes, like "kapup, kapup, kapup-ka-pup"—two beats and a rest—turn the needle valve to the east and let in more air.

If your engine begins to squeak and groan, and finally stops entirely, do not bother about starting it again. Row ashore and send to the nearest dock for lubricating oil.

If your engine becomes feverish its circulation is bad. Dive under the boat and remove a bunch of weeds from the pump intake.

If your engine suddenly ceases to converse, and becomes absorbed in thought, test your battery wires before going after the long-distance cranking record.

Attach yourself to a large parachute before lighting a cigarette near your engine.

Pass all approaching boats to the right, but do not insist on the right-of-way of the other boat if it is a few thousand tons larger than you are.

When meeting a sandbar, apologize, get on the stern of the boat and retire in good order if possible.

Always endeavor, during every trip, to have the engine run like a watch for at least three seconds. This will save a great deal of unnecessary lying on your return.

Do not neglect to comply with the Government regulations. If your boat is over twenty-four feet long these require red and green side-lights, a white bow-light, a white stern-light, a whistle, a bell, a fire-extinguisher, a bucket of sand, life-preservers and two copies of the Government rules. Smaller boats are not required to carry a bell, thus making room for the owner. Besides the whistle and the bell, a fish-horn should be carried. It doesn't look so fine as a whistle, but it makes a noise when a noise is necessary.

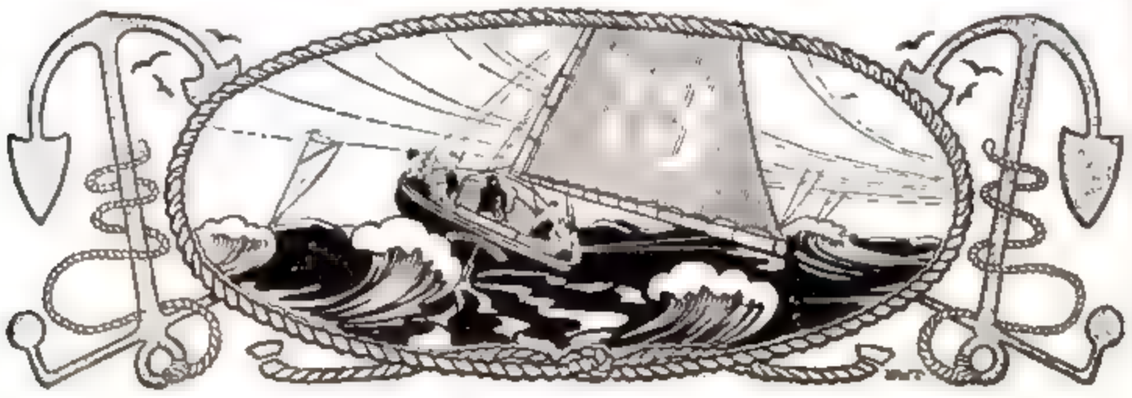
After you have owned your motor boat a year or so and have navigated hither and yon by means of gasoline, oars, a sail and even, at times, a horse, you will begin to realize that the fascination of motor boating consists not merely in going to places and getting home from them, but in getting ready to go. After the motor boatist has learned to start his engine and to pass a steamboat on the right side, he begins to pick up little pointers about keeping his craft in order. There is as much to be done on a motor boat as there is about three automobiles and a kitchen. By the time the neat navigator has towed his boat in from the float, has taken off its canvas vest, has put up his pennants, polished his brass, unlimbered his life-preservers, filled his tanks, pumped out the bilge, tightened the tiller ropes, tested his batteries, revarnished the woodwork, tightened up the clutch, adjusted the timer, painted the transom, fixed the stuffing-box and sandpapered the flywheel, it is generally time to cover up the boat and go home again. The real enthusiast does not mind this, however. If he finishes his work in time to run the boat out to its anchorage under her own power he is content.

Some motor boatists deliberately lay out enough improvements at the beginning of the season to keep them busy all the year long. They begin with a dirty and ruinous hulk in the spring, and in the fall they proudly haul a shiny and immaculate craft out of the water and stow it away without having run it a dozen miles during the summer. They have spent every Sunday in their boat, however, and so they are quite content.

Which brings me to another peculiar phase of the motor-boating game. It is the uncertainty of the sport, after all, that is its chief charm. Many a motor boatist has frankly confessed that he wouldn't give five cents to ride in a boat that he was perfectly sure would do nothing but obey orders. Buying a motor boat with a low-browed, ill-begotten, nondescript chunk of metal, called by courtesy a motor, scraping an acquaintance with this motor against its will, arguing with it, fighting it, bully-ragging it, cajoling it, chivying it round and round, and finally reducing it to a state where it will obey your lightest whim with meekness and eagerness—that is the joy of motor boating.

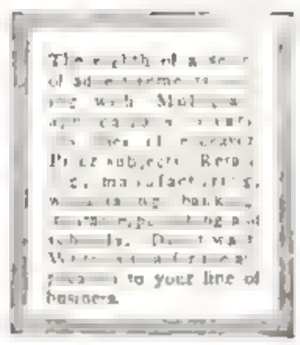
When you have achieved this triumph, and are perfectly sure that your engine will take orders at all times, your enthusiasm will wane. You will yawn at the thought of the river, and will let your good boat rust while you hunt up other amateurs who do not know so much as you do and talk motor boat to them until they admit that a mighty good mechanic was spoiled when you became a captain of industry. And presently you will sell your perfectly good boat to some one who doesn't know anything about it, and will buy a new craft, with a sixteen-horsepower compendium of exasperation, whose inmost thoughts and ailments you must learn before you can be at all certain of starting it in any given week.

When you have done this thing—when you have sold an engine that you can run and have joyfully acquired an engine that puzzles you from base to sparkplug—then you will be a real motor-boat crank and beyond the reach of all advice.




# THE MULTIGRAPH

## How it adds to the Profit and Expedites the Business of Transportation Lines, Great and Small



TO INSTALL a Multigraph is one of the quickest and easiest steps in the modern "gospel of efficiency"—and one that will produce a very high percentage of economy for railroads, steamship lines and electric railways.

Based upon the discovery that accurate contact takes the place of the high pressure exerted by the ordinary printing-press, the Multigraph is a rapid, economical office printing-machine. It does real printing, as well as multiple typewriting, at a speed of 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour, and at a saving of 25% to 75% of the customary cost of the work within its scope—which is limited only by size. Moreover, the work is quickly turned out by your own employees, in the privacy of your own office.

### Transportation Uses of the Multigraph

THE Multigraph is the quickest, most convenient and cheapest means of producing acceptable freight and passenger tariffs. Concerning this use a railway Traffic Manager writes:

"Tariffs printed by the Multigraph are accepted for filing by the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington the same as if gotten out by a regular printing establishment. We have also found it quite practicable to use the Multigraph for duplicating processes. The way we look at it, the Multigraph pays for itself in the time saved in not having to wait for proofs."

Besides this important work, the Multigraph saves time and money in the production of stationery and system-forms, such as letter-heads, envelopes, freight and way-bills, report-blanks, time-slips, and many similar forms—printers' printing at less than printers' prices. It typewrites general orders, circulars and notices. And it produces business-getting form letters and printed advertising. The miniature reproductions shown in this advertisement give but a hint of the variety of work the Multigraph turns out.

The General Freight Agent of the "Nickel Plate" writes as follows:

"Referring to your inquiry as to work being done on our new Multigraph:

"It has been in constant use since its purchase, about May 1st, and is doing all your people claimed for it. * * * It enables us to issue tariffs, circulars, etc., on short notice, thus avoiding time lost in making copies, securing proofs, etc., from printers. So far, we have issued sixty-four tariffs, circulars, etc., or about fifty thousand copies; which, if printed, would have cost us approximately $450.00."

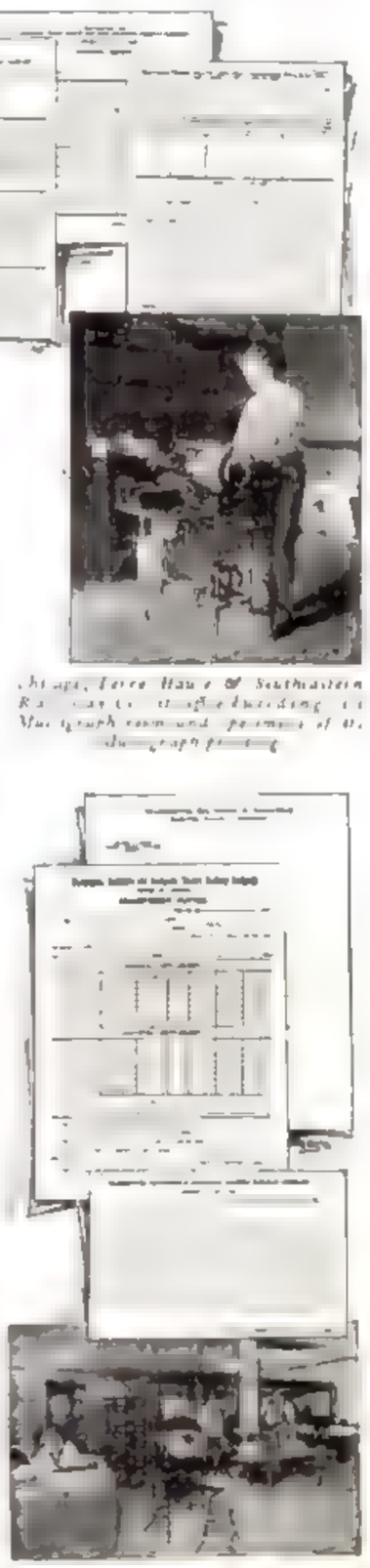
*Complete Unit, with Printing-Ink Attachment, Electric Motor and Automatic Feed.*

**You *Can't* buy a Multigraph unless you need it**

BEFORE we shall be willing to sell you a Multigraph, our representative's report must prove to our satisfaction, as his demonstration must to yours, that you can use it profitably.

**Write today for booklet**

TO men in executive positions, who write us on their business stationery, we shall be glad to send "More Profit with the Multigraph"—a handsome booklet containing detailed information.



*Washington, Baltimore & Annapolis Electric Railway Co. its Multigraph room and specimens of its Multigraph printing.*

## THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

**Executive Offices and Factory, 1800 E. 40th Street, Cleveland**

**Sixty Branch Offices**

***European Representatives:*** **The International Multigraph Company, 79 Queen St., London, E. C., Eng.**

**Your fall hunting trip will be a real hunting trip if you carry a *Remington-UMC* .22 Repeater**

Older chaps may tell of bigger game brought down. But they cannot tell of keener sport. And—you're getting ready for the "big uns" too.

The *Remington-UMC* .22 Repeater has the same solid breech, hammerless, safe features found in the high power, big game rifles. It has the same strength and accuracy—the same few and strong and simple parts. It is a man's rifle built to your size. Handles .22 short, .22 long, .22 long rifle cartridges without adjustment. Cleans from the breech.

Ask any Remington-UMC dealer to show you this beautifully proportioned small rifle. It costs less than you think.

*Write for a free set of targets.*

*Remington-UMC* — the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

299 Broadway New York City

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**City Hall Square Chicago**

Although open but a few months, the Hotel Sherman has already the reputation of being Chicago's most desirable stopping place.

## Every one of its 757 Rooms has its Private Bath and Running Ice Water

The Hotel Sherman offers the traveler every convenience, comfort and luxury. Rooms including bath, from $2.00 to $4.00; suites of 2 rooms and bath, from $4.00 to $8.00; larger suites of parlor, two bed rooms and two baths, from $12.00 to $15.00.

There is no hotel in Chicago that gives you as much for your money as the Hotel Sherman. Elbert Hubbard says in the July Fra:

> "Check your baggage to the Hotel Sherman and two surprises will be in store for you. One surprise will come when you behold the excellence, completeness and quiet magnificence of the place. Your second surprise will come when you see the very moderate amount of your bill."

**The College Inn—America's Famous Restaurant—is in the Hotel Sherman**

*Joseph Beifeld, President*
*Frank W. Bering, Manager*

*Owned and Operated by Hotel Sherman Co.*


## HENRY

(Concluded from Page 21)

"And these are my father's partners—Mr. Pine and Mr. Houghton," went on Henry; "and these are my friends—Miss Davenport and Miss Evans and Miss Brown." Afterward, in thinking the matter over and Mr. Pine and Mr. Houghton thought it over and talked it over for days and days—they realized that Henry had completely ignored all the young law-school graduates.

Mrs. Henry Costello, Junior, shook hands with the ladies and gentlemen to whom she had been introduced; then she stood perfectly still. Mr. Costello, Senior, recovering some presence of mind, opened his office door a little wider.

"Won't you come in here?" he invited, with shaking voice.

The young woman did not obey. Some quality in the heavy silence frightened her. She looked round at them, the flush growing deeper and deeper on her cheeks. She spoke rapidly, yet haltingly, as though the explanation due them and herself were suddenly difficult to make. She may have been dimly aware, for the first time, of a social order different from any she had ever known; or she may have realized that there might exist a hundred impediments to this marriage that had seemed so romantic. It might not be a marriage at all!

"I have known Mr. Costello only a short time," she said. "I am entirely alone in the world." She turned a little more toward Henry's father and spoke almost defiantly. "Your son told me—that is—I—I thought he was as lonely as I. We agreed to cast our lots together. I—I hope it has not been wrong."

"Oh, no," answered Mr. Costello faintly. He stood looking down at her, troubled, pitiful. No one—not even cynical Mr. Pine—could doubt that she spoke the truth. They all thought that Henry Costello, who was in all else such a perfect failure, might have done vastly worse. Mr. Pine remembered dimly a line of poetry, read in college, about a man's having two sides to his soul—one to show to the world, the other to the woman whom he loved. It seemed to apply here. Perhaps Henry was not so dull after all. But he pitied Henry's father, who would have to support them, whom he saw already surrounded by a troop of dependent grandchildren. It was awfully hard on poor Costello!

Meanwhile every one continued to be absolutely dumb. Even Mr. Pine ceased to have coherent thoughts—finally ceased to have any thoughts at all.

Then young Henry's face hardened and blazed, for the first time in his life, into a flame of anger. He put his arm round the young woman and tried to lead her away.

"Come," he said. "My dear, come!"

The young woman would not go. She yielded to his clasp and she took his hand in hers—her affection for Henry was unmistakable—but she would not go. Mr. Pine, clutching frantically at some vague, tantalizing association that she had for him, was taken back strangely to London streets, to English lanes, to afternoon cups of tea, to ——

"Mrs. Costello," he asked sharply, "what was your maiden name?"

Mrs. Costello answered him promptly, as though here, at last, in all this mystery, were something to which one could hold. She did not guess that at her response the silence would thicken until it seemed that only the crack of doom could break it.

"My name was Mary McKay," she said. "Abbott Masterson was my uncle. Mr. Costello says you want me to give testimony about something. Will you please tell me what it is?"

## Ceremony Waived

THE tuba player of a cavalry band wasn't much of a horseman. He had to ride, though. One day he came bumping down the road, flopping up and down in his saddle, about six inches at a flop.

A negro sergeant saw him coming. The regulations require all enlisted men to rise and stand at attention when an officer enters a room or comes into their presence. The old sergeant stepped out in the road and assumed the air of an officer, but shouted to the bandman: "Keep your seat, suh—keep your seat! Don't get up to 'tenshun every minute on my account."


# About Remembering

**By ELBERT HUBBARD**

HENRY DICKSON
America's Foremost Authority on Memory-Training and Principal Dickson School of Memory Auditorium Building, Chicago

FOR a long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr Henry Dickson of Chicago, and I have not forgotten.

Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or System which I believe is of more importance to the entire curriculum of your modern college.

MR. DICKSON teaches memory.

Good memory is necessary to all achievement.

I know a man who is a graduate of three colleges. The man is neither bright, interesting nor learned.

He is a dunce.

And the reason is that he CAN NOT REMEMBER. He can not memorize a date, name or fact, and has no use for a sleeve.

He forgets what you remember.

Every time I meet a man who has a memory, a TRAINED MEMORY, my heart is a-joy to my soul.

The manager of a great corporation never misses a trick. If he sees you on the next train he will call you by name. He told me how he did it. He studied memory training with Prof. Dickson. He is full of nice things about Prof. Dickson, that I hesitate to write here lest my good friend Dickson object.

This Dickson system of memory training is very simple. If you want to enlarge your brain, exercise it. The same with your mind. You must put your brain through a few easy exercises to discover its capacity. You will be surprised, how quickly it responds.

You do not know when you will be called upon to tell what you know. Have a trained memory and it will help you.

To any man or woman whose memory plays tricks I recommend that you write to Prof. Dickson, and if his facts do not convince you, you are not to be convinced.

*Write today for FREE booklet and facts. Address*

**Prof. HENRY DICKSON, 932 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago**



# LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

**Summer Pleasures**

are enjoyed by thousands of women who are free from complexion worries. They are the users of LABLACHE and are recognized by faces free from wrinkles. They are never sallow or disfigured by exposure to the elements, and a skin always smooth and velvety. It is cooling, refreshing, pure and harmless.

***Refuse substitutes***

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers
Dept. 42, 125 Kingston Street
BOSTON, MASS.

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If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents etc. in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store

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*Bestyette* ON A RAINCOAT

IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY, STYLE *and* WEAR

WE HAVE faith in the raincoats we make our label is in them Back of the label is our guarantee You get a coat of known value wear and service warranted This woman's slip on illustrated is the popular coat of the year Mannish style loose fitting box back cut pockets high storm collar Made of Bento cloth in gray and tan Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure Stylish snappy unusual value Also made in higher priced cloths

Write for booklet And a Free Cloth Sample

New York Mackintosh Co., New York, N Y

THIS WOMAN'S SLIP-ON $7.50



## The Clincher Tie Holder

Holds your Cravat in place without injury to tie or shirt No saw to chew through edges. Light and neat German Silver 25c Heavy Gold Plate 50c At best dealers or postpaid on receipt of price

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that is what women want now-a-days," says the grocer.

The most for the money of quality, of nutrition, of purity, is contained in every package of

# Snider Process Pork & Beans

*One woman says: "I can eat Snider's with real enjoyment, because I know just what I am eating—good food, rightly prepared, into a most delicious dish"*

*Another says: "I liked Snider's Catsup so much, I thought I would try Snider's Beans, and now I buy all I can of Snider's, and wish they made more things."*

The Snider factory is nationally regarded as the most sanitary, clean and up-to-date establishment of its kind. Cleanliness is a shining feature of every Snider "plant," while no expense is spared to make the equipment the best possible.

The beans, the tomatoes, the delicate pork jowl, the seasoning—all materials are the very best money can buy.

And the process—known only to Snider—gives a flavor unequaled and makes Snider's Beans more digestible. Snider's Pork & Beans form a completely balanced diet, wholesome, nourishing.

The seasoning is made from that highly pleasing relish, Snider's Tomato Catsup.

Home foods may be given a similar flavor by using **Snider's Tomato Catsup** in gravies, soups, on all meats, fish, spaghetti and anything improved by a luscious tomato sauce.

**Snider's Chili Sauce** gives a delightful zest to meats.

Buy Snider's—the foods of full quality value.

*"It's the Process"*

## THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.

CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

*All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the world*

The "Rugby" is exclusively "Imperial" make; designed to wear after straw hat time. One of the many novel "Imperial" styles for fall and winter. Our portfolio of hat fashions shows what is strictly proper in soft or derby hats. Write for it.

The leading hatter in every town is an "Imperial" agent.

**Samuel Mundheim Co., Makers—15 Astor Place, New York**
Brooklyn Chicago Canada

**Where Best Butter is Bred**

BLUE VALLEY is *born* in America's richest pastoral districts and *bred*, every package of it, in one of the six best organized, most modern and most sanitary creameries in the world. If you like butter that *stands alone in flavor, purity and uniformity*, ask your dealer for

**Blue Valley National Butter**

Thousands of dealers everywhere sell *Blue Valley*. The central locations of our creameries make it *possible*. Fast trains make it *practical*. A hungry public demand makes it *imperative*. And now these dealers are all *glad* because they sell *more Blue Valley* and sell it *easier* than *any other* butter—and the best people buy it.

Never sold in tubs, Blue Valley is *free* from that "woody" taste. Nor is it a *cut-up* or *worked-over* butter. It is sold only in the original *Blue Valley* package. And the butter you get *tomorrow* was churned from fresh cream *today*.

Trade-marks Reg

If your butter-man can't supply *Blue Valley*, send us his name, and we will mail you an attractive booklet.

**Mr. Butter-Man:** Introduce *Blue Valley*. Let us tell you *how*. It will stimulate your trade—bring you the *lion's share* of the butter business in your territory. Orders filled at any one of our six creamery plants below.

(10)

**Blue Valley Creamery Co.**
Chicago, Ill.
Indianapolis Ind.
Grand Rapids Mich.
St. Joseph, Mo.
Sioux City Iowa
Hastings, Neb.


# THE PRIDE OF THE LAZY L

Concluded from Page 17

With arched neck and mincing steps Beanbelly trotted into the press. Nobody would have recognized him. His nostrils flared crimson, the eyes rolled in quest of the quarry and the muscles of his shoulders and flanks glinted in the sunlight.

"There he is, boy!" his rider whispered—and he pressed hard with his left knee.

Beanbelly swerved to the touch and discerned the yearling at once. No swift jump to get close; that would have sent the steer hurtling among his comrades, scattering them on all sides. He approached softly, got his shoulder against the yearling's left side and kept it there. No matter where the steer sprang, Beanbelly was beside him, thrusting him outward. Soon the yearling found himself alone and loped away to the open space where some others of his kind were gathered.

"Don't call his time," Moson entreated. "Don't call his time. It'll rattle him."

The pair was shooting steers out of the herd like peas from a pod. All the rider had to do was to point out the animal. Beanbelly never lost sight of him. Cowboy would then sit tight, occasionally prodding with his heels just to show who was the boss and the horse paid about as much attention to these jabs as an elephant would to a mosquito. Incidentally the child was doing some rare riding. The way Beanbelly turned would have made a hoopsnake dizzy—always on his hind-feet, too, whereby the jar to Cowboy was lessened.

Once Beanbelly dashed at a steer in full career, seeing a clear space to force him out. The brute ducked under his head, and back he whirled, so bewilderingly that his tail could not be distinguished from his head for the moment. Poor Cowboy gave a grunt and went over the horn of the saddle. However, he clutched the mane and Beanbelly stopped until he righted himself.

"Oh, the darling! The darling!" a visitor was crying.

They had lost eleven seconds by this accident. The horse appeared to apprehend the need of extra effort. He brought the steer out again at a mad scramble and went back, snorting, for the next. It seemed to Cowboy that they had been at the task an hour at least. Not once had he heard the mayor give his time. He was grimy now and sniffled dolefully. There was much noise outside and it confused him. Whether this was applause or derision he could not determine, but he was vaguely aware that about a million people were dancing frenziedly up and down and bellowing themselves black in the face.

They were trailing the last steer. He was a lusty, rollicking fellow and gave Beanbelly much trouble in winning close. Then began a furious game of tag. Twice Cowboy thought the steer was lost in the horde of cattle milling around them, but the horse never faltered. He pounced on him once more like a streak of lightning. The yearling lurched under his neck and along his side, his back-bristles brushing Cowboy's foot. Beanbelly reared about in the air and followed on the jump. A long groan burst from the crowd. Cowboy was not on him.

"Oh, he's dead! He's killed! I can't look! I can't look!"

Down in the dirt lay Cowboy, shaken and hugely surprised. Through the welling dust he discerned some cattle bearing down on him, shoved forward by the galloping hundreds behind; above him towered a horse on its hindlegs. Beanbelly saw him. The child crouched where his forefeet would land. With a mighty twist he faced quarter-way about and leaped over Cowboy—leaped straight on to a plunging steer. They went heavily to the ground. The herd parted and sped by in two streams. Beanbelly got up and limped a few steps and then waited. He was lamed in the right ankle.

It would be nice to record that Cowboy stood in the midst of all this turmoil undaunted and delivering a timely moral reflection, which is the way with children under stress, as everybody knows from standard books; but the facts compel me to chronicle a different tale. True, he stood erect in the dust, but he was badly frightened and swearing—in the even, passionless tone employed by the punchers among whom he lived. Regardless of rules and of cattle, mindful only of his son, his father rushed to him.

"Are you hurt? Where're you hurt?" he cried, gathering him up.

"No-o-o!" Cowboy sobbed. "I done lost! I done lost! Ol' Beanbelly, he threw me!"

"No; you didn't, son. No; you didn't. The steer ran out. Look! Over there!"

The child wiped away the tears with his knuckles and stared across at the cut-bunch. Sure enough, there was the steer, glancing back at him with mild curiosity and a measure of suspicion. By some freak of fortune he had been directly behind the animal against which Beanbelly hurled himself, and the shock of the encounter had sent him careening out of the herd.

"The gen'l'man's time," the mayor announced very huskily, for he was much wrought up, "are two hundred and three seconds! And if you don't believe it you can see for yourself. I ain't a liar!"

Then he attempted to make a speech, but nobody would permit it. They surged around father and son, everybody striving to reach Cowboy.

He was not quite sure what it all meant and shrank away. It looked like a riot, and in the midst thereof arrived Mr. Steen, considerably sobered and anxious to ascertain the outcome. The young Easterner was patting Beanbelly's neck and feeling of his legs.

"I'll give you five hundred for him," he proffered.

"Huh!" said Bunty, holding his debts lightly at the moment. "That there horse ain't for sale!"

In the cool of dusk the Lazy L cavalcade ambled happily homeward. Cowboy was astride his ancient, dependable, flea-bitten gray. He was properly silent, for it had been borne in on him that the men of his acquaintance never boasted of a feat—at least, not until long afterward, when their accounts of it would take on truly wonderful proportions. For quite five minutes he maintained his dignified reserve. Then his child's pride got the upper hand.

"Oh, Bunty!" he called.

"Huh-huh?"

"Me and ol' Beanbelly, we was sure cuttin' 'em, weren't we?"

## Scarlet Fever Cases

THE terrors of scarlet fever will be greatly reduced from this time on by the discovery of a means whereby the after effects of the disease, so justly dreaded, are to a large extent avoided.

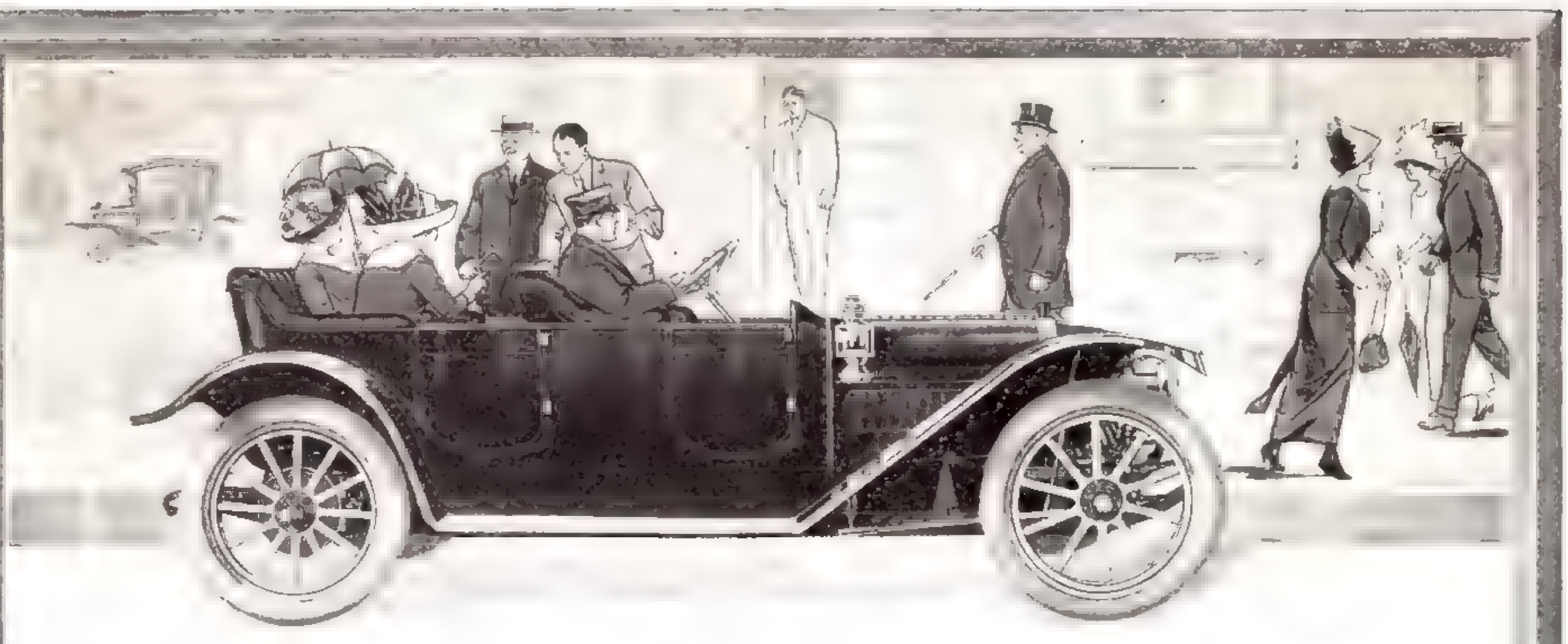
Vaccination is the means; but this does not literally signify vaccination for scarlet fever. To make a vaccine, one must possess the germs that cause the disease, which, bred in beef broth, are then killed by heat, the soup containing the dead microbes being the specific remedy. The germ of scarlet fever, however, has not been found.

In scarlet fever the danger comes very largely from certain "streptococci"—a group of bacterial organisms especially associated with blood infections—which are subsequent invaders, taking advantage of the weakened resistance of the sufferer to create all sorts of trouble.

These streptococci cause the dreaded after effects above mentioned—such as kidney trouble, persistent sore throat and chronic inflammation of the inner ear, often leading to "mastoiditis"—which is very dangerous—and even to abscesses in the tissue of the brain. When it is considered that the roof of the upper part of the auditory passage is no thicker than writing paper it will be understood easily that a serious inflammatory process would be likely to penetrate it and cause utmost mischief.

Vaccines made from streptococci by the above-given recipe, and introduced into the circulation of the patient by hypodermic injection, not only accelerate recovery from scarlet fever but prevent these distressing and dangerous "sequelæ."

When the prudent and tactful physician is called in to attend a case of scarlet fever he usually diagnoses it as "scarlatina," in order to allay parental apprehensions, explaining that this is a "mild form" of the disease. This, however, is purely a figure of speech, inasmuch as medical science recognizes no such thing as a mild form of scarlet fever. It is always a serious and even dangerous malady.



# Regal "35" Underslung 5-passenger Touring Car $1400

## The car that won't "turn turtle"

**THE COLUMNS OF THE PRESS** relate day by day the toll of Automobile Accidents, most of them records of fatalities through the car "turning turtle," pinning the occupants underneath or falling upon them, with all the sickening aftermath of details that make the distressing story.

**THE MOST CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATES** ascribe 80% of all automobile fatalities to the above cause and we could give, did space permit, a long roll of the dead, clipped from the daily newspapers within the last month. People who, in the midst of pleasure, were suddenly made the victims of a condition that might have been defeated. Consequently—

**THE TIME HAS COME** when it is of the utmost and vital importance that every man who intends purchasing a motor car should consider the element of *safety*—consider it with just the same care that he determines the quality of the car—so that when danger comes it may be met, not only with confidence but with every constructional advantage in the car against the possibility of inflicting personal injury.

**ENGINEERING PRACTICE** has absolutely demonstrated the new Underslung Construction to be the greatest known factor of *Safe Motoring*. So remarkable are the constructional assets of this type that without doubt it will be, within the next year or two, the model of all progressive manufacturers, for the simple reason that it emphasizes beyond comparison, not alone the supreme element of Safety, but such comfortable riding qualities that to sit behind the wheel of an "Underslung" is a new experience.

**THE MAN THAT DRIVES AN UNDERSLUNG** drives a Safe car. He possesses an insurance policy of accident protection. "The ditch" and "turning turtle" have no terrors for him. He has foreseen danger and provided against it. He takes his wife, family and friends for a ride without fear or trepidation. The "tight place" upon the road—the sharp turn—the wet, slippery asphalt or mud with its possibilities of skidding are practically eliminated by the Underslung. It is the almost perfect car because it is the "care free" car.

**THE REGAL "35"** 5-passenger Underslung Touring Car at $1400 is the first and only Underslung Touring Car ever offered to the public under $4000. It is the prophecy of a predominating type because it is a big stride towards the mark of perfection in motor car design. Its improvements go deeper than paint, style or body conformation. It is the 1912 one big surprise. It will be the "down to the minute" car in 1913, 1914, etc., not because it is "*different*" but because its advantages cannot be ignored. The coming generation will know no car but the Underslung.

**WHAT ARE THE REGAL UNDERSLUNG ADVANTAGES?** The center of gravity in a Regal Underslung is very much lower than in the ordinary type of construction. The weight is slung *below* the axles instead of balanced above them—and every ounce of it is well within the wheels, giving the most comfortable riding qualities, for the springs naturally absorb all shocks. The way this car "hugs the road" is a new sensation of locomotion, there is no "side swaying," or vibration, no side-lash, so destructive on springs and tires, and the motor being placed in its normal level position, a direct-drive to rear axle is made possible, giving the maximum power at the minimum expense.

**HERE IS THE CAR BEAUTIFUL**—the car economical, the car comfortable, the car that is safe. It is a "different" car because it is built *down to the ground* instead of *up in the air*, yet it offers *10 inches of Clearance* (as much as most cars) and the uniform flat dust pan keeps the dust in the road where it belongs. An excelling feature is the accessibility to every working part, the base of the motor being level with the frame, providing also perfect lubrication.

**WE ARE CONSERVATIVE IN OUR CLAIMS** about the mechanical and constructional features of *this*, our latest, *offering*—We prefer not to be extravagant or boastful, but we *do* affirm our faith and pride in the Regal "35" 5-passenger "Underslung" Touring Car. Already we have received hundreds of orders from every part of the country, and all who have seen it, ridden in it, tested it, have been enthusiastic over its undoubted merits. After all—the car's the thing.

**A WORD ABOUT THE PRICE**—As our past public utterances have been conservative, it is not generally known that our manufacturing facilities equal *100 cars a day*—So, the anticipation of a huge demand for the Regal "35" Underslung Touring Car enables us to place the price at $1400—at which figure, by any comparison, this car stands at the forefront of value, and is, moreover, within the reach of the most moderate income.

**FURNISHED WITH DEMOUNTABLE RIMS** (One extra Demountable Rim included).

**HERE ARE A FEW SPECIFICATIONS.** Wheel Base, 118 inches—Tires 34x4 inch. Demountable Rims. Three Speed and Reverse; Selective Sliding Nickel Steel gear transmission. Four cylinders (in pairs) 35 H. P. Motor. Bore, 4¼ in., stroke 4½ in. Dual ignition—with magneto. Transmission—Hyatt Nickel Steel roller bearings. Standard equipment. Gas searchlight, etc.

**OTHER REGAL CARS. REGAL "20" "UNDERSLUNG" ROADSTER $900** (The car that created a furore). Regal "30" 5-passenger Touring car (open body) $1000. Fore-door $1050. Regal Demi-Tonneau, open and fore-door type, $1000 and $1050. Regal "40" 7-passenger Touring car (fore-door) $1650.

**REGAL DEALERS** are everywhere—visit one or write us for Booklet—That Magic Word—"Underslung."

**The Dealers** who handle Regal Cars are especially chosen for a high standard of service. They are representative of all that tends to upbuild a permanent and highly profitable business upon the foundation of service. Their interest in customers does not end with the sale of a car but begins with the purchase of a car. We are always looking for the **"REGAL STANDARD"** among dealers. **Wire or Write.**

# Regal Motor Car Company Detroit Michigan

# WHEN you're searching for efficiency-opportunities, have you thought of looking into the varnish shop?

That is where one manufacturer recently made a substantial decrease in his total cost of production by cutting down his finishing cost 20% without any sacrifice in the quality of his work.

It was the result of a change from old methods to those suggested by one of our varnish-shop efficiency engineers.

The head of another large business now boasts of a saving of 15% in his cost of finishing *plus* an increase of 50% in the output of his finishing department.

This was also the result of a careful study of his finishing problems by a Berry Brothers' expert.

In an important industry—without exceptional opportunities for improvement—Berry Brothers' efficiency methods have been responsible for a saving of 19% in the annual varnish purchases *of 80% of all the companies engaged in the business.*

Such results as these are possible not only because we know our business and have a somewhat different way of selling our goods, but also—

Because there are so many varnish shops that have been sorely neglected by the man who really pays the varnish bills.

You may never have realized the opportunities that are open to *you* for increased profit-making in your finishing department. You may consider that you don't know enough about that end of your business to warrant you in taking an interest in it. You have probably done all you could to keep varnish salesmen from getting into the front office.

But in the face of such figures as we have given, can you continue that policy longer?

# Berry Brothers' Varnishes

## Shellacs, Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers & Dryers

### FOR HOMES AND OTHER BUILDINGS

**Sold Through Leading Dealers and Painters Everywhere**

BERRY BROTHERS' PRODUCTS not only meet the complete requirements of nearly 300 classes of manufacturers. They also include everything needed in Architectural Finishes for floors, doors and woodwork in homes and all other buildings.

There is no varnish need we do not understand; none that we cannot meet with goods that mean great ultimate economy. As the largest varnish makers in the world, with 53 years' experience, we occupy an authoritative position that commands the business confidence of millions of users—large and small—the world over. If you want the most accurate and reliable information about varnish for any use or purpose ASK BERRY BROTHERS.

Whether you use varnish for buildings in a small way or large way, it is important that you—*you personally*—choose the varnish and then see the label. Your choice will always be right if you insist upon having one of the following four leading Architectural Finishes used. Be sure the can bears the Berry Brothers' Label.

TRADE LIQUID GRANITE MARK

For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. Its quality has made it the best known and most widely used of all varnishes. There is no substitute.

WOOD LUXBERRY FINISH

For finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork. It has for years been the standard to which all other varnish makers have worked.

ELASTIC OUTSIDE FINISH

For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather. Dries dust free in a short time and possesses great durability under most trying conditions.

ELASTIC INTERIOR FINISH

For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear and finished in full gloss, such as window-sills and sashes, bathroom and kitchen woodwork. Stands the action of soap and water to an unusual degree.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Varnishes and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock. You can always tell them by the well-known label on the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade-mark—your protection against substitution.

Send for free booklet, "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"—of interest to all varnish users, large or small. It will give you the best idea of the scope and importance of the varnish business you have ever had.

Boys and girls should ask their dealers how they can get the *famous "Berry Wagons."*

### FOR ALL MANUFACTURING PURPOSES

**Sold by Us Direct to Those Who Buy Sufficient Quantities**

THE facts and figures cited above are of special interest to executives in about 300 classes of manufacturing industries—from the making of pins to the building of locomotives—whose every requirement in varnish and allied products can be filled by us.

*Ask us to send to YOU PERSONALLY one of our special representatives*—a varnish-shop efficiency engineer familiar with the finishing problems of your kind of business

You will never regret starting in this way your active campaign for greater efficiency for money-making and money-saving, in your finishing department. Our representatives will not try to sell you a bill of goods—or to convince you that our varnishes are best. They will simply seek your co-operation in allowing them to make a real study of your finishing methods, looking toward improvement in quality of finish, decrease in finishing costs, reduction in time and labor in the finishing department, etc. It will pay you to allow us this opportunity.

At least send for "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"—a booklet that tells about our ability to serve you.

# BERRY BROTHERS, Limited

**Largest Manufacturers of Varnishes, Shellacs, Air-drying and Baking Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers and Dryers**

*Branches*—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco
*Factories*—Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.

# WOMAN IN PUBLIC LIFE

(Continued from Page 11)

Women no longer begin to grow old and drop out of the current of life at forty; already they have postponed the period when they cease to have any more birthdays to sixty, and there is no limit in sight. Yet, less than a century ago, Jane Austen, in her delightful Sense and Sensibility, makes one of her "old-maid" heroines remark, with axiomatic finality: "Of course, mamma, a woman of twenty-six can never hope either to feel or to inspire affection again!"

The tremendous and imposing duty of child-rearing, which is thrown with such a delighted and satisfied air of "Now I've got you!" across the forward path of modern woman, can be perfectly and adequately performed without absorbing more than about a third of her lifetime and only a little over half of her total energies during that third. Indeed, it will be best performed if it is not allowed to absorb more than this percentage of her total life and energy. And there will be a period of from five to ten years between adolescence and the beginning of race-continuance in which noble and useful apprentice work can be done in the world outside the home; and another period of from fifteen to twenty-five years after its duties are over in which active and most efficient expert service can be rendered to the community before the decay of her powers sets in.

Nor is there any need for the woman who intends to find her career in marriage to keep herself, as it were, in a glass case or wrapped up in cotton-wool, in a species of chrysalislike suspended animation, through all her girlhood and young womanhood until she marries. On the contrary, I believe that the best interests and happiness of both the young woman herself and of her future husband and children, whatever her social position, from the lowest to the highest, will be best served by her taking some definite salaried work of her own outside the home after her seventeenth or eighteenth year.

A few years of teaching or business or clerical training is as admirable and valuable a preparation for life for the girl as it is for the boy, even if only upon the principle suggested by Oliver Wendell Holmes when he declared that young ministers ought to have "a sort of mild course in iniquity" between graduation from the theological seminary and their acceptance of a call.

There is not the slightest question, on biological grounds, but that the rearing of children is the highest and most vital and important duty of both a man's and a woman's life—that no life, in fact, can reach its highest development and happiness without it. So important is it, and so absolutely necessary not only to racial but to individual welfare and happiness, that there is very little danger of its falling into neglect by relieving woman of the absolute and, in many cases, degrading necessity of choosing it as her sole means of livelihood and existence. It is not fair or just that a girl should be compelled, at the beginning of her individual life, to choose once and for all between marriage and any or every other form of occupation and interest, any more than a man should.

### *Henry for the Million*

A boy is not expected to decide whether he will become a husband and father or a lawyer, a business man, a carpenter or a farmer; he can be both, and better in each capacity for being a success in the other. It is like the story of the romantic and imaginative young lady who had recently become engaged and endeavored to test the devotion of her fiancé by propounding, with soulful gaze under the crescent moon, the question:

"Henry, if you had to choose between me and a million dollars which would you take?" To which the resourceful Henry replied: "Why, I'd take the million, of course; then you'd be easy!"

The man or woman who has made a thorough success of his or her individual life need have little fear of failure in becoming a successful father or mother.

It is of course true that, in the division of physiological labor between the sexes, the mother must devote a larger share of her time and attention to the process of child-rearing during a certain period of her life than the father; but this is partially counterbalanced by the fact that the father's period of care and stress both begins earlier and lasts longer than that of the mother.

For, of course, all the efforts and struggles of a young man to establish himself in business and make his place in the world are in a large measure for the purpose of securing an income and a position that will enable him to have the luxury of a home and the dignity of a family. And the period at which boys and girls begin to lessen their demands upon the mother's care and time—the beginning of the boarding-school and college age—is precisely the time when their demands upon the gray matter and exchequer of the father are heaviest, and continue so until they are finally settled in life for themselves.

On the other hand, too, it must be frankly admitted that the average father, though his intentions are good and his performance fairly creditable, ought to devote a great deal more of himself, his personal services and his time to the companionship, education and care of his own children during their growing period. He salves his conscience with the reflection: "Oh, well, their mother understands that sort of thing so much better than I do!"—but he has unquestionably been shirking his duty in this regard and leaving a weight of responsibility for family care and management and discipline upon the all too willing shoulders of the mother which he should have carried upon his own.

### *The Good Done by Women's Clubs*

One of the social reforms most urgently demanded is that the hours and methods of modern business—that Juggernaut of family life—shall be so readjusted that all fathers, from the day-laborer to the millionaire, shall have the opportunity of devoting at least a fifth of their waking hours to the companionship and care of their own children. It would be the most profitable investment of time possible to both the state and the business world, for it would result in a vastly improved type of children—and fathers.

From a biological point of view it is self-evident that not only will the proper and adequate rearing of children and care of her household not prevent a modern woman from entering public life and taking part in a wide range of activities outside the home, but, on the contrary, it will absolutely demand that she should do so. Just in proportion as the work of the home has been transferred to the world outside, so the interests and welfare of the home are affected by and bound up with conditions in the external world.

It is idle and worse than useless, for instance, for a mother to bear and rear healthy, intelligent children if, the moment they pass from under her care, they are worked ten or twelve hours a day in overcrowded, unsanitary deathtraps called factories; or if, before they pass from under her care, they are obliged to spend the best part of their waking hours shut up in gloomy, ill-ventilated barracks called schoolhouses.

Similarly, though in an earlier day she could supervise the growth and preparation of almost every article of food that appeared upon her table, and know that it was sound and wholesome, today nine-tenths of the food of the family comes from all over the surrounding country and from every part of the habitable globe. The mother who wishes properly to protect the health of her children must actively take part in the agencies and movements which are engaged in the proper inspection and testing of food supplies; in the securing of clean milk and pure water, and the scrupulous cleanliness of shops and streets. A large share of the activities of municipal public life and so-called politics has become simply good housekeeping on a large scale—and it is even more emphatically woman's business than it is man's.

Any sanitarian or public-health officer of experience will cheerfully testify that the strongest force in the community for the protection of the public health is the influence and work of the women, especially of the at one time much scoffed at and good-naturedly ridiculed women's clubs. Why on earth woman should not be given exactly the same voice as man in determining how the food, water and other vital interests of her children should be kept pure and


## The Reason Why Experienced Buyers Select the Moon Motor Car

Thousands of automobile owners are now buying their second, third, or tenth car. Men who know all about a motor car. Who have driven their cars in city and country, over good roads and bad, fast and slow, for tens of thousands of miles.

These are the men who are buying MOON MOTOR CAR

Buying [illegible] careful comparison with every other car on the market

Because of what it IS, and what it DOES

### Things That Make Motor Cars Famous

In the MOON MOTOR CAR is combined practically ALL the things that have made FAMOUS many high-grade, high-priced cars

"Ask the man who owns one what it is that has made the name and fame of these great cars." He will tell you—the T-head motor, the long-stroke engine, the [illegible] drop forgings instead of malleable, [illegible] the [illegible] wheel; big strong wheels, long wheel base [illegible]

Many a high-class car has made [illegible] fortune on ONE of these features alone [illegible] MOON MOTOR CAR has them ALL.

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Some cars—well enough in their way—can be bought at a lower price than the MOON car

Others—offering no better value—cost a great deal more.

The MOON car is made from the finest materials that can be used in any motor car. Every [illegible] part is made by an expert in that particular line of work. It is tested and adjusted with infinite care and is as perfect when it leaves the [illegible] as anything made by human hands can be

You'll be proud to own a MOON car. And it will give you perfect service, day after day, mile after mile, at the minimum of expense for up-keep.

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Write for advance catalog showing 1912 models, with full details of all MOON cars and how they are made. It will show you all about a motor car in a single evening. And will explain why the MOON car is the lowest-priced high-class car on the market

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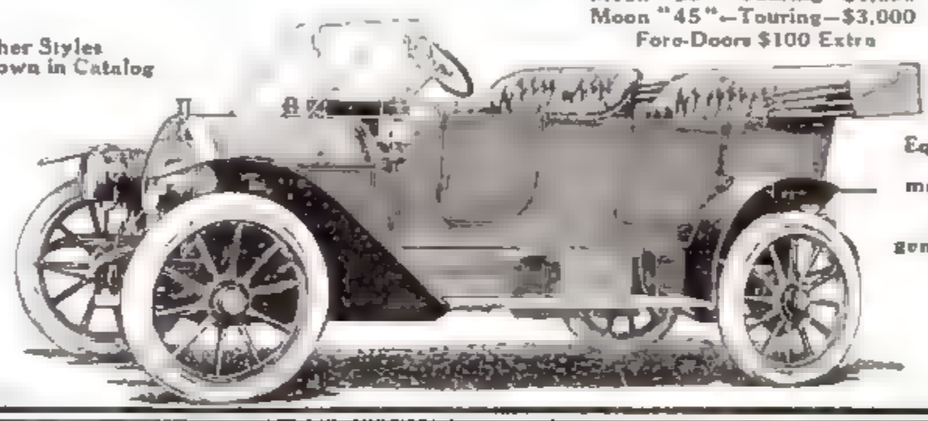
Fore-Doors $100 Extra

Other Styles Shown in Catalog



Equipped with magneto, five lamps, generator, horn and all tools.

## Try This On Your Piano

GET a tone on the *outside* of your piano, and *keep* it there. In other words, *dust your piano daily with LIQUID VENEER.* Then there'll be no more "blue" or foggy surface, no finger marks, no scratches—nothing whatever to mar the original newness and fine factory finish.

CHEER UP all over the house—

### Dust Everything With

# LIQUID VENEER

Simply moisten an ordinary cheesecloth duster, and dust in the usual way. My, how it *does* make things look like new! Doesn't matter on what it is used, whether kitchen chairs or fine mahogany furniture, metal work, picture frames, or on costly ebony, enamel or silver finishes—it cheers things up in a manner truly remarkable.

Makes housework easier, and pays for itself many, many times over. Absolutely nothing like it for removing grease from kitchen furniture, *and for use on hard-wood floors.*

### Trial Bottle Free

[illegible] and mail the attached coupon today for a free [illegible] nothing just as good as LIQUID VENEER.

Buffalo Specialty Company
73 Liquid Veneer Building
BUFFALO, N. Y.

CHEER UP COUPON

BUFFALO SPECIALTY C
73 Liquid Veneer Bldg
Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me free sam[illegible] my part in the use of LIQUID VENEER

NAME

STREET & N

CITY & STATE

SILENCE Peerless COMFORT

ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

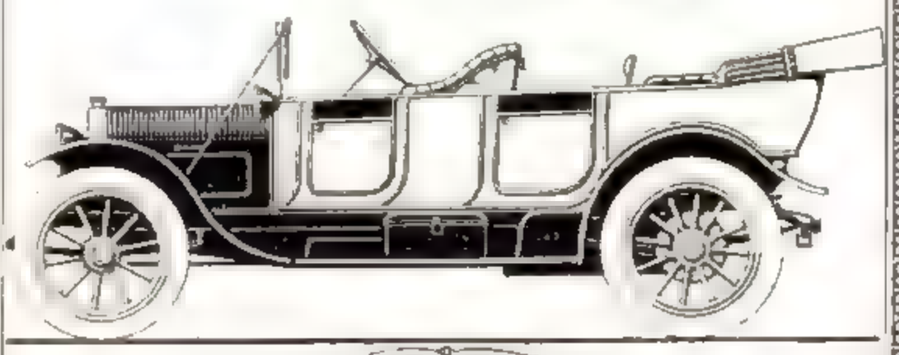
Comfort means more than mere physical enjoyment of luxuriously upholstered seats and easy springs. It means confidence in the car and a feeling of security against strain and the undue fatigue often incidental to a long tour over roads of varying roughness.

Complete comfort of mind and body may properly be anticipated in the fine motor-car of to-day.

Typical of the consideration which the Peerless Company shows for the riders in Peerless cars are the Dynamo Electric Lighting System, which automatically furnishes perfect and easily controlled light for all parts of the car, and the Power-driven Tire-pump which obviates the hard work and inconvenience of inflating tires.

The Peerless Motor Car Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Makers also of Peerless Commercial Cars



"40—FOUR" SEVEN PASSENGER


wholesome, and in personally seeing that they are so kept, is a question to which, from a biological point of view, there is no answer!

The same wholesome tendency is also showing itself in state and national politics. War and the currency and taxes are no longer the sole issues in the realm of politics. Questions can no longer be settled solely with eloquence and with clubs. Politicians are actually beginning to discuss questions which there is some prospect of their being able to understand and upon which definite and rational conclusions can be reached by the collection of facts and the use of scientific methods, instead of determining everything by whether it accords with ancient Republican principles or true democratic doctrine.

And upon these new issues in politics woman is at least as well posted and as well equipped to judge as man; and, indeed, she couldn't very well know less about the currency and the tariff, for instance, than the average male voter does now. "Such an excess of stupidity is not in Nature," as Doctor Johnson pithily remarked. Woman in public life will simply be exercising on a larger scale and in a wider field those same noble qualities which have made her worshiped in the home, and extending over the welfare of the entire community that watchful care and that wise protection which she has always exercised over her children.

If the atmosphere of public life is so rank and impure that it will sully her moral purity to breathe it, then, in Heaven's name, it is time that she enter it to throw open the windows and let in the sunlight! Objections of this description are simply tantamount to a confession that man, in his own special and exclusive sphere, has not yet succeeded in properly enjoying himself. The mere fact that standards and methods of public life are and in the past have been male standards is no valid argument whatever that they should always remain so; in fact, they may be just the contrary. Bernard Shaw wittily says one of the reasons why he most strongly approves of the entrance of women into politics is that "they have no business habits of mind and thought." They have never got into the habit of worshiping property and disregarding human life and suffering or learned to accept the creed expressed in the phrase, "Business is Business!"—a sentiment fit only for pirates!

When woman is once set at liberty, freely and voluntarily to choose wifehood and motherhood as her highest triumph, her proudest accomplishment and her greatest happiness—not merely driven to it as a means of livelihood; when, in order to fulfill this lofty aim, she is free and encouraged to develop to the highest possible degree all her powers of mind and body and soul; to enter into every field, both public and private, that is necessary for the perfect carrying out of her mission; to choose, in the fullness of her womanhood and her judgment, her husband without pressure or interference and to be faithful to him; then, and not until then, shall we discover and realize the full possibilities of development and perfection of the human race.

## The Friendly Downy

ONE of the most endearing characteristics of the downy woodpecker is his fatherly companionship with the chickadee and nuthatch. He plainly enjoys their company; and frequently in winter he is accompanied by a number of these confiding bird children.

People sometimes shoot downy, thinking that he is the yellow-bellied sapsucker, which is about the same size and has many actions in common. Gunner, spare the distinguished downy and all his kind! The sapsucker wears a coat of mottled gray, has a yellow breast and a bib of crimson; downy's coat is black, and is split down the back with a white line and has white spots around the edges. He has a tiny red cap and carries a white line above each eye.

The woodpeckers are a noble and successful family; they are both utilitarian and interesting. Though most of them are noisy they do not sing, and many of them are too busy to migrate. Almost all woodpeckers are gayly dressed and have a swinging, undulating flight. All males have a patch or a cap of red upon the head. Theirs are among the first families in the bird world, and the boy or the girl who knows them without a gun will have a valuable and delightful accomplishment.


Try It On Steaks

If you want that rare relish that makes many a dish a feast, use

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

A superior seasoning for **Soups, Fish, Meats, Gravies, Game and Salads.**

*Assists Digestion.*

Lea & Perrins' signature is on label and wrapper.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

ICY-HOT

The Bottle That Keeps Hot Liquids Hot 24 Hours Cold Liquids Cold 3 Days

You can have hot or cold drinks while traveling, fishing, outing, motoring etc. keep warm meals for days, cool water for child or invalid at bedside without bother. *Icy-Hot Jars*—one and two quarts keep stews, vegetables, etc., hot without fire desserts or ice cream cold without ice.

Many New Exclusive Features

Pints $1 up; quarts $2.50 up. See at dealers—look for name *Icy-Hot* write for book.

ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO
Dept. B. Cincinnati, Ohio

HAVOLINE MOTOR OILS

FOR AUTOMOBILES

Lubricates; Burns Cleanly.
*Write for Booklet*, "The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication."

HAVOLINE OIL CO.

Indian Refining Co., Distributors
New York—Chicago
Birmingham, Ala.

All Garages All Dealers

W. P. Fuller & Co. San Francisco, Cal. Agents

BRIGHTEN UP *Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using* WASHBURNE'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS.

75,000,000

*SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.*

Trade O. K. Mark

Made of brass, 3 sizes. In brass boxes of 100. Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping, NEVER! All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50 assorted sizes. Illustrated booklet free.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y. No 18

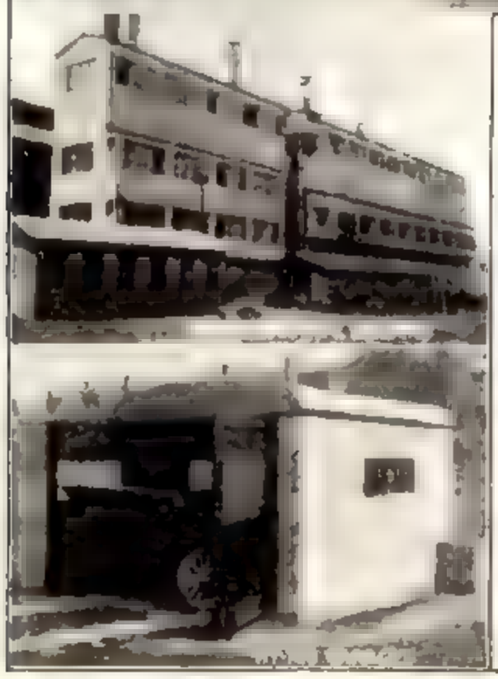
20,000 $18 BENNETT Typewriters In Use

$18 net U.S.A.

Since [illegible] has more than [illegible] every year [illegible] does all the widely advertised $1[illegible] machines [illegible] LET US PROVE THIS. See the efficient work. Write for [illegible] Special [illegible] agents. [illegible]

O. J. Bennett Typewriter Co., 364 Broadway, New York

HY-RIB FACTORIES



Concrete Costs Greatly Reduced

by using Hy-Rib steel sheathing because it does away with centering, wood forms, and special equipment. Merely set up the Hy-Rib, apply the cement and the work is complete. A strong, permanent, fireproof construction—more economical than wood, stone or brick.

Hy-Rib for all Buildings

In Walls and Sidings, Hy-Rib makes a thin, monolithic wall at half the cost of brick. In Roofs, Hy-Rib reduces the dead weight and does away with centering. In Partitions, Hy-Rib saves all steel studs, and lowers cost of labor. In Ceilings, Furring, Tanks, Silos, Culverts, etc., Hy-Rib is a money-saver.

FREE If you write us about your proposed buildings (1) HY-RIB HANDBOOK, full of details, illustrations, applications and specifications; (2) HY-RIB AND CONCRETE ON THE FARM—complete designs of silos, barns, houses, fences, tanks, etc.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY
601 Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit, Michigan

KAHN SYSTEM Building Products

ORIGINAL—GENUINE Delicious, Invigorating

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

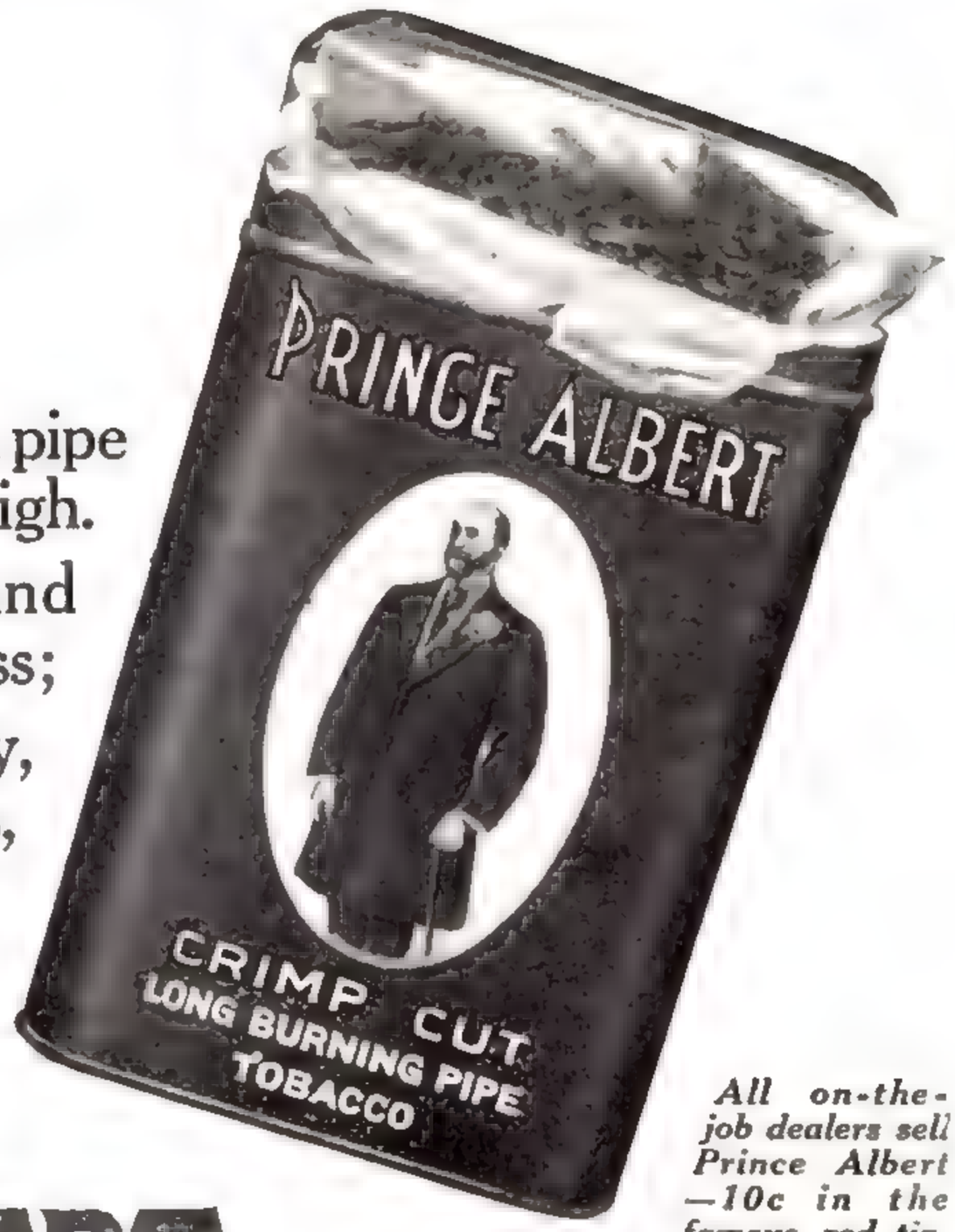
# *This is the tobacco that revolutionized pipe-smoking*

This is the most notable improvement in pipe tobacco since the days of Walter Raleigh.

Tobacco with wonderful flavor and fragrance, without a touch of rankness;

Tobacco that burns long, free and steady, that holds its fire close and never sogs, but burns down to dust-fine ashes;

Tobacco that you can smoke all day and it won't bite your tongue;—




*All on-the-job dealers sell Prince Albert —10c in the famous red tin, 5c in a red cloth bag enclosed in weather-proof paper, a handsome half-pound tin humidor and a pound humidor of crystal glass.*

# PRINCE ALBERT

## *the national joy smoke*

We want you to *know* why Prince Albert is different, why it's in a class of its own. ***The reason is the Prince Albert process.*** ***This*** is what makes P. A. what it is.

This process was discovered by a well-known German scientist who dearly loved a pipe and experimented with smoking tobaccos as a side line. He knew he had hit upon a big thing in this process. So did we when this company acquired it. Experts were put on the job of perfecting it. The work took three years and cost a bunch of money. But we knew it would make a wonderful smoking tobacco and we had the faith to back it.

The United States Patent on this process was granted July 30, 1907. Two years later we were prepared to manufacture Prince Albert on a vast scale.

Here, again, we showed our confidence in the new process by expending great sums to tell the smokers of America about it. We advertised it in a new and bigger way, because Prince Albert deserved it, and because we knew that practically every smoker who tried it would be a steady P. A. user.

***Now, men, we get to the showdown. If you haven't tried Prince Albert, try it now. Cut out the argument and the surmise and the speculation. Put it to the jimmy pipe test. Let the tobacco smoke for itself. Then you'll understand what this patent Prince Albert process means to you. You'll know why it has revolutionized pipe-smoking and started two men to smoking a pipe where one smoked before.***

Mr. Dealer: Every time someone puts over a sure-thing bet like Prince Albert, the "trailers" get busy. The wonderful success of Prince Albert has started a host of imitators. The woods are full of "just-as-goods," all trying to profit from the great reputation of Prince Albert and from the increased demand for pipe tobacco that P. A. has created. Smokers will know that these imitations are not like Prince Albert and you simply can't afford to sit tight and try to sell customers the ordinary kinds of pipe tobacco.

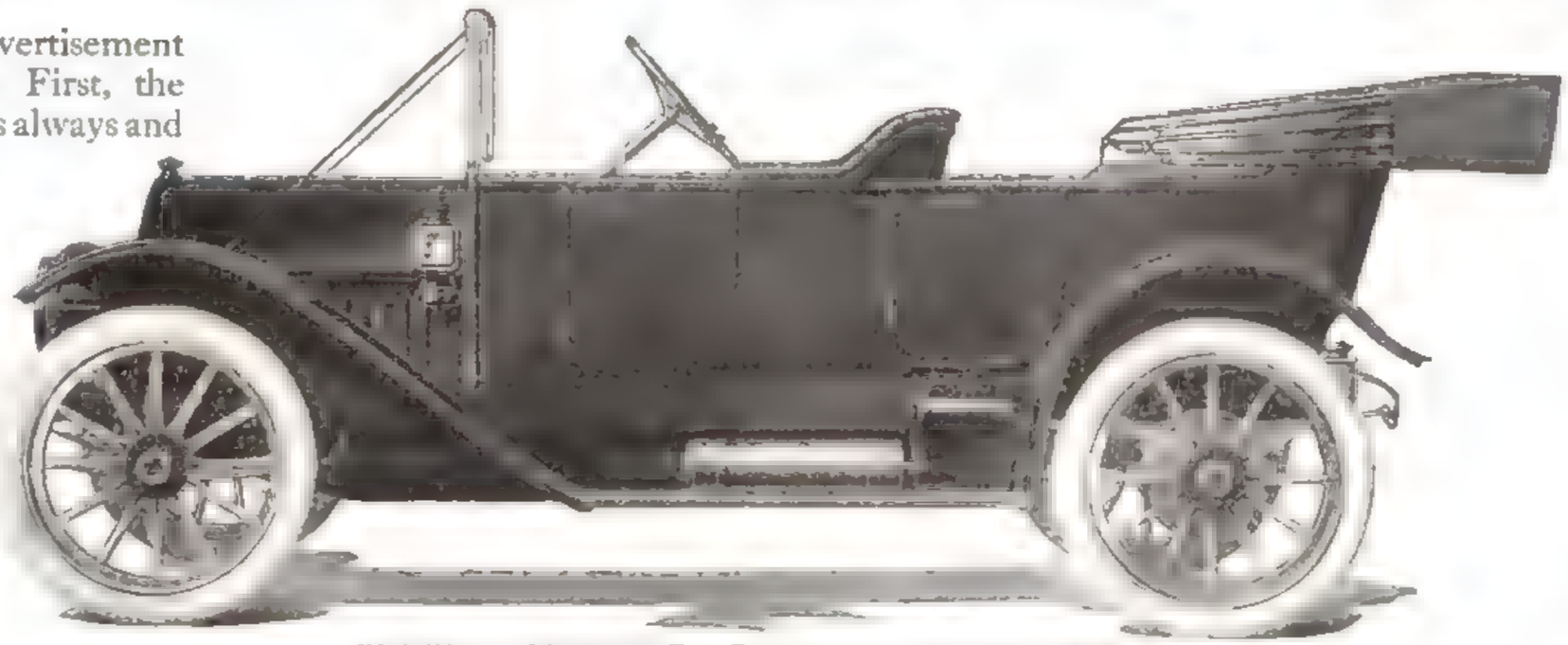
**R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.**

# These Three Cars Challenge the World For Value in Construction—Workmanship—Power

IN considering this advertisement remember these facts: First, the Warren organization has always and everywhere consistently stood for plain, unvarnished truth. Second, the Warren Company has no bonded indebtedness, no high overhead expense; it can and does put the money in the car. There are no "dead horses" buried in Warren prices.

Experience has sustained the sound conviction of this Company, that, if the cars are right it is not necessary to "claim the earth."

The firmly fixed policy of the Warren organization is to build the highest quality cars that can be produced for the money



## "12-35"

With Warren Silk Mohair Top, Top Cover and Automatic Windshield

Five passenger Touring car, 112 inch Wheel Base. Detachable Fore doors and [illegible] 4½x5 [illegible] Universal Quick Detachable rims. Sear bright gas tank. 3 [illegible] Coat and robe rail and [illegible] Bosch magneto, right hand ignition distributor and eight [illegible] plate spark plugs. Roadster type, $1415

## $1500

The Warren "12-30" justified the expectations of every purchaser, fulfilled every promise made for it. In hill climbs, on the race track, and everywhere, it demonstrated that it had the most powerful 4 x 4½ motor built. It made good.

## Captured Two Official American Records—One World's Record

**Two official straight-away records for 5 and 10 miles respectively—in the 161 to 230 piston displacement class—prove that the Warren has speed and can make a quick get-away. A world's record was made at Los Angeles, April 9th, when a Warren car covered 1167 miles in 24 hours straight running, averaging over 48½ miles per hour; going through the entire grind WITHOUT A MOTOR ADJUSTMENT OR TIRE CHANGE. This demonstrates conclusively that the Warren has remarkable power, speed and endurance.**

## 40,000 Mile Endurance Test

**Added to these achievements is the sensational trip of the Warren Wolverine stock Touring Car which crossed and re-crossed the Continent, doing over 40,000 miles and wearing out three sets of drivers and correspondents. Could any evidence as to quality of materials and construction be more decisive?**

**Quality is built into every Warren, and every owner quickly realizes that Warren quality is a tangible asset that makes Warren cars run faster, quieter; makes them ride easier, last longer, and look better than other cars of similar price. We urge comparison of materials, workmanship, finish and performance.**

# Warren MOTOR CARS

## "12-30" Now Completely Equipped Including Detachable Fore-Doors

The Warren "12-30" is practically the same famous Warren [illegible] models are now [illegible] with detachable [illegible] with cars listed at several hundred dollars higher.

## The Warren "12-35" Touring Car and Roadster Types—With New Style Detachable Fore-doors

More power, style and quality than you can buy elsewhere for the money. This car is illustrated above [illegible] straight-line body effect. Foredoors are [illegible] coudings are so cleverly matched and [illegible] and that the body is compete and perfect [illegible] foredoors [illegible] size and strength [illegible] gits and roller bearings [illegible] Upholstering is dee, and roll [illegible]

## The Warren "12-40" Five Passenger Touring Car With Double Drop Frame, Full Floating Rear Axle, etc.

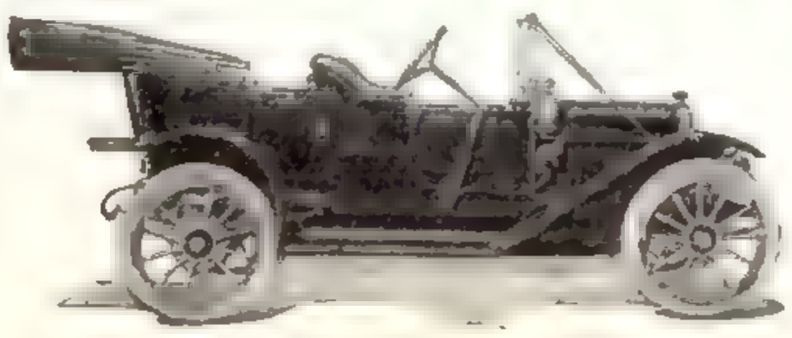
Roominess, power, smoothness of riding are the dominating [illegible] Low [illegible] equipped with [illegible] Warren 12-40 [illegible] 4½" bore and stroke—[illegible] aluminum hand plates [illegible] duplicated on any car selling for [illegible] cars and shafts are of chrome [illegible] Roller Bearings. Rear [illegible] steel housing [illegible] drive is double [illegible] Lever [illegible] Type [illegible] Warren [illegible] ment

## See the Cars to Judge the Values

[illegible] Warren values by reading [illegible] and the [illegible] and [illegible] We promise *big value* and you won't be disappointed.

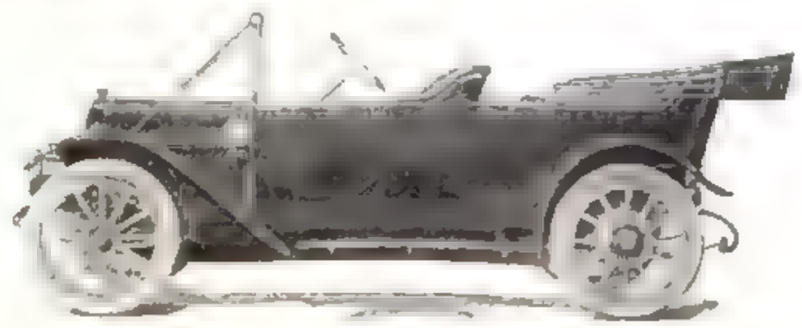
## What Dealers Thought—and Did

Two weeks ago dealers from [illegible] They grew [illegible] told us [illegible] to 5000 cars [illegible] and make sale [illegible] all about Warren cars—[illegible] Send for it on request



"12-30" Five Passenger Touring Car with detachable fore-doors, including silk mohair top and windshield. $1250

Write for this Advance Announcement

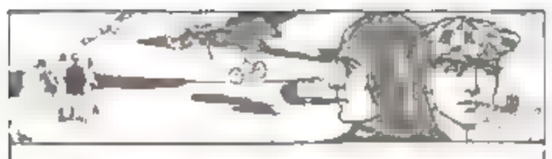


"12-40" [illegible] Mohair Top, Top Cover and [illegible] Foldable [illegible] Mirror, [illegible] tire [illegible] Searchlight [illegible] $1700

## WARREN MOTOR CAR CO., 414 Holden Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

## A WORD TO DEALERS:

There is always room for high class dealers in the Warren organization. Get in touch with us at once, it will pay you. Pay you because the people want Warren cars—pay you because Warren cars always make good and are extraordinary value for the money. Write or wire at once.



## About That Pipe of Yours

What's its pedigree? What kind of wood is in it? How was it made?

These are vital questions to pipe-lovers. They concern the very soul of a man's good friend.

**Briar** BBB **Pipe**

Made in England

Now about the famous BBB pipes. They, you know, passed muster [illegible] More than that: *Our Grade [illegible] nothing else.* And for the same reasons they exist today, viz.:

Each BBB bowl is of the finest briar procurable—aged and mellowed for three years. It is not until three series of severe inspections are passed is the BBB stamp applied. Thus, only [illegible] out of every 100 pipe bowls are accepted by the BBB.

And for all time care you reap the benefits in tobacco delight such as is given by no other pipe on earth. Get a BBB today.

**All Styles—All Prices**

BBB Pipes are made in England and sold in [illegible]. If your town [illegible] write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Adolph Frankau & Co., Ltd., 117 W. 23d St., New York

Copyright 1909 by H. L. Nelke & Co.

**Those comfort-making, money-saving little hosiery protectors.**

## Togards

Not only keep your toes from working through your [illegible] but they also [illegible] to both health and comfort.

Make Them Use a Dozen Pairs

[illegible] Togard markings. Never [illegible] Togards. All [illegible] dyed.

Lisle, 10 cents per pair; $1.00 per dozen pairs
Silk, 25 cents per pair; $2.75 per dozen pairs

[illegible] Togard [illegible] securely packed bearing the Togard [illegible]

Sold by ALL DEALERS in Men's and Women's apparel all over the Globe.

[illegible] Togards, [illegible] you wear

H. L. NELKE & CO.
Tenth and Norris Streets, Philadelphia

## New Sensation

**Photos Direct On Post Cards**

NO NEGATIVES

[illegible] make [illegible] photos (size 3½x5½) and print direct on post cards—no negatives. A [illegible] gallery. Camera weighs 9 pounds. [illegible] Complete Outfit Only $25

Includes everything needed to start making money right away; also 200 large and 100 small post cards. Send $5 deposit with order, balance C. O. D. Write today for **Free Circulars**

Chicago Ferrotype Co., Dept. B 5, Congress and Laflin Sts., Chicago

**STUDY LAW AT HOME**

**Lay the Foundation of Fame and Fortune**

[illegible] at the head of the profession. [illegible] Not a [illegible] not a [illegible] [illegible] admitted to the bar in [illegible] states. Write for catalogue and [illegible]

Sprague Correspondence School of Law
327 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

**PUMPS WATER DAY AND NIGHT**

Costs nothing to run. Operated by water pressure, the Niagara Hydraulic Ram will supply you with running water wherever you want it. Ask for catalogue A D.

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO
703 Reed Bldg., Philadelphia Factory, Chester, Pa.


## THE FORTUNES OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 5)

"You should have stayed until nine or ten o'clock," he said. "It doesn't get lively till then. They have fights every Sunday night and the cars coming back late in the evening are loaded with drunks. The traction company hires bouncers for the park line and pays its conductors and motormen a bonus because they have so much scrapping to do. It's been that way for two or three years."

"Haven't the papers ever done anything about it?"

"No, only once in a while, when somebody gets killed; then they advocate more policemen and deplore the spirit that prompts men to slay their brothers."

"Never tried to close the saloons?"

"I should say not, nor the gambling houses either."

"Do they have gambling there too?"

"Wide open—four houses."

"How many saloons?"

"Five."

Here was a fine condition. The state law prohibited the sale of liquor on Sunday and was enforced in the city; but at Riverside Park, in the county, it was openly ignored. Gambling, of course, was forbidden, but the gaming statutes were cracked wide open. That week I mapped out a campaign against saloons and gambling houses at the resort. I told Warner to go to the park the next Sunday, to stay there all day and until the last revelers left at night, and to come up to the office on Monday and write exactly what he saw, giving the names of the men who ran the saloons and gambling houses, telling who got into fights, what the police did about it, how the street-car company's bouncers threw drunks off the cars, and how the women and children liked it all and what they said about it.

Warner breezed into the office at eight o'clock Monday morning, after having been up until two o'clock to watch the last gang of roisterers full aboard the last car for town, and he sat down at a typewriter and pounded away steadily until eleven. When he had finished I was in shape to present to the people of St. James, in all its revolting ugliness, a true portrait of Riverside Park.

I printed the story Monday afternoon, under a seven-column head that ran clear across the first page, like this:

CARNIVAL OF DEBAUCHERY AT RIVERSIDE PARK

Directly under the head, in the middle of the page, I printed a picture of the judge of the criminal court, with a picture of the prosecuting attorney on one side of him and a picture of the sheriff on the other. Below the pictures I printed the following line:

THESE MEN ARE RESPONSIBLE

Below that, in three-column measure, I printed the oath these officials had taken when they entered office, showing that they had solemnly sworn to enforce the law. Warner's story ran round the pictures, with a two-column head over it on each side under the seven-column head. The layout just filled the first page.

The next morning Austin told me that Street Brothers had ordered their advertising discontinued. They had been using forty inches a day, without a contract.

I followed up the campaign on Tuesday with a demand upon the court, the prosecuting attorney and the sheriff for the arrest of the men who had violated the liquor and gambling laws. I reprinted their names, told where they could be found, published the pictures of four of them and offered to furnish the testimony on which they could be convicted. Then, when the paper was out of the way, I went out to see if I could discover what was the matter with Street Brothers. I went straight to Harry Street, the head of the firm, and asked him why he had quit advertising with us. He was very frank. He told me plainly and emphatically.

Riverside Park was owned by the street-railway company. The company had been having an awfully hard time. It had been reorganized a few years before and had absorbed two smaller lines. It had issued a million dollars of new stock and was just beginning to pay dividends on it. One of the saloons at the park—the big one—was operated by the company. From the

## "More Pressure"

PRESSURE means protection. When pressure fails, water in the fireman's hose does not protect your property. You must then rely on your fire insurance policy, and "More Pressure" in that case depends upon the size and efficiency of the Company you have selected to stand between you and disaster. You cannot have too much of that kind of pressure.

For over a century the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** has responded each year to this call for "More Pressure." Its business machinery was never in better working order. With its assets of twenty-four millions it can cover any loss which will ever come to it. In the policy-holder's time of need, the "high pressure" of the Hartford never fails. Any agent or broker can get you a Hartford policy.

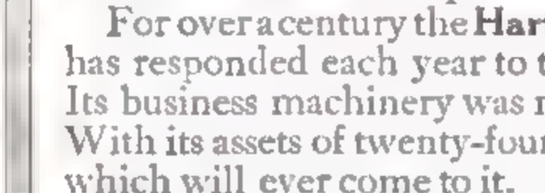
**Insist on the Hartford**

Agents Everywhere

## Radiators ½ Common Size—On the Wall

Here's the modern system of heat radiation—guaranteed free from defects. The radiators are of pressed metal. The weight is ⅓ what common radiators weigh. So these can be suspended on the wall, off the floor—out of the way. You can sweep under them. They save half the space others occupy. In small rooms and bath rooms they are almost necessities. Nothing else is so neat looking, for nothing else is as small.

**Note the Space Saved**

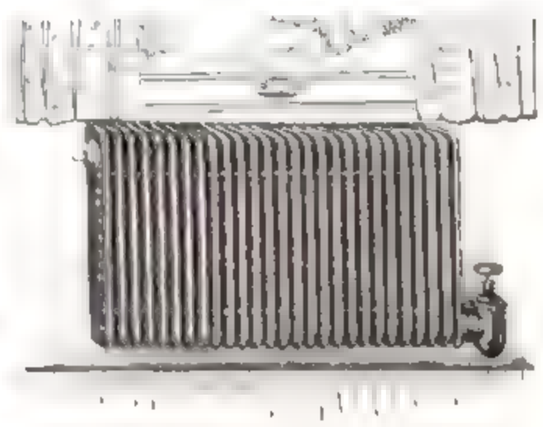


Common Radiators. KINNEAR Pressed. Both Give the Same Heat.

The above tells the story of the space occupied and the heat given by Kinnear Pressed Radiators and the old style cast-iron kinds. It tells a story of fuel bills too. For Kinnears require 40% less water and that requires less coal. These compact radiators heat immediately—as soon as you "turn them on." And the heat subsides just as quickly. By no other system can you regulate heat so effectively. They are safe. Can't explode. They can freeze up and won't crack. Our book gives the details. This book is worth dollars to all who are building or who expect to construct any building, be it a home or a factory.

## Kinnear Pressed Radiators

This vastly superior system is the product of some of America's ablest engineers. It has been for eight years a proved success.



*On the Wall—Off the Floor—Out of the Way*

Twelve of the greatest hospitals use it—one in Japan. Eight Government buildings. Scores of homes of all classes, apartments, hotels, office buildings, etc. There is nothing else to compare with it, yet it costs not a penny more than the now old-fashioned cast-iron. We will give you a list of the users. That list in itself is a guarantee of efficiency.

We maintain branch houses in the 50 leading cities. A representative will furnish estimates through your architect, contractor or steam fitter.

There's an almost unlimited choice both in size and design for use on or off the floor.

Those who are thinking of old style radiation should get the Kinnear Book and read [illegible]. For the book tells the story completely and will enable you to know [illegible]. Just send us a postal. We'll send you the book.

**Highest Building in the World**
**Singer Building, New York City**

Would have had to be 4 stories lower except for Kinnear Pressed Radiators. Saved 30,500 pounds we got it all by using [illegible]. Also over 1,000 square feet of [illegible]. Hundreds of [illegible] thousands [illegible] Kinnear Pressed Radiators [illegible] many other reasons, seen at a glance or by investigation and [illegible].

Write for booklets.

**The Pressed Radiator Company of America**

505 Bailey-Farrell Building

PITTSBURG, PA. Makers of Famous Presto Boilers

## "Most Beautiful on Your Walls—goes furthest and lasts the longest."

Any one of the 22,000 Alabastine dealers; any one of the 40,000 Alabastine painters and decorators; any one of the three million people who have used Alabastine will tell you that is true.

# Alabastine

### The Beautiful Wall Tint

is so far superior to other decorating material, in soft, harmonious colors—in wear—in economy of putting on the walls—that there is no comparison.

Used in the better homes, schools, churches and public buildings for over a quarter of a century and more in vogue today for artistic decoration than wall paper or paint.

*Packed in Full Five Pound Packages.* ***Special prices quoted on barrel lots of 300 pounds*** *—white and tints. Write us if you are interested in quantity work.*

**Alabastine Company**
427 Grandville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich.
New York City, Desk 27, 105 Water Street

***Send for this Free Book about Walls and how to decorate them.***

Contains twenty artistic interiors; explains our SPECIAL FREE ART SERVICE. We furnish without charge, original Color Plans for any decorating you are planning. *Send for this book and think it over.*



# Do You Seek a College Education?

Are you thinking of "paying your way through," of possibly securing some employment while at college, working nights or during recreation hours?

We have an easier way. We pay all your expenses in return for a few hours spent each week in the interests of *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post*.

We have paid the college expenses of hundreds of young men and women. If you prefer a course in some business college or musical conservatory we can arrange the financial end.

You can be very certain of success, for we stand back of you, and are always as interested in your success as you yourself.

Write today for full particulars. It obligates you in no way.

**The Curtis Publishing Company**
*Educational Division* Philadelphia, Pennsylvania


others and from the gambling houses the company collected a great sum. In fact, it sold the saloon and gambling "privileges" on a percentage basis, and it really couldn't, you know, get along and pay dividends on this new stock unless the park arrangement was continued.

"I'm interested in that new stock you speak of," I said. "I suppose the company sold it for cash and that it represents money actually spent in extending lines, buying cars and machinery and building up the system?"

"No, not exactly," replied Street. "Of course the company has spent a lot of money since the reorganization, but it sold bonds for that. The stock was just issued."

"Oh, it was just issued."

"Yes. You see the old company was a foreign corporation and had been criticised a good deal, so the new management thought it would be a good idea to get in some influential local people. They thought the local influence was worth the value of the stock."

"I understand. They just passed a million dollars of stock around among prominent citizens, and you got a chunk of it."

"Yes, that's it."

"And you're so dead anxious to get your little dividend that you're willing to take the blood money the company collects by debauching the public at Riverside Park every Sunday, and you won't advertise in any newspaper that tries to stop it. That's your program, is it?"

"I don't consider it blood money. Riverside Park is a good thing. Of course you can stop drinking and gambling for a while if you make enough fuss about it, but if you do you needn't expect any business from Street Brothers."

I told him that that was exactly what I was going to do, and that I guessed we'd be able to struggle along without his business. The next day I printed the whole story of his stock interest in the traction company, the withdrawal of his advertising from The Sun and his conversation with me. I sent to the capital for copies of the reports of the traction company showing the list of stockholders, and filed them away for use in case other advertisers who held street-railway stock objected to our Riverside Park light. Every day for the rest of the week I demanded action by the criminal judge, the prosecuting attorney and the sheriff. I sent Kite to interview them, and he found them furiously mad but badly frightened. I served notice on them, through the paper, that my men would be on hand at Riverside Park the next Sunday, and that every infraction of the law would again be faithfully reported. Saturday afternoon I printed a first-page editorial, calling upon the governor to remove the prosecutor and the sheriff if they failed to enforce the law, and on Saturday evening they got busy.

The Sun's campaign had aroused widespread interest. We were getting from a dozen to fifty letters a day, applauding us and urging us to clean up the park. Sunday afternoon and evening it seemed to us that everybody in St. James who could do so had gone to Riverside. There must have been fifteen thousand or twenty thousand people at the park. I sent my whole staff down and went myself. But our vigil was in vain, although our week's work had not been. Not a glass of beer was sold; not a card was turned. The saloons and gambling houses were shut tight. Twenty deputy sheriffs patrolled the grounds until midnight, and for the first time in years the day failed to end in a drunken carousal. We had made Riverside Park respectable, and we kept it respectable all that summer and the next. Several times attempts were made to reopen the saloons and gambling houses, but each time Warner discovered it and promptly stopped it by printing a story about it.

The public appreciated our efforts and we gained more circulation, but we never got the Street advertising back into the paper. Our loss on that business was two thousand dollars a year.

This campaign also cost us the street-railway advertising. Besides operating the traction system the company sold electric light and power. This department of the corporation did considerable advertising, but after we stopped drinking and gambling at Riverside Park it never gave us another inch. This we also duly chronicled for the benefit of our readers.

**Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles relating the story of a newspaper. The second will be printed in an early issue.**

Ask The Man Who Uses Them

## Tires That Never Puncture

ARE those covered with **Standard Tire Protectors.** They do not develop blow-outs or other tire troubles—and unlike tires not so protected, they are not responsible for nine-tenths of motor car up-keep not responsible for that constant uneasiness about the danger always lurking ahead.

This year the **Standard** Non-Skid is a new big feature. It enables the motor car owner to now procure protection plus non-skid, with but little added expense

**Standard Non-Skid Tire Protectors**
**(or Plain Tread if Preferred)**

[illegible] are passed over, never reaching you [illegible] tires, any treads and [illegible]

**Standard Tire Protectors** are made of fabric and rubber [illegible] give absolute satisfaction. If tires could be [illegible] by adopt them, but this is something which has proved impracticable. Write for booklet today.

**Standard Tire Protector Company**
813 South Water Street Saginaw, Mich.

## 10 CENTS A DAY

buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. $65 now—later the price will be $100. The best typewriter in the world; as good as any machine at any price. Entirely visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two [illegible] ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. **One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free** for a very small service. No selling necessary.

**To Get One** and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter, "Mail your FREE OFFER."

**The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.**
Dept. 28, Union Bank Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

## Colonial Red Cedar Chest

**The Ideal Wedding, Birthday or Xmas Gift.**

This beautiful [illegible] chest of [illegible] fragrant [illegible] emblem [illegible]

**Protects Furs and Clothing Against Moths**

[illegible] or repaired. Is a Damp Moth Proof. Beautifully finished with [illegible] copper trimmings.

Very Roomy. Direct from our factory at factory prices. We pay the freight. Write for catalog. Shows many styles, gives prices.

**PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 70, Statesville, N. C.**

## Go in Business for Yourself

If you want to be master of your own income, let us hear from you. You can devote all of your time to work or just profitably utilize your leisure hours. We want a representative in every town in the country to look after the subscription business of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and for this work we pay a weekly salary and commission. If you are interested, let us hear from you.

**The Curtis Publishing Company**
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BUY YOUR AUTOMOBILE TIRES @ SENSIBLE PRICES

We are selling a number of STANDARD MAKES at from 30% to 50% below list price. Our Special Bulletin "P W" gives details and prices on all sizes of TIRES and TUBES, also other sundries at BIG REDUCTIONS.

**TIMES SQ. AUTOMOBILE CO.**
1708-1716 Broadway, New York City
Also 1332-1334 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## THE HONE DOES IT

The **D. & H.** Hone and Stropper hones all makes of safety blades on a stone hone, finishes on a leather strop like the barber. **At all dealers.**

**Price, $3.00**
Complete, prepaid
*Send for catalog*
A. C. HAYDEN & CO.
BROCKTON, MASS.

**Ellwanger & Barry's**

## Peonies Phloxes Irises

**Are Unsurpassed in Variety and Quality**

*The Best Results are to be Obtained by Planting in September.*

Illustrated booklet with descriptions and planting directions FREE upon request.

**MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES.** Rochester, New York

# Here They Are!—Varsity Socks College Colors

HERE they are!
Correct Varsity Colors.
Knit in the very latest fashionable stripe.

Harvard Crimson—Yale Blue—Brown Brown—Dartmouth Green—Chicago Red—Northwestern Purple—all these colors striped with white in the nobbiest, catchiest combination you've seen in many a day.

Also "Pennsy" red and blue, Princeton orange and black, Columbia blue and white, Virginia orange and blue, Michigan blue and maize, Purdue black and old gold, Annapolis blue and gold, and West Point black, grey and gold—the true varsity colors knit in the most fashionable stripe effect going.

Have a look at the smartly well-dressed feet shown above.

Get the effect in your mind's eye.

Then send us $3.00 for each six pairs or Shawknit Varsity Socks you wish or—ask your regular dealer for them.

The price is the same whether you buy from us or from your dealer.

Shawknit Varsity Socks are "worth the money." They are knit from finely spun mercerized lisle—sheer, thin and soft but very durable, and they are *guaranteed*. (See Shawknit Guarantee reproduced below. This guarantee is attached to every pair of Shawknit socks.)

In Shawknit Varsity Socks, you get—not only the true varsity colors, combined in the latest fashionable stripe, but you get *the perfect fitting kind of socks* that give your feet "the genuinely well-dressed appearance."

True fit also means well-balanced wear. All Shawknit socks *wear evenly*. They are durable. Holes and darns are reduced to a minimum.

The colors of Shawknit Varsity Socks are "fast." They will not fade. They will not "run" in the wash.

Send for a half-dozen pairs of Shawknit Varsity Socks today.

Show your colors during vacation and be ready for the football season.

If you order from us, please be sure to state your size and the colors you wish, sending $3 00 for each six pairs ordered.

*Your money back* if you are not entirely satisfied.

Send orders for Shawknit Varsity Socks to the Shaw Stocking Co., 109 Shaw Street, Lowell, Mass., or—

## Our Unlimited Guarantee on *All* Shawknit Socks

Shawknit
GUARANTEE
We guarantee that this pair of Shawknit Socks will fit just as well, look just as stylish, be just as comfortable, wear just as long without mending—as your just and fair judgment of socks at this price decides that they should.
If this pair of Shawknit Socks does not give you the satisfaction in fit, style and wear that you demand of them, send them back to us at our factory, together with this Guarantee ticket. We will replace them with a new pair, without cost to you.
(Signed)
SHAW STOCKING CO.
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

## Look for Stores That Sell—

Shawknit TRADE MARK.

Socks

# Cadillac progress

## 1912 in scientific research marks a well defined line between the motor car of the past and the motor car of now

## Automatic electric starting device. Electric lights.

**Two complete ignition systems. Scientifically developed carburetor. More power. Larger wheels and tires. Larger brake drums. Steel bodies of latest accepted designs. Numerous refinements of essential details.**

The improvements incorporated in this year's specifications will give a pronounced impetus to the conditions which have constituted the Cadillac *a law unto itself.*

These improvements are obviously the result of an economic and evolutionary development; hence, it is useless to seek them elsewhere.

They are the fruits of Cadillac research; of close and accurate measurement; and of *scientific standardization.*

Consider what an augmentation of comfort is implied in these two announcements, emanating from the Cadillac Company, which has never promised what it did not fulfill —

*First. A surpassingly fine car made infinitely finer; and Second, a hitherto unattainable ideal resolved into a practical reality.*

This more refined and efficient car is a product of that process of ceaseless progress toward perfection which has prevailed in the Cadillac plant for ten years.

The simple, centralized, Delco system of starting, igniting and lighting is merely a phase or *an integral part of that process*

To combine these elements of efficiency, for the first time, in a unit, exercising the three separate functions, is of itself an interesting achievement; although such a system as an adjunct to an indifferent car would be of doubtful value.

But to combine them in the Cadillac adds luster to that achievement, because it *endows an extraordinary motor car with new and henceforth indispensable functions.*

Without them, the Cadillac would still be the incarnation of ease, grace, elegance and economy.

With them, a new meaning attaches to the word luxury as applied to motoring.

The 1912 Cadillac automatically removes itself from the realms of competition.

### CADILLAC ELECTRICAL SYSTEM
**Starting Lighting Ignition**

The electrical plant in the new Cadillac not only accomplishes what heretofore has been accomplished in a less efficient manner by separate systems ignition and lighting but goes further and includes in its functions a feature to which motorists have long looked forward, an automatic starter which obviates the necessity of cranking by hand.

The plant consists of a compact and powerful dynamo operated by the engine of the car. The dynamo charges the storage batter

For starting the engine, the dynamo is temporarily and automatically transformed into a motor, the current to operate it as a motor being furnished by the storage battery

To start the engine, the operator after taking his seat in the car simply retards the spark lever and pushes forward on the clutch pedal This automatically engages a gear of the electric motor with gear on the fly wheel of the engine, causing the latter to "turn over," thereby producing the same effect as by the old method of cranking As soon as the engine takes in charges of gas from the carburetor and commences to run on its own power, the operator releases the pressure on the clutch pedal, the electric motor gear disengages its connection with the fly wheel and the car is ready to be driven. The electric motor then again becomes a dynamo or generator and its energy is devoted to ignition and to charging the storage battery

The storage battery has a capacity of 80 ampere hours, and as soon as that capacity is reached the charging automatically ceases

Practical tests have shown that the storage battery is of sufficient capacity to operate the starting device and "turn over" the engine about twenty minutes, although it seldom requires more than a second or two. In fact, the Cadillac engine so frequently starts on the spark that the use of the electrical starter is not always required

The storage battery also supplies the current for lighting. The car is equipped with two specially designed Gray & Davis electric headlights with adjustable focus, two front side lights, tail light and speedometer light.

The dynamo also supplies current for ignition Up to 280 to 900 R P M the ignition current comes from the storage battery, above that speed the current is direct from the dynamo through the high tension distributer to the spark plugs For ignition purposes the dynamo performs not only all the functions of the most highly developed magneto, but possesses even greater efficiency, having more flexibility and a greater range of action. When compelled to drive slowly in crowded [illegible] with bad carburetion, falls with the usual magneto the [illegible] because the current [illegible] to the batteries. What is [illegible] necessary to drive slowly that efficient [illegible] and generated the battery [illegible] Then [illegible] the dynamo again automatically takes hold. It wholly obviates the necessity of the driver's keeping [illegible] on the alert to prevent stalling the motor.

In addition to the ignition before described, the Cadillac is provided with the Delco system with [illegible] which has proven so satisfactory in the past The [illegible] with its own set of spark plugs, and in itself is thoroughly efficient for running the car, entirely independent of the main system.

The entire electrical plant has been designed with a view to compactness and efficiency. It is designed with the idea of simplicity and positiveness. It is designed to obviate to the greatest possible degree the necessity of attention. Above all, it does what it is designed to do.

### A few of the improvements in the 1912 Cadillac

Automatic electric starting device, electric lights. (See detailed description in another column.)

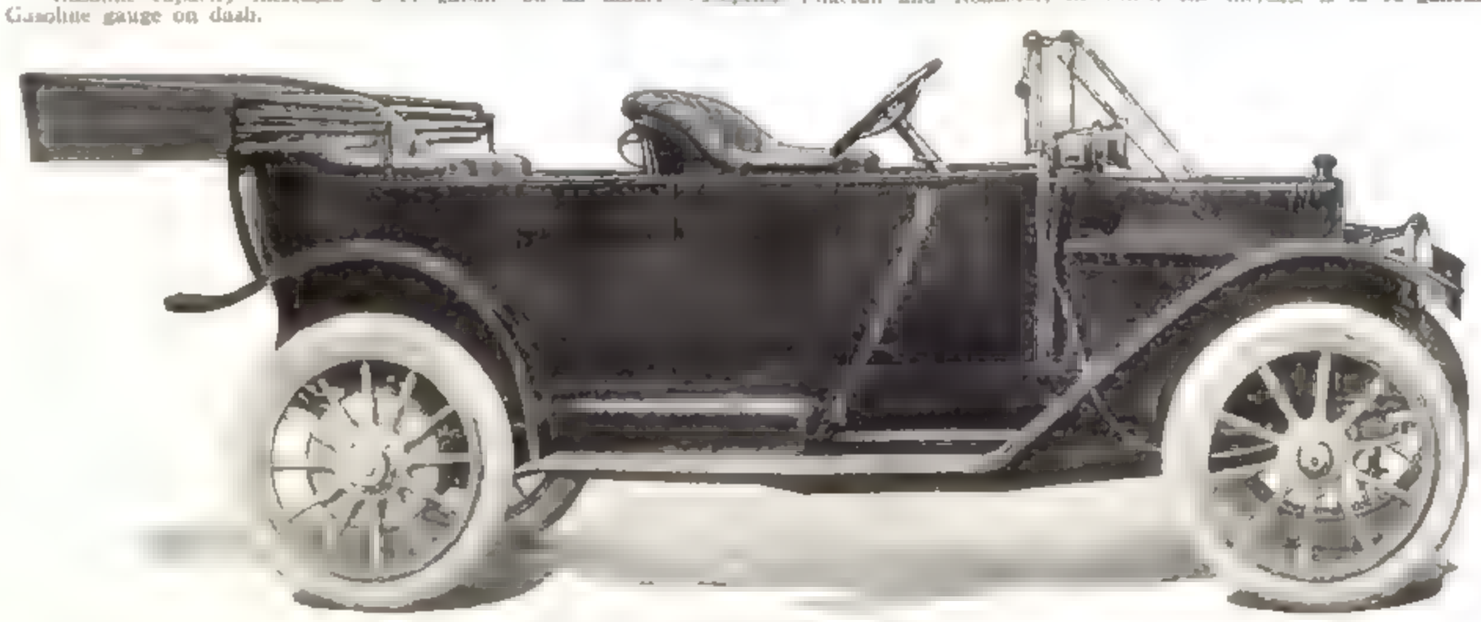
[illegible] adjustments, but possesses maximum flexibility and maximum efficiency from low to high speeds without change of adjustment, except an adjustment controlled by small lever at the steering wheel

Wheels and Tires. Increased from [illegible] x 4 in to [illegible] x 4 in

Brake drums. Increased from [illegible]

Bodies. Steel. Of latest accepted [illegible] fore doors constructed upon new improved method

Gasoline capacity increased [illegible] on all models except Phaeton and Roadster, in which the increase is to 18 gallons Gasoline gauge on dash.



### SPECIFICATIONS IN BRIEF

**MOTOR** — Four-cylinder, four-cycle; cylinders cast singly, 4½-inch bore by 4½ inch [illegible] Five bearing crank shaft. Four bearing cam-shaft. **HORSE-POWER** Nominal, A. L. A. M. rating, 32.4. Actual horse power greatly in excess of that rating, due to Cadillac design, Cadillac principles and Cadillac construction **COOLING**—Water, copper jacketed cylinders. Gear driven centrifugal pump. radiator tubular and plate type. **IGNITION**—See description under Electrical System. **LUBRICATION**—Automatic splash system, oil [illegible] distributed **CARBURETOR** Special Cadillac design of [illegible] Water jacketed Air and [illegible] levers at **CLUTCH** [illegible] type, [illegible] faced with special [illegible] the wheel **TRANSMISSION** [illegible] forward and reverse Chrome nickel steel gears running [illegible] ball bearings, bearings on right. **CONTROL** Hand gear-change lever at driver's right, inside the car Service brake, foot lever. Emergency brake hand lever at driver's right, outside. Clutch, foot lever. Throttle accelerator, foot lever. Spark and throttle levers at steering wheel Carburetor air adjustment hand lever under steering [illegible] **DRIVE** Direct shaft to bevel gears of special cut teeth to afford maximum strength Drive shaft runs on Timken bearing **AXLES**—Rear, Timken full floating type; special alloy steel live axle shaft; Timken roller bearing. Front axle, drop forged I-beam section with drop forged yokes, spring perches, tie rod ends and steering spindles. Front wheels fitted with Timken bearings. **BRAKES**—One internal and one external brake direct on wheels, 17-inch by 2½-inch drums. Exceptionally easy in operation Both equipped with equalizers. **STEERING GEAR** Cadillac [illegible] worm gear sector type, adjustable, with ball thrust, 14¾ inch steering post. 18-inch steering wheel with walnut rim, aluminum spider. **WHEEL BASE**—116 [illegible] **TIRES**—36-inch by 4-inch Hartford or Morgan & Wright **SPRINGS** Front, semi-elliptical. Rear, three-quarter platform **FINISH** Cadillac blue throughout, including wheels, light striping nickel trimmings. **STANDARD EQUIPMENT** Dynamo [illegible] 80 [illegible] electric starter [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

# JIM FALKNER, PIRATE

(Continued from Page 8

A sudden blue fire shot into the girl's eyes. She wrote rapidly in her little book:

"Yes, I must return to Duluth with the yacht. But why are you remaining behind—alone?"

"Because I refuse to imperil for a moment longer the lives of my men," he replied, and the hard ring in his voice sent her back a step, staring at him. "I shall carry out my contract—not with your father, but with you," he continued. "I shall remain with the prisoners. Within a few hours two revenue cutters and a dozen tugs and swift yachts will be scouring Superior and searching the shores for the criminals who boarded the Uranus. If we are discovered ——" He shrugged his shoulders. "If we are—I will take the punishment alone."

She stood looking at him still, but in her eyes there came a glorious change. A flood of color rose into her cheeks. She wrote again and gave him the slip of paper.

"You are the bravest man in the world!" she said to him. "If they find you I shall come to you—and confess my part. And you—when you are done here—will you come to see me at my home?"

He looked at her and for a moment dared not speak. She put her two hands on his arm and looked up into his face.

"You really—want me to come?" he asked softly.

She nodded. Her red lips pouted "Yes."

"Then—I'll come," he said. "Goodby, Miss Winn—Gladys ——"

She seemed to come a little nearer to him and suddenly he bent down and kissed the beautiful, tremulous mouth so temptingly close; and then, with his brain reeling, he stepped back through the open doorway of the cabin. The prisoners were already ashore; tents were going up in the shade of the forest and the supplies were being rushed from the cook's pantry; but Falkner paid little attention to these things as he stepped across the long planks that were laid from the yacht's deck to a big rock ashore. He realized that at the last moment he had surrendered to his baser self. His kiss was an insult to Miss Winn. In the shelter of a rock he drew pencil and paper from his pocket and wrote:

"Can you forgive me for what I have done? Can you still believe me to be brave and honorable? If you can, God bless you! There is only one excuse for what I did—I love you!"

He called Peters and asked him to deliver the note. Then, pulling his mask low over his eyes, he walked back to the rocky ridge. He did not catch another glimpse of Miss Winn; and as the last tent went up and the last box of supplies was carried ashore his heart sank dead within him. The girl had refused to pardon him for his insult. He went down to the shore, shook hands with the men of his crew and gave Peters his final instructions.

"Lay up the Silver Fox at Duluth," he said; "charter a tug with the check I've given you and join the big search that will be made for the kidnaped passengers. Be sure and get a new crew—two men will be enough; and just ten days from today put back into this cove. If we're not discovered before then no one will suspect the game we're playing. I'll disappear back into the woods and you can make some sort of a pursuit if you want to. See the point? You'll be the lucky rescuers."

Peters hurried aboard and Falkner stood watching the yacht as she got under way. She was just passing the mouth of the cove when the mate appeared from behind Miss Winn's cabin and launched a heavy object through the air.

"Hi, Cap'n; that's for you!" he yelled.

It fell close to Falkner—a dainty linen handkerchief tied about something heavy. As he untied it a stone fell to the beach and a piece of paper trembled between his fingers. A glad cry broke from his lips as he read what the girl had written:

"I cannot understand your note. Forgive you! I wanted you to kiss me. I guess I was to blame—if there is any blame for I think you are the bravest man in the world! Besides, I got even with you—when they brought you in and I thought you were dead! I don't believe you will ever want to see me again, for I have deceived you terribly. I am not dumb, as you suppose. It was only a trick—almost a contemptible one, I am afraid—to keep you from questioning me too much; but if you should care, please come and see me when you get rid of those troublesome prisoners. Then—then perhaps I can make you understand!"

Trembling with joy—a happiness greater than that of any dream he had ever dreamed—Falkner stared after the yacht until she disappeared beyond the islands; then, reading the note again, he turned back to the prisoners. They made a funny spectacle, for Peters had followed his instructions and each of the eight men stood with his hands securely bound behind him and his eyes blindfolded. It was Falkner's plan to give all his prisoners the use of their vision, but to free only two or three of them at a time, so that they could not make a combined rush upon him. He had scarcely released the enormously fat man, however, before the latter thrust out a hand and, with a good-humored laugh, said:

"If you're out for ransom, old man, you've won. You've done a mighty slick job—so deuced slick that we've agreed not to squeal on you. You might as well pull that rag from your eyes, because we know who you are. You're Captain Jim Falkner and your boat's the Silver Fox. You dropped this and I picked it up."

He handed Falkner a slip of paper. It was the note which Gladys Winn had given him in her father's office nearly a month before, on the back of which she had written: "Captain Jim Falkner, Pirate."

A cold chill ran up Falkner's spine. Then he laughed and gripped the fat man's hand.

"You're right!" he said. "I might as well take this thing off. And I'm not so very sorry. It tickles my nose."

v

TWENTY-FOUR hours after the bold holdup of the freighter Uranus every newspaper wire in the United States was hot with the news. Nothing more sensational had come into the hands of the editors since the blowing up of the Maine. At first the facts were accepted with some little discrimination by the more cautious. It was scarcely believable that a piratical crew, armed with bludgeons and automatics, had actually boarded a lake ship and by force of those arms had carried off her passengers. Managing editors smiled as they printed the first stories; but smiles quickly changed to looks of astonishment and even horror. The thing had really happened. As the details came in, "extras" with glaring headlines were printed by the million throughout the country. Three American and two Canadian warships rushed to the scene of the piracy; and the authorities of both Governments were instructed to fit out armed yachts and tugs along both shores.

On the second day, the larger newspapers came out with full-page headlines covering columns of type and pictures. In the first rush, photographs of the Uranus and her captain and pictures of her crew brought from ten to twenty-five dollars each, while the pictures of the eight abducted men appeared in almost every issue. With these there were thrilling portrayals in pen and ink and crayon, covering half-pages, showing the masked boarders leaping over the side, the struggle with the crew, the terrific fight between Captain Dix and McGraw, imaginary struggles between the passengers and the invaders of their cabins, and every other scene that could be worked out to fit the situation by hungry editors and artists.

Who were the daring pirates? Where were they? What had become of their prisoners? These and a thousand other questions were asked by the newspapers, in business offices, over clicking typewriters, at breakfast tables—even by the children in the schools. Not one of them could be answered. Each day added to the mystery; and as the mystery grew deeper and more thrilling the newspapers devoted still more space to it, many of them sending their own correspondents to join in the search for the pirates. War between the two greatest nations in Europe could not have created a bigger sensation.

Falkner, hidden away in a wilderness cove, behind another wilderness of reefs and islands, guessed what was happening. For a few hours after the discovery that his identity was known to his prisoners he felt as though the gates of doom were already opening for him. He could see no escape. There was but one chance and that

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The BELL TAILORS' plan puts Metropolitan tailoring within reach of every man between New York and the Pacific Coast—between Canada and the Gulf. If the mountain can't come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain. BELL system gives you the most up-to-date New York styles made to your own measure at less trouble to you than a visit to your local tailor's. It also gives you these clothes at one-third less than your tailor could afford to make them, even if he had the selection of fabrics and styles to make them from.
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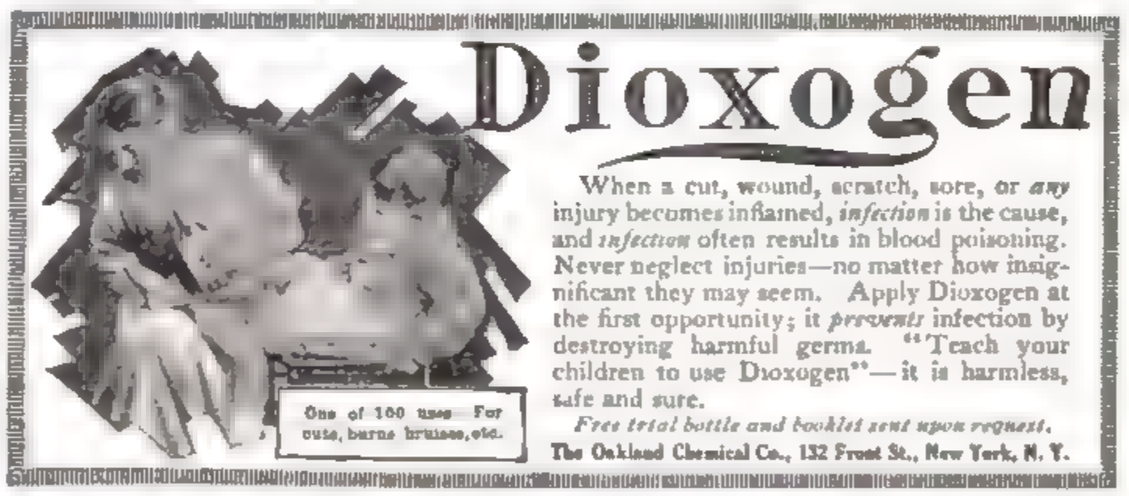
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When a cut, wound, scratch, sore, or any injury becomes inflamed, infection is the cause, and infection often results in blood poisoning. Never neglect injuries—no matter how insignificant they may seem. Apply Dioxogen at the first opportunity; it prevents infection by destroying harmful germs. "Teach your children to use Dioxogen"—it is harmless, safe and sure.
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FOR YOUR PROTECTION
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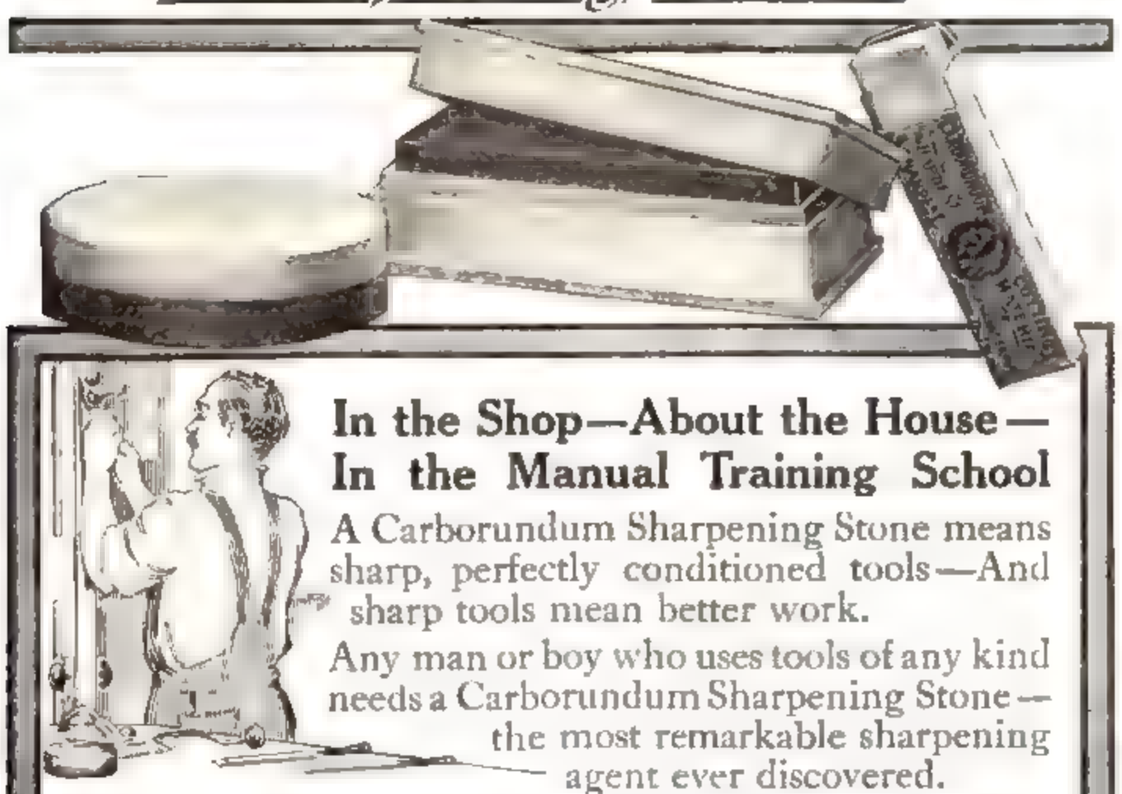
Sharpening Stones



**In the Shop—About the House—**
**In the Manual Training School**

A Carborundum Sharpening Stone means sharp, perfectly conditioned tools—And sharp tools mean better work.

Any man or boy who uses tools of any kind needs a Carborundum Sharpening Stone—the most remarkable sharpening agent ever discovered.

Hardware dealers everywhere sell them. If yours doesn't—send direct. Don't be satisfied with an inferior stone.

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| No. 107-A. | Round Combination Stone for Carpenters . . | $1.00 |
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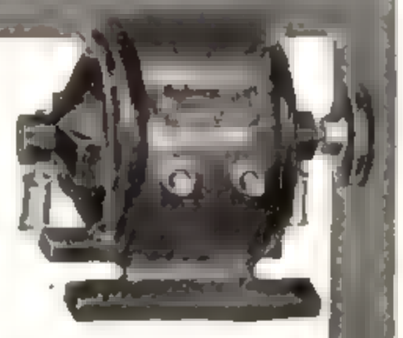
**The Carborundum Company, Niagara Falls, N.Y.**

**Our Small**
**Motors**



**Fit a Large Variety of Power Needs!**

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors—1-30 to 15 horse power—have been applied to more than 2,000 different kinds of mechanical work. Factories, workshops, offices, wholesale and retail stores find our motors give more efficient power at a much lower cost.

Large manufacturers have applied our motors to individual machines, eliminating all "light load" waste. Workshops, repair shops and garages are using "STANDARD" Motors at a big saving over any other kind of power. They have been proven to be the most practical power for addressing machines, multigraphs, mailing machines, wrapping machines and most every kind of office machinery.

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Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors
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*Write us as to your power condition*—what you use it for and where you use it—and let us prove to you that a "STANDARD" Motor will cut a big slice out of your power bills.

**THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.**
**1305 Lagonda Avenue** **Springfield, Ohio**

**Branches:** New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, New Orleans, Atlanta and Rochester.

We also manufacture a complete line of Alternating and Direct Current Fans—Desk, Bracket, Ceiling, Oscillating and Ventilating—for Office, Factory and Home.

(34)


was in flight. It was possible for him to strike straight northward into the wilderness and to lose himself forever, but this left his crew to face their terrible penalty alone; for, now that he and his vessel were known, the men who had accompanied him on the desperate expedition could be easily traced. So he discarded the thought of personal escape. In spite of what seemed to be the utter hopelessness of his own situation he could not help being deeply interested in the strange deportment of his prisoners. At first he attempted to hold aloof from them, but the fat man and his associates would not stand for this.

"No matter if you are a bloody pirate," said the fat man, "you've got to join us and play rum."

Every hour added to the mystery of the situation and to Falkner's uneasiness. He was astonished at the contents of the boxes which Winn had sent aboard the Silver Fox at Duluth. They contained everything in the way of delicacies and solid luxuries, from potted lobster and *pâté de foies gras* to dill pickles and lumburger cheese. There was one case of wine and several of good old-fashioned lager, and it occupied the time of at least two members of the kidnaped band to cool the beverages in the chill water of Superior. Not for an instant was there a flash of ill humor in the crowd. The six fat and well-fed men and their two lean companions seemed bent on making a holiday lark out of their unusual predicament, and from morning until night the luckless Falkner was a mark for a thousand questions and the butt of innumerable jokes. How long was he going to hide them away in the jungle? Why didn't he demand his ransom? What would happen to him when he was caught? Would he be hung, shot or electrocuted? At least six times a day the fat man described some new and blood-curdling feature of the execution he had witnessed.

At last he was forced, through lack of further material, to come down to the curious wiggling of the victim's toes; and he asked Falkner, in all seriousness, if he thought he would wiggle his. Would he rather be shot, hung or killed by electricity or wasn't a pirate given his choice? He assured him, in all friendliness, both for himself and his associates, that they would all be on hand to see his last wiggle, whichever way he went. On the fifth day the fat man said that he and his friends were willing to pay a thousand dollars apiece for their freedom. He said they had enjoyed the little picnic thus far, but that the lager was gone and they were growing tired of it. He offered Falkner a check for eight thousand dollars. Falkner refused.

It was on the sixth day that matters came to a climax. During the night preceding, a big and hungry bear wandered down from the rocky fastnesses of the hinterland and helped himself to the camp supplies. He left footprints behind him as big as a hat; and no sooner were these discovered than the eight prisoners took up the pursuit, with the hope of catching a glimpse of the beast a short distance from camp. Falkner followed close behind the rearmost, a short, pudgy man with a rosy face and long ash-gray hair that fell almost to his shoulders. The pursuers were hurrying between a narrow break in the rocks, the fat man leading, when a balsam limb swept back, entangled itself in the pudgy man's hair, lifted a wig from his head and sent it flying through the air like a bird on the wing. The man gave a startled cry as he faced Falkner. What came from between Falkner's lips was not intelligible. Before the other could speak he leaped upon him, caught him by the throat and bore him down on the rocky trail. There was the threatening glare of an animal in his eyes as he almost snarled down into his victim's whitened face.

For that face was the face of J. Cortlandt Winn, the millionaire shipowner!

### VI

AFTER a few moments Falkner loosened his fingers and lifted part of his weight from the other's prostrate body. With his first glimpse of Winn's face it had rushed upon him that his disguised employer was at the bottom of some diabolical plot, for which he was to pay the penalty; and now as he heard returning voices he pulled out his automatic and pressed the cold muzzle of it hard down against Winn's forehead.

"Get up!" he commanded. "Get up and remember that this isn't loaded with blank cartridges now. Come on! You've got to go with me!"

He pulled Winn into the thick undergrowth and did not stop until the two were a hundred yards back in the forest. To his astonishment the shipowner smiled at him, though he was puffing like a porpoise.

"Falkner—congratulations, old man. You're a brick!"

"We're going to have explanations now or I'll bore ten holes through you!" said Falkner.

"Sure!" said Winn, regaining his breath. He looked admiringly at Falkner while he rubbed the red marks on his own neck; and with that look it suddenly dawned upon Falkner that he was the father of the girl he loved. "What a dad-blinked, son-of-a-gun of a man you are, Falkner! I wish you were my son—honest I do! See here!" He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a big black wallet. "Here's your check for the fifteen thousand. It's all turned out gloriously. I had planned to explain the first day ashore, and wanted to; but the others wouldn't let me—said you might queer the game if you knew too soon. By the way, Jim"—he chuckled as he spoke Falkner's name—"can you guess whom you've kidnaped?"

Falkner stared. The beginning of the dawning of a great understanding held him speechless.

"I'm tired," said Winn, "and half choked to death. Good Lord, how you can pinch! Here—have a cigar." He paused to light one of his big cigars. "Well, to begin with," he continued, "the ship which you boarded was mine."

"Yours!" gasped Falkner, chewing his unlighted cigar.

"Yes, mine," went on Winn, smiling and mopping his red face; "and when you boarded that ship and captured my friends and myself you captured every blessed member of the board of directors of the one-and-only Sanspareil Biscuit Company. You took us off the map. And you did away with us just at the psychological moment. We knew you were coming. We were waiting to be kidnaped. It was our salvation!"

He stopped, and Falkner's eagerness blazed in his face.

"It was a put-up game, then!" he cried. "But I don't understand it. Go on."

"It's simple," continued Winn, "Gladys has an imaginative turn of mind. She thought the scheme out and then turned it over to me. You see, the Sanspareil Biscuit is the best biscuit on earth, but in running up against competition it ran up against what began to look like death for it. It wasn't allowed to go on its merits and we couldn't advertise it enough to beat our competitor. It looked like bankruptcy. But now—now, my boy!—why, can't you guess what every newspaper in America has been doing for a week? Think of it! The entire board of directors of the Sanspareil Biscuit Company kidnaped by pirates and perhaps murdered! There isn't a six-year-old child in the United States today—Dutch, Irish, Chinese or Hunk—but who's heard of Sanspareil Biscuit! The Sanspareil Biscuit is a household phrase from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It's in everybody's mouth, literally and orally. We've had a billion dollars' worth of free advertising, and we'll get another billion's worth when we turn up and tell 'em we can give no explanation for the kidnaping. This has been the biggest advertising coup of any century since the night Nero burned Rome! We won't be able to make enough Sanspareil biscuits. Everybody will want to eat 'em if for nothing more than curiosity—and once they taste 'em they'll never buy any other. Do you understand, Jim, my boy? If the truth ever leaks out—and there isn't one chance in a hundred that it will—we're all here to swear that the whole thing was a joke to create a little excitement. It was my ship, my board of directors—and my treat!"

"Good Lord!" was the remark of Captain Jim Falkner.

* * * * * * * * *

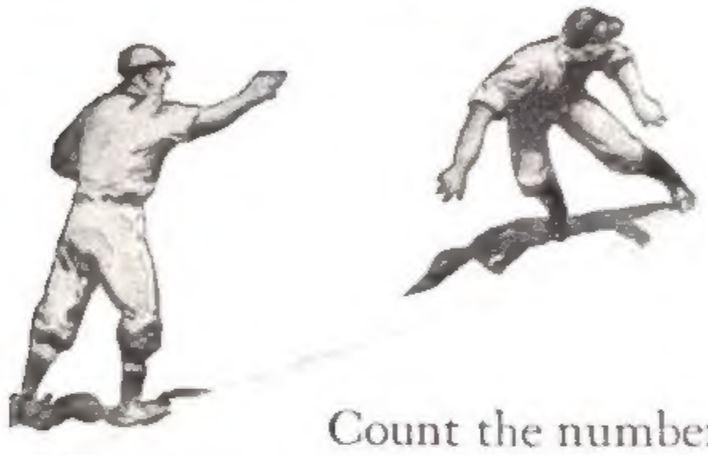
Four days later a black and ugly tug nosed her way into the cove a little before sunset. The next morning she landed a hatless, coatless and generally disheveled lot of passengers at Sault Sainte Marie. At nine o'clock Falkner sent the following telegram to Gladys Winn:

> "All O. K.! Am on my way to see you. You're a brick! But you've got a big debt to pay.
>
> "JAMES FALKNER."

The noon train was rushing him toward Chicago.

# LUCKY STRIKE
## TOBACCO

*In The Big Moments of The Game*



THE SMOKER of Lucky Strike is *prepared*—no matter what happens.

Winning—it's an *added* joy. Losing—it's a *consolation*.

Count the number of Lucky Strike pocketboxes you see in the grand stand—on the bleachers—everywhere. Your loyal fan is a royal judge of tobacco quality.

Lucky Strike Sliced Plug has won the popularity pennant every year for decades.

And now there's a *new* Lucky Strike—new in *form* only, but the same genuine quality. It's Lucky Strike Roll Cut. All you have to do is to *tap it* in your pipe, light up and smoke.

Lucky Strike Tobacco is made of choicest Burley tobacco, aged for years. Its final exquisite flavor is developed by the secret Patterson Process—originated by Dr. R. A. Patterson—the founder of this business.

Always pure, mild, fine and fragrant. Cool, dry-smoking, even-burning—and Lucky Strike *can't bite*.

Lucky Strike Sliced Plug is a bigger seller than ever before—and Lucky Strike Roll Cut is fast overtaking it.

## R. A. Patterson Tobacco Company

**Richmond, Virginia**

***To The Tobacco Trade:***

We are making every endeavor to fill all orders promptly, but the great growth of Tuxedo (the original granulated Burley) is taxing our Tuxedo departments to the utmost. We have never dared to advertise Tuxedo, because its sales have grown so rapidly on sheer merit that we have always had difficulty in meeting the demand. So much of Tuxedo is sold that we must have orders in advance.

***10c At All Dealers***

# Costs More—Worth It

There is *true economy* in paying a little more than the price of ordinary flour for

## The Guaranteed OCCIDENT FLOUR

OCCIDENT FLOUR is guaranteed to be the utmost in purity—quality and quantity—*in your baking results*.

For eight years it has been the one paramount idea of our organization, under the most perfect milling conditions, to produce the *World's Highest Quality Flour*. This constant effort has made our guarantee of superiority possible. In every bag of OCCIDENT FLOUR we deliver to you the utmost in the milling art, always uniform in quality—one bag or ten thousand.

Will you test—we guarantee—the superior merits of OCCIDENT? If the test does not result in your getting lighter, tastier, more nutritious—more all-around satisfactory bread and biscuit, cake and pastry from OCCIDENT FLOUR, we will gladly refund the entire price of the flour.

Every grocer handling OCCIDENT is instructed by us to carry out this guarantee. Won't *you* try OCCIDENT on this GUARANTEE plan?

*Ask your grocer to explain, and write now for our booklet "Better Baking"—for North—East—West—South.*

**Russell-Miller Milling Co.**
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

RUSSELL-MILLER INCORPORATED OCCIDENT NORTH DAKOTA MILLING COMPANY

OCCIDENT FLOUR

# The "Autocrat"—A Superb Car Perfected

The Autocrat of 1911 was admittedly—and is to-day—a leader among four-cylinder cars, regardless of price. Its superb riding qualities and long distance touring ability; its beauty of design, strength, speed and absence of vibration made this car the most successful Oldsmobile of recent years and gave a real significance to the phrase, "Autocrat of the Road."

This is the car which the makers have sought to perfect. It goes without saying that changes have not been very radical. The basic principles of a long-stroke, easy running motor, with surplus power; large wheels and tires; comfort-giving body suspension; finest finish and upholstery are all retained. The practised eye will see refinement of detail in the body, such as the hooded dash and fore-door ventilators; increased luxury of equipment and mechanical changes which add to the value and convenience of the chassis and place it still farther ahead of the average types.

The price, including a list of accessories not equalled for completeness and quality, remains the same, $3500 for a complete car.

### Engine and Chassis

Long stroke, T head Motor: 5 in. bore, 6 in. stroke. Compression release for easy starting. 4-speed transmission with unusually quiet gears. 38x4½ inch Tires. Demountable Rims. ¾ elliptic rear springs and shock absorber equipment. Improved system of lubrication.

### Body and Equipment

Seven-passenger touring, Tourabout, Roadster and Limousine bodies. Ventilators in fore-doors, an exclusive Oldsmobile feature. Nickel and black enamel finish on metal parts. Regular equipment includes top and slip cover; windshield, speedometer, electric and oil side and rear lamps of new design; tire irons, etc., all of the finest quality.

The six-cylinder "Limited" is presented with similar improvements and refinements at no increase in price: $5000 for the seven-passenger touring car completely equipped.

## OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

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**It's Washburn-Crosby's care in the selection of wheat, their washing and scouring process, bolting thru silk and scientific laboratory work — that brings the big white loaf with the golden tinge to those who use —**

# GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

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